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THE NEW YORKER

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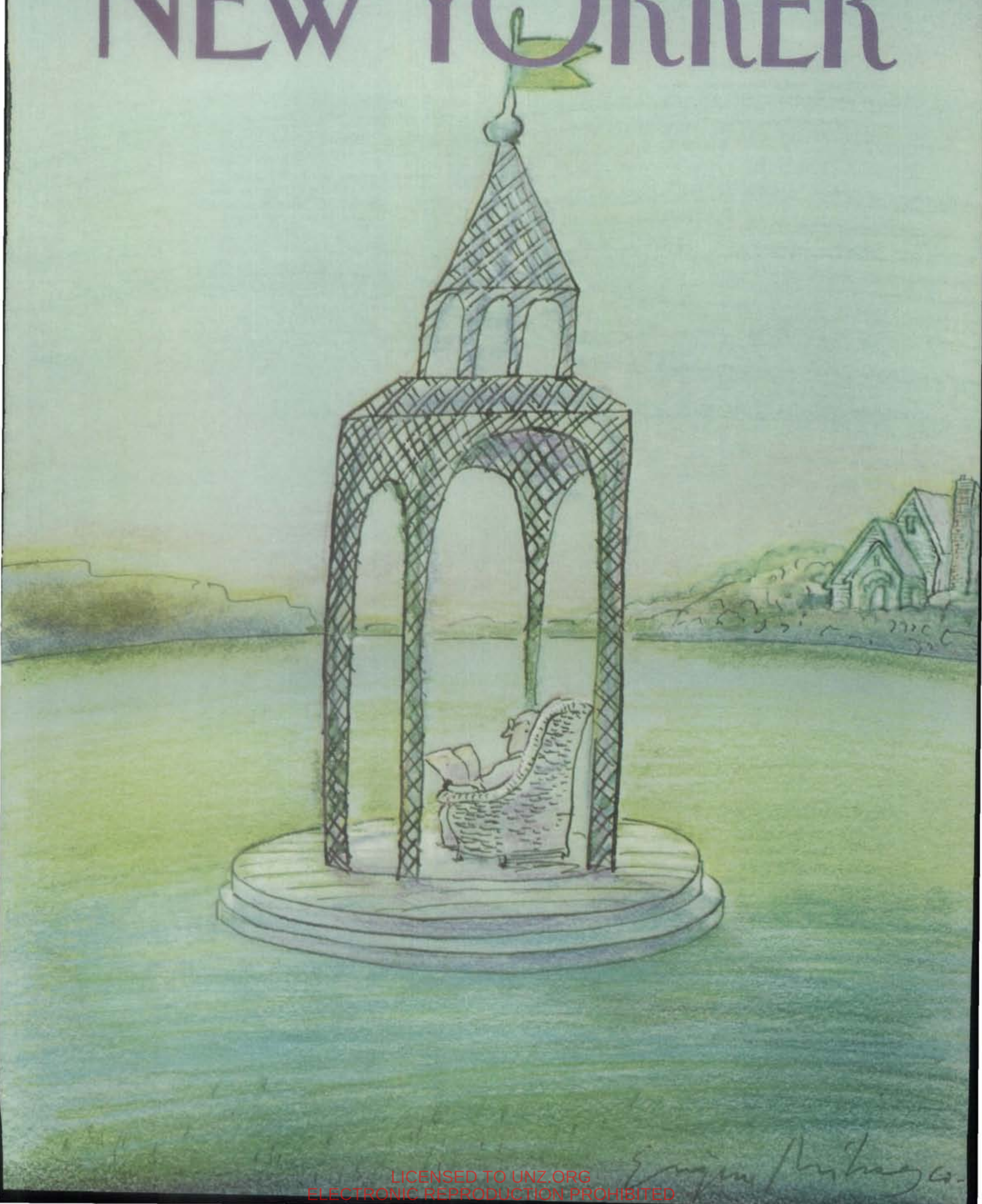

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Now with Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—A distinguished cast, headed by Michael Moriarty and Philip Bosco, breathes plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A spirited revival of the late Marc Blitzstein's "labor opera," with alumni of John Houseman's Acting Company. The actor-singers, notably Randle Mell, Michele-Denise Woods, and David Schramm, are splendid. (5/23/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 14.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A revival of the one-man show, with new material from Mr. Crisp's book "How to Become a Virgin." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, Aug. 28.)

Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jeeves Takes Charge—An amiable entertainment devised by Edward Duke from the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Mr. Duke, who appears as Jeeves and Bertie Wooster and many members of their immediate circle, is the entertainer. The stylish period settings are by Carl Toms. (6/27/83) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury in a revival of the musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and subsequent play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. The director is John Bowab. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo—Estelle Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame. The plays are being presented in two parts. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Part I: Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Thursdays, Saturdays,

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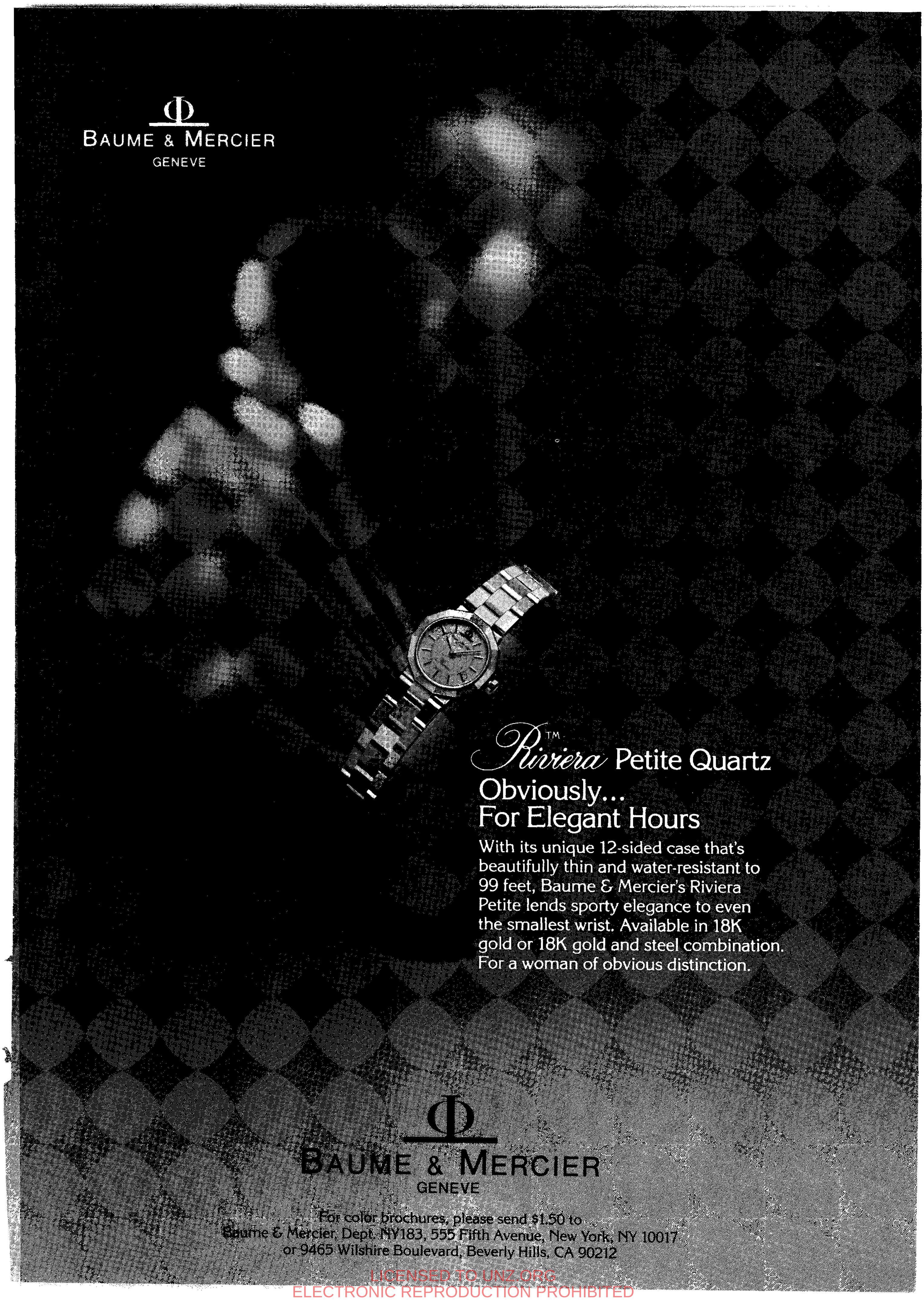
THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W 43rd St., N Y., N Y 10036; Peter F Fleischmann, chairman; George J Green, president, J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601, 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361, 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LIX, No. 26, August 15, 1983. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1983 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W 43rd St., New York, N.Y 10036.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Selections from both parts: Tuesdays at 8.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caitlin Clarke, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

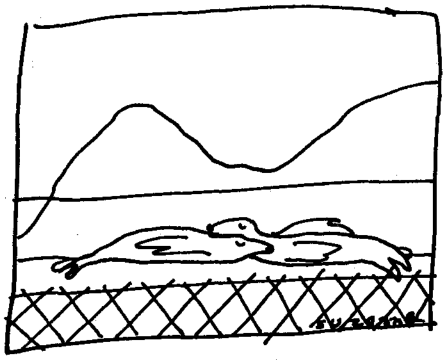
True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst, and an army of others, in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Lily Knight. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Birney, John Thomas Waite, and Maureen Moore heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,688 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius" the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun (Lynn Redgrave) verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star David Garrison as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Ice Show—"Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom on Ice," with Linda Fratianne. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 1:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 7:30; Sundays at 1 and 5; and Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 11 and 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 21.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will team up with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN;** on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, **JAKI BYARD,** big-band enthusiast, jazz professor, and a simultaneously free and stride pianist, will drop in with a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Wednesday, Aug. 10, will belong to the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND,** a swirling, percussive Brazilian-jazz octet, and on Thursday, Aug. 11, **CARMEN MC RAE** will begin singing here. Music from ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, Aug. 10, Ellen Foley; Thursday, Aug. 11, De Danann; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, R. & B.-ers **LEE DORSEY** and **CARLA THOMAS;** Sunday, Aug. 14, R. & B. singer **LITTLE MILTON** and a screening of the music movie from the early seventies, "Wattstax;" Friday, Aug. 19, Uncle Floyd; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 20-21, rockabillyist Robert Gordon and soul singers **SAM & DAVE.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The piano-bass duos: **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CLINT HOUSTON** through Saturday, Aug. 13, and **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** beginning Monday, Aug. 15. Sundays are the property of pianist **KENNY BARRON.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing small-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays from eleven to two, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave., at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Chopin- and Tatum-inspired pianist, claims the keyboard nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Aug. 10, L-4, Idle Chatter, the Secret Steps, and the Optimist Club; Thursday, Aug. 11, H.R. & Judah, the Transformers, Invisible House, and the Article; Friday, Aug. 12, the Pc-dant-iks and the Dark; and Saturday, Aug. 13, the Drongoes and the Baxters. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**TEDDY WILSON,** the pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday, is still pretty wonderful, and he's being discovered by a whole new generation of listeners. He's here every night but Sunday, when pianist Ronnell Bright performs. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

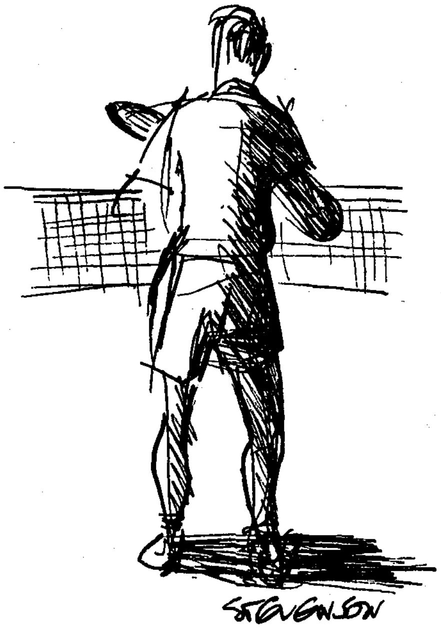
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 10, Nancy Crutcher; Saturday, Aug. 13, Buck's Stove & Range Co.; Wednesday, Aug. 17, Matt Molloy; Saturday, Aug. 20, Cloud Valley. Music from nine; on Wednesday, Aug. 17, sets at eight and ten.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Aug. 14, Bill Kirchner's nonet will perform from about nine-fifteen. Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer heads his group from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ESTHER PHILLIPS,** who was born in Galveston, Texas, and who used to be known as Little Esther when she was a teen-aged R. & B. singer in the forties and fifties, has lately been at the top of her vital, if stylized, raspy-voiced form. Sometimes Miss Phillips's voice sounds a little like a car engine trying to turn over, but her energy level makes you forgive such excesses; and she has recently had a dynamite backup quartet and a pianist, **GEORGE SPENCER,** who is responsible for some of the most tasteful and engaging arrangements a jazz and rhythm-and-blues singer could ever hope for. Through Sunday, Aug. 14. On Tuesday, Aug. 16, pianist **HANK JONES,** baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS,** and drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will share a hard-bopping quintet. *Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.*

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Aug. 10, **JOHN HAMMOND** and **PAULA LOCKHEART;** Thursday, Aug. 11, **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT** and Jim Wann; Friday, Aug. 12, **DAVE VAN RONK** and Frank Christian; Saturday, Aug. 13, **ODETTA** and Ferron; Sunday, Aug. 14, Jane Brucker; Monday, Aug. 15, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Aug. 16, David Roche, Michel Fracasso, and Karl Williams; Thursday, Aug. 18, Dolores Keane & Reel Union, with John Faulkner, Jackie Daly, and Jackie Small; Friday, Aug. 19, Livingston Taylor; and Saturday, Aug. 20, Tom Intondi. Music from about eight-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. Wednesday, Aug. 10, Carmen Cuesta and Chuck Loeb; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 11-13, Tina Fabrik; Sunday through Wednesday, Aug. 14-17, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS;** and Thursday, Aug. 18, Lori Jaroslow. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.



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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays, Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The pianistic lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 10-11, **DICK HYMAN** with **DICK WELLSTOOD;** *Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13,* **SAMMY PRICE** with **WELLSTOOD;** Sunday and Monday, Aug. 14-15, **DAVE MC KENNA** with **DILL JONES;** and Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 16-20, solo work by **DICK WELLSTOOD.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to *Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces* east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: **HANK JONES** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Aug. 13; **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** beginning Tuesday, Aug. 16; and the Sunday and Monday guys, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can spot the down-home folks; they're the guys in Bermudas and sockless loafers who look like former high-school football players. Wednesday, Aug. 10, **TRACY NELSON** and the Aztec Two-Step; Thursday, Aug. 11, the Whites and the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 16-17, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and singer **JUDY RODERICK;** and Thursday, Aug. 18, **BIG MAMA THORNTON** and B. Willie Smith. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. Lots of groups: the Bucky Thorpe quartet on Wednesday, Aug. 10; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 11-14, **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** who plays out-there and traditional alto saxophone with a Coleman Hawkins shimmer to it, and his quintet; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 16-17, drummer **SUNNY MURRAY,** saxophonist **BYARD LANCASTER,** trombonist **GRACHAN MONCUR III,** and pianist **DON PULLEN;** and Thursday *through Sunday, Aug. 18-21, saxophonist* **JOHN HANDY.** Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BOBBY SCOTT** is at the piano with his trio singing and playing his own compositions ("A Taste of Honey" and "He Ain't Heavy . . . He's My Brother") and other peoples' (such as "Chain Gang," which he recorded four years before Sam Cooke did). Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On *Monday nights from nine to midnight,* the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Thursday, Aug. 11, Allyson Williams; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric violinist; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, **JORGE DALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND,** which features percussionist **CARLOS PATATO VALDEZ.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 10, Larry Changes, Basiks, and Bad Habits; Thursday, Aug. 11, Stick Figures, Tapes, and Beautiful People; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, Robert Hunter and Otto & George; Monday, Aug. 15, Pinhead, Charles Telerant, Con*solidation,* and American Standard; Wednesday, Aug. 17, Secret Steps, 4/4, and Band of Outsiders; and Thursday, Aug. 18, Steve Postel, Last Licks, and the Wild. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, *who has accompanied Mabel Mercer through*out the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Saturday, Aug. 13, Picket, and Saturday, Aug. 20, the Rockats. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER,** chief arranger for and trumpeter with the influential Jimmie Lunceford band of the thirties, leads a septet through an updated version of the bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Aug. 10, British rhythm-and-blues singer, songwriter, and producer **EDDY GRANT**; Thursday, Aug. 11, Red Rockers; Monday, Aug. 15, Dolce Vita; Wednesday, Aug. 17, the Fixx; and Saturday, Aug. 20, Gary Myrick. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 10, Steve Satin and Contempo Vibrato; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** and guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE**; Tuesday, Aug. 16, the Carrie Thompson quintet; Wednesday, Aug. 17, Kieja Bostic; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 18-20, Idiot Savant. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday, Aug. 10, Cigano; Thursday, Aug. 11, Adesanya; Friday, Aug. 12, Brazuca; Saturday, Aug. 13, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Tuesday, Aug. 16, Angela Santos; Wednesday, Aug. 17, Tony (Thunder) Smith; Thursday, Aug. 18, the African Connection; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, **PÉ-DE-BOI**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**OLU DARA**, who sometimes plays his cornet upside down, and his occasionally far-out septet, the **OKRA ORCHESTRA**, which sometimes plays its beguiling jazz-funk material inside out, will be present until Saturday, Aug. 13; on Sunday, Aug. 14, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON** will play some lilting Brazilian jazz; starting Tuesday, Aug. 16, **ARCHIE SHEPP**, influential tenor saxophonist and natty dresser, will lead his band. Mondays are devoted to the music of alto saxophonist-singer **OLIVER LAKE** and his reggae-jazz septet, **JUMP UP**, and that music is infectiously rhythmic, melodically offbeat and challenging, and, like the best reggae, socially conscious. On one number, entitled "Consume," Mr. Lake ironically advises, "When you are depressed, spend/When you feel good, spend/ . . . And if you get a hole or a rip or a tear, don't repair—just buy some more." Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Where the spirit of fifties' rhythm and blues lives on, thank heavens: **PIANO RED** sings and plays through Saturday, Aug. 13; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, Memphis singer and pianist **ROSCO GORDON** will turn up. Music from about nine.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for exuberant audiences: on Aug. 15, **CONJUNTO CLASICO** and **JORGE DALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND** will share the stage along with guest soloist, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY**. On Thursday, Aug. 11, **DAVID AMRAM'S** quintet will alternate with flutist **DAVE VALENTIN'S** Latin-jazz band; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, will belong to tenor-saxophone wailer **GATO BARBIERI**; and Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 16-21, Brazilian-jazz singer, pianist, and dynamo **TANIA MARIA** will trade sets with guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA**. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs on Tuesdays from nine, and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quartet work here through Sunday, Aug. 14; on Tuesday, Aug. 16, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** will arrive with bassist **CAMERON BROWN** and drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND**. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **RED NORVO**, the patriarch of vibraharpists, leads his trio through Sunday, Aug. 14; on Tuesday, Aug. 16, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will move in. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Joel Forrester has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Through Saturday, Aug. 13, Django's Music, with Mike Peters; Sunday, Aug. 14, **DICK KATZ** and the **LEE KONITZ** quartet; starting Monday, Aug. 15, Don Lanphere. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** perform piano-bass duets in the music chamber through Saturday, Aug. 13; on Monday, Aug. 15, **NORMAN SIMMONS** will take charge of the keyboard with **LISLE ATKINSON** backing him on bass; and on Sundays, **JOHN BUNCH** and **JAY LEONHART** will handle the piano-bass duties. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

John Sebastian and NRBQ & the Whole Wheat Horns—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, Aug. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Count Basie and Joe Williams—1st City, 76 E. 13th St. 505-0090. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, at 9:30 and 11:30.

Jazz Showcase VI—With Walter Bishop, Jr., Hal Dodson, C-Sharpe, and others. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, at 10, 11:30 and 1.)

Richard Pryor—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 15-16, at midnight.

George Benson—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8 and midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Ahearn—Wall sculptures reflecting life in the South Bronx (some of the castings were actually made in the streets), the liveliest a double-Dutch jump-rope tableau. There are also four pieces by Rigoberto Torres, who collaborates with Ahearn. Through Aug. 26. (*Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.*)

Tom Butter—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture

TRIP EASE begins with a gown and robe that look luscious, pack tiny, wash easy. Travel-Lite by Boutique does them in pink floral print. All polyester. P-S-M-L. Gown $38. Robe $49. Short $33. and $43. By mail please include correct tax; $2.50 handling outside NY delivery area.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

LISA NIRENBERG—Detailed, low-key watercolors and pencil drawings, many of them self-portraits. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Aug. 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Large watercolors of nudes done in his characteristic closeup, impersonal style. Through Wednesday, Aug. 17. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. A Pearlstein retrospective is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)

CREATIVE TIME—This well-known art booster is presenting two separate projects this summer. At **BATTERY PARK CITY,** Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts.: Art on the Beach (bring your beach pail) consists of six outdoor installations, each one devised by an artist-architect-performer team to serve in turn as the setting for the respective performers, who will be offering their programs on Sunday evenings as the summer marches on. On Aug. 14, at 6:30: Kaylynn Sullivan. (Exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Admission to the performance is five dollars.) . . . **ART IN THE ANCHORAGE,** Cadman Plaza West and Front St., Brooklyn: Ten art installations shown in an indoor space under the Brooklyn Bridge. (Admission is two dollars; hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: One sculpture each by eleven artists whose works run the gamut from a tabletop barnyard tableau featuring two sheep and a hen, by Angelo Ippolito, to forged-steel abstractions suggestive of birds in flight, by Martin Chirino. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show mounted by the Whitney Museum which examines the influence of comic-strip artists, such as Milton Caniff, Al Capp, and Walt Kelly, *on American painting* from the past two decades. Terry and the Pirates, L'il Abner, and Pogo are placed in the company of works by Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, and others. There are also cartoons by Saul Steinberg and Ad Reinhardt. . . . ¶ Programs of animated films are shown Mondays through Thursdays at 11:30, 12:30, and 1:30, and Fridays at 11:30 and 1; the programs change from day to day, but not from week to week. Through Aug. 26. (Closes at 3.) . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through Aug. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Friday, Aug. 19. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Friday, Aug. 12. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists —Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted file cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (color photographs of picaresque murals he paints inside abandoned houses). Through Sept. 10.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others mount group shows of works by gallery members, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. (Both closed Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **EINSTEIN,** 243 E. 82nd St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St. (Open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RUTH ORKIN AND MICHAEL GEORGE—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

JOE STEINMETZ / LOU STOUMEN—Photographs of debutante gatherings and the like on Philadelphia's Main Line in the thirties and forties juxtaposed with more recent prints of Tupperware parties—*and the like*—in South Florida. / Black-and-white photographs documenting Times Square in the past forty years. Through Sunday, Aug. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs on loan from the National Gallery of Art, and selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum." Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Through Sunday, Aug. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard *compositions as he arranged them on the* walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Some Contemporary Prints," a show offering just that; all of them are large and are recent acquisitions, and represent the efforts of (among others) Jennifer Bartlett, Francesco Clemente, Georg Baselitz, and Eric Fischl. Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—*Two shows of European paintings,* one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tâpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

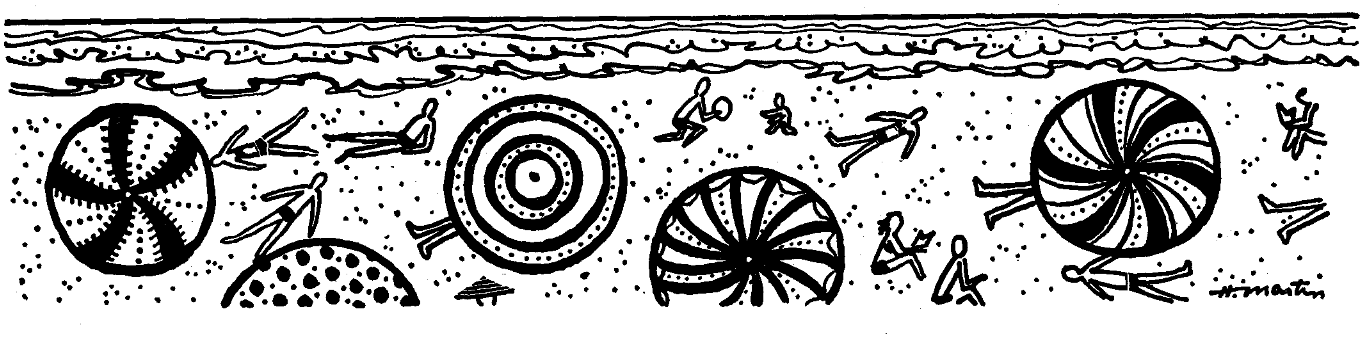
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's painting "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture *Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly* sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistoric bowls found in the Southwest which shows that good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 18. A complementary show (ending Wednesday, Aug. 17) is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—About a hundred paintings and sketches of birds by American naturalist-illustrator Louis Agassiz Fuertes (1874-1927). Through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The three current shows bear on architecture *in one way or another:* Architectural photographs, including an 1840 daguerreotype, by Samuel Bemis, of Boston's King's Chapel bur-



ial ground, and a 1935 study of Rockefeller Plaza, by Alfred Stieglitz. Through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century prints of urban architecture by Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, David Macaulay, and others. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A hundred cast-iron toy penny banks in the shapes of such buildings as Westminster Abbey, the Flatiron Building, and Independence Hall. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . ¶ Music on the lawn: On Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 6:30, Ada Janik and others in a concert version of a new musical based on the poetry of E. E. Cummings; and Doug Jones and Mission in a program of contemporary gospel music.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection show of letters, manuscripts, and first editions centers on famous literary figures who found inspiration in travel and includes an incunabulum, printed in 1491, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" a diary excerpt, dated 1804, in which Washington Irving describes his first morning in Paris; and a first edition (1939) of "Journey to a War," W. H. Auden's account of a trip to China. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that recreates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—At the time of going to press, no performances were taking place at the New York State Theatre, because of a strike.

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 10: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Stephen Burns, trumpet. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 15, and Wednesday, Aug. 17: George Cleve conducting the orchestra, with Heinz Holliger, oboe; Aurele Nicolet, flute; and Katia and Marielle Labeque, duo piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 16: The Cleveland Quartet, with André-Michel Schub, piano, and Ransom Wilson, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18: The American String Quartet, with Mr. Holliger and Miss Nicolet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20: Gerard Schwarz directing the orchestra in performances of Handel's "Messiah" (in Mozart's 1789 arrangement), with Benita Valente, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-so-

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prano; John Aler, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Boston Lyric Opera Company—The final portions of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," conducted by John Balme. Thursday, Aug. 11, at 7: "Siegfried."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 6: "Götterdämmerung." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Peter Serkin, piano, in an all-Beethoven program.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin, and André Previn, piano. ... ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting a Copland-Bernstein-Beethoven program in a concert dedicated to the memory of Serge and Olga Koussevitsky, with Gail Dubinbaum, mezzo-soprano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Rossini-Lieberson-Dvořák program, with Mr. Serkin.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: The Sequoia String Quartet.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 7: Peter Zazofsky, violin, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, in a Brahms-Prokofieff program.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a *Haydn-Brahms program, with Horacio Gutiérrez*, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting a Weber-Bernstein-Sibelius program, with Mr. Zazofsky. ... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2:30: André Previn conducting a program of music by Brahms, Mozart, Vaughan Williams, and Britten, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and Ann Hobson Pilot, harp. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, Aug. 11, at 4:15: Jeffrey Jacob, piano, in a program of American music.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Elmar Oliveira, violin, and Robert McDonald, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 5:30: Misha Dichter, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. ... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 27. Wednesday, Aug. 10: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Wagner-Beethoven-Rachmaninoff program, with Byron Janis, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a Hovhaness–Bartók–Vaughan Williams program, with Keith Jarrett, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 12: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, with Malcolm Frager, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Erich Leinsdorf directing and acting as piano soloist in a second all-Brahms program, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Joseph de Pasquale, viola; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus.... [**Note:** Special concerts will be given by Chuck Mangione & the Chuck Mangione quartet on Sunday, Aug. 14; by Melissa Manchester and David Brenner on Monday, Aug. 15; and by the Charlie Daniels band and the Gregg Allman band on Tuesday, Aug. 16.]... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 17: Robert Irving conducting a varied program, with dancers Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18: Robert Shaw directing a performance of Berlioz' "Requiem," with Jon Humphrey, tenor, *and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus*.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 19: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a third all-Brahms program, with John Browning, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a fourth all-Brahms program, with Dylana Jenson, violin. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Ballet '83—Joseph Duell, Madeline Onne, Evelyn Hart, Lisa Hess, Henry Jurriens, Johan Renvall, and Maria Gisladottir.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 16-20: The Joyce Trisler Danscompany and the Calck Hook Dance Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays *at 2 and 8:30. For information about* tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, Aug. 14, at 1.

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 2.... ¶ Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 15-17, at 8.... ¶ California, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, at 8.... **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 13, at 7:35; and Sunday, Aug. 14, at 1:35.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Jets vs. Los Angeles Raiders, Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8.... ¶ Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 22. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 13; the Seneca Handicap, Friday, Aug. 19; and the Delaware Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 20.... **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 13, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 20. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.)... **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24.

Soccer—*Cosmos vs. Montreal. (Giants Stadium,* the Meadowlands. Sunday, Aug. 14, at 7. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19.... **MEADOWLANDS:** Mondays through Fridays at 8; through Friday, Aug. 19.

Yachting—America's Cup at Newport: Challengers' semifinal trials, Thursday, Aug. 11, through Monday, Aug. 22.... ¶ Defenders' final trials, starting Tuesday, Aug. 16.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **NON PASQUALE,** a pop opera, based on Donizetti's opera "Don Pasquale," with a libretto by Anthony Giles and Nancy Heikin, and starring Ron Leibman. The second of two productions by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Christopher Keene will conduct the second in a series of four programs: **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens, Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 8.... **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Monday, Aug. 15, at 8.... ¶ Stanislaw Skrowaczewski will conduct the third program: **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** the Bronx, Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 8.... **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8.... **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island, Friday, Aug. 19, at 8.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval, running through Thursday, Sept. 1. Wednesday, Aug. 10: Elvis Costello & the Attractions and Aztec Camera.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: Kenny Loggins.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Angela Bofill and Larry Carlton.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 19: Smokey Robinson. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 12, at 8: Howard Johnson & Gravity.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8: Slide Hampton.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 6: Odean Pope & the Saxophone Choir.... ¶ *Friday, Aug. 19, at 8: The Joanne Brackeen* trio.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8: The Albert Dailey Ensemble. (East River at Fulton St.)

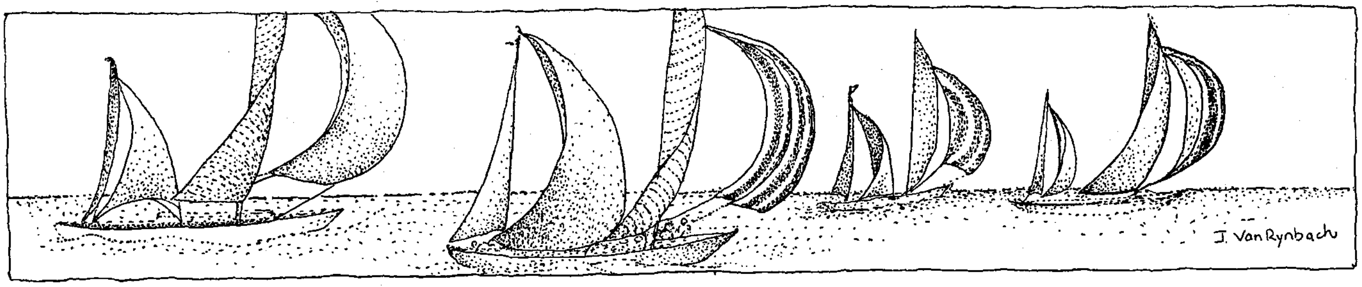
Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 10, the Canadian Brass at 6:15.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, the *Eulenspiegel Puppet Theatre (for children)* at 11; the Animated Suspension, a jazz group, at 12:15; and "Naked Earth Songs," a dance-drama, at 5.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, programs of bluegrass music at 12:15 and 5:15.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, Mini Events at noon; the Odomankoma Kyerema Dance Theatre, a troupe of children from Ghana, at 2:30; and a dance program by the Chinese-American Arts Council at 5.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 16, the Sonny Fortune quintet at 12:15, the Douglas Hamby Dance Company at 5, and the New York Kammermusiker at 6:15.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 17, the Off Center Theatre's "Frankenstein" (for children) at 11 and the Serena Dance Theatre at 5.... **DAMROSCH PARK:** Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 10-11, "Hot Rags," a revue with music by Scott Joplin and Hale Smith, at 8:15.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, a program of bluegrass music at 8:15.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, Ballet Today at 8:15.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, Caribbean Expressions at 2:30 and Fiesta Mexico at 8:15.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 15, the Buddy Rich orchestra at 8:15.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 16, the Repertory Dance Theatre of Salt Lake City at 8:15. (Through Monday, Aug. 29. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of Brooklyn Heights sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 13-14, starting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Thursday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

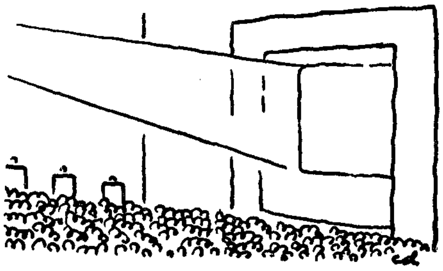
Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing, at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 9 and 9:45. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Note—On Sunday, Aug. 14, at eleven-thirty, twenty-eight hundred or so tap dancers will start hoofing their way across 34th Street, from the Empire State Building to Macy's, in an effort to regain the world record in the "Guinness Book of World Records" for the largest assemblage of tap dancers ever to dance in unison.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Aug. 14: The final programs in a two-week series of films from the Cinémathèque Française.

From Aug. 16: "Terminal Station" ("Indiscretion of an American Wife;" 1953; directed by Vittorio De Sica), with Montgomery Clift and Jennifer Jones.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Aug. 11: "Gandhi" (†).

Aug. 12-18: "Superman III" (†); and "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

From Aug. 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Aug. 11: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.

From Aug. 12: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Aug. 11: "Octopussy" (†).

From Aug. 12: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Aug. 11: "Superman III" (†).

From Aug. 12: "Zelig" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.

Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Aug. 11: "Octopussy" (†).

From Aug. 12: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through Aug. 13: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

From Aug. 14: "La Passante" (Jacques Rouffio; in French), with Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†). From Aug. 12: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "The Grey Fox" (†).

Theatre 2: "Valentina" (Antonio Betancor; in Spanish), with Anthony Quinn.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell. From Aug. 12: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Zelig" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 2: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Aug. 11: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

From Aug. 12: "WarGames" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Aug. 11: "WarGames" (†).

From Aug. 12: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Octopussy" (†). From Aug. 12: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: A program of six short films by George Kuchar. From Aug. 17: "The Mirror" (1974; directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "The Big City" (1971; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Plantation Boy" (1965; Walter Lima, Jr.; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 12-13: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Black Girl" (1969; Ousman Sembène; in French). Aug. 14-15: "Tent of Miracles" (1977; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Ceddo" (1978; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof). Aug. 16: "Sambizanga" (1972; Sarah Maldoror; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Njangaan" (1974; Mahama Johnson Traore; a Senegalese film). Aug. 17-18: "Iracema" (1975; Jorge Bodanzky and Orlando Senna; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "The Deceased" (1965; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 19-20: "Sao Bernardo" (1972; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "The Heirs" (1969; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).

Theatre 2: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From Aug. 12: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong. From Aug. 19: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Blade Runner" (†) and "The Road Warrior" (†). From Aug. 12: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"WarGames" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Staying Alive" (Sylvester Stallone), with John Travolta.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Flashdance" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Kitty and the Bagman" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liddy Clark.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).

Theatre 2: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film will be shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly (on Wednesdays).

Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (Eric Rohmer; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Theatre 2: "Ways in the Night" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Twelve Chairs" (†).

Theatre 2: "The First Time" (Charlie Loventhal).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From Aug. 12: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Aug. 12: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 11: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell. From Aug. 12: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 11: "WarGames" (†). From Aug 12: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Octopussy" (†). From Aug. 12: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: A Woody Allen Festival. From Aug. 12: "The Man Who Wasn't There" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steve Guttenberg. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Gandhi" (†). From Aug. 12: "The Golden Seal" (Frank

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 18: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong. From Aug. 19: "Flashdance" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 11: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan; and "National Lampoon's Class Reunion" (Michael Miller), with Gerrit Graham. From Aug. 12: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (directed by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.

Theatre 2: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†).

Theatre 3: "Superman III" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 18: "Gandhi" (†). From Aug. 19: "Yor" (Anthony M. Dawson), with Reb Brown.

Theatre 5: "Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

Theatre 6: Through Aug. 11: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From Aug. 12: "Octopussy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Flashdance" (†). From Aug. 12: "WarGames" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 11: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 12: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 11: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 12: "The Man Who Wasn't There" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steve Guttenberg. In 3-D.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.

Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through Aug. 11: A Woody Allen festival.

From Aug. 12: "The Man Who Wasn't There" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steve Guttenberg. *In 3-D.*

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†). From Aug. 12: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.

Theatre 2: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "Octopussy" (†). From Aug. 12: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Theatre 2: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).

Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through Aug. 11: "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terence Stamp and Warren Mitchell.

From Aug. 12: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 10: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.

Aug. 11: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova.

Aug. 12-13: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Aug. 14-15: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

Aug. 16: "The Devil and Daniel Webster" (1941; William Dieterle), with Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, and Anne Shirley; and "Cavalcade" (1933; Frank Lloyd), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook.

Aug. 17: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Il Grido" (†).

Aug. 18: "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "The Grapes of Wrath" (†).

Aug. 19-20: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 11: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Aug. 12-13: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

Aug. 14-16: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (†).

Aug. 17-18: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Aug. 19-20: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Aug. 10: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (1981; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi and Anouk Aimée; and "Moonlighting" (1982; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Jeremy Irons.

Aug. 11: "Quest for Fire" (1982; Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill; and "Conan the Barbarian" (1982; John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Aug. 12-13; "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy; and "The French Connection" (1971; William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman.

Aug. 14: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Finch, and Leigh Lawson; and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.

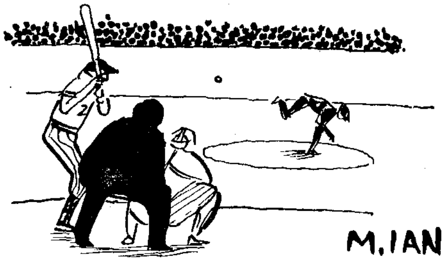
Aug. 15: "Airplane!" (†); and "Airplane II: The Sequel" (1982; Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.

Aug. 16: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

Aug. 17: "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "Come and Get It" (1936; Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer.

Aug. 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Aug. 19-20: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (†).



Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Aug. 10: "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates; and "Barabbas" (1962; Richard Fleischer), with Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano, and Arthur Kennedy.

Aug. 11-13: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Aug. 14-15: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Aug. 16-17: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973; John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro; and "The Pride of the Yankees" (1942; Sam Wood), with Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Walter Brennan, and Dan Duryea.

Aug. 18-20: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 11: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Marathon Man" (1976; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Laurence Olivier.

Aug. 12-13: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

Aug. 14: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Finch, and Leigh Lawson; and "Julia" (†).

Aug. 15-16: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.

Aug. 17-18: "Dressed to Kill (†) and "Blow Out" (†).

Aug. 19-20: "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, and John Vernon; and "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Aug. 10: "Marianne and Juliane" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe; and "La Chinoise" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

Aug. 11: "My Fair Lady" (1964; George Cukor), with Audrey Hepburn, Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Gladys Cooper.

Aug. 12: "Tristana" (1970; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; "Daughter of Deceit" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish);

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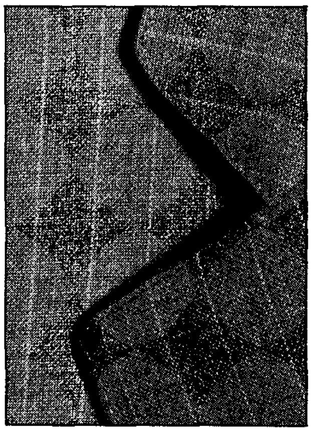

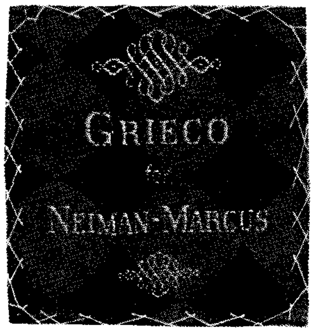

Business begins when thousands of fabric swatches from England and Italy land on the table. We pick the ones we want to call our own. From hundreds of herringbones, to scores of muted plaids and pinstripes and solids. It's then we make our design specifications known. More double-breasted suits this fall. No changes in the single-breasted model. (Once a classic, always a classic!) Center venting...and new side-venting.

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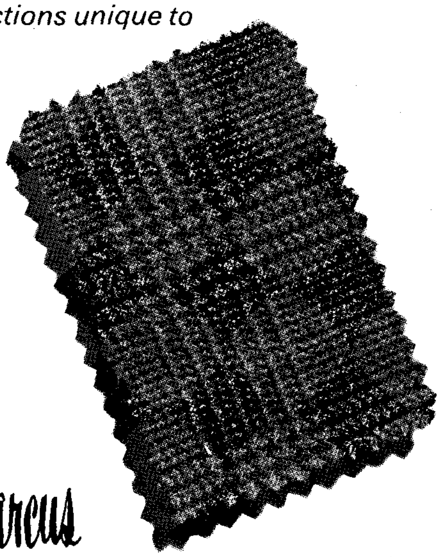

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and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel), a short film, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.

Aug. 13: "Das Boot" ("The Boat;" 1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German); and "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.

Aug. 14: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (1981; Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford and Karen Allen; and "North by Northwest" (†).

Aug. 15: "Muddy River" (1983; in Japanese); and "Pastoral Hide and Seek" (1974; Shuji Terayama; in Japanese).

Aug. 16: "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

Aug. 17: "Boy" (1970) and "Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar" (1969), both films in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.

Aug. 18: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "Les Girls" (†).

Aug. 19: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal.

Aug. 20: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 10: "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

Aug. 11-13: "Guys and Dolls" (1955; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine.

Aug. 14-15: "Kid Galahad" (†) and "Big City" (†).

Aug. 16-17: "Up the Sandbox" (†) and "The Way We Were" (†).

Aug. 18-20: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Fashions of 1934" (William Dieterle), with William Powell and Bette Davis.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 10: "Assassination" (1964; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese); and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 11: "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders); and "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.

Aug. 12-13: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

Aug. 14: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "La Chienne" (†).

Aug. 15: A program of cartoons.

Aug. 16: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978; Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; in French), a documentary; and "Anaïs Nin Observed" (1974; Robert Snyder), a documentary.

Aug. 17: "Fruits of Passion" (1982; in Japanese); and "Stroller in the Attic" (1976; in Japanese).

Aug. 18: "Traffic" (1971; Jacques Tati); and two short films by Tati.

Aug. 19-20: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Bongo Man" (1982), with Jimmy Cliff.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 10: "Curse of the Demon" (1958; Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis; and "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.

Aug. 11: "Pete Kelly's Blues" (1955; Jack Webb), with Webb, Janet Leigh, Edmond O'Brien, and Peggy Lee; and "St. Louis Blues" (1958; Allen Reisner), with Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway.

Aug. 12-13: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

Aug. 14: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Aug. 15: "The Stranger" (†); and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Aug. 16: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "You Only Live Once" (1937; Fritz Lang), with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.

Aug. 17: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†); and "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937; William Keighley), with the Mauch Twins and Errol Flynn.

Aug. 18: "Anna Christie" (†) and "Anna Karenina" (†).

Aug. 19-20: "The Shanghai Cobra" (1945; Phil Karlson), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II. 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Aug. 11 at 2:30: "Le Baron Fantôme" (1943; directed by Serge de Poligny; in French, with no English subtitles), with Odette Joyeux, Alain Cuny, and Jany Holt. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6: "Un Ami Viendra Ce Soir" (1946; Raymond Bernard; in French, with no English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Madeleine Sologne, and Paul Bernard. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2:30: "Le Lit à Colonnes" (1942; Roland Tual; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais, Odette Joyeux, Valentine Tessier, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at noon: "Ambassador Bill" (1931; Sam Taylor), with Will Rogers, Greta Nissen, and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2:30: "Dédée d'Anvers" (1948; Yves Allégret; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Marcel Dalio, Marcel Pagliero, and Bernard Blier. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 5: "Macadam" (1946; Marcel Blistène; in French, with English subtitles), with Françoise Rosay, Paul Meurisse, Simone Signoret, and Andrée Clément. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at noon: "Ambassador Bill." . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2:30: "Un Ami Viendra Ce Soir." . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 5: To be announced. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2:30: "Le Retour" (1946; Henri Cartier-Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles) and "La Bataille du Rail" (1946; René Clément; in French, with English subtitles and narration). . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: "Antoine et Antoinette" (1947; Jacques Becker; in French, with no English subtitles), with Robert Pigaut and Claire Maffëi. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Les Portes de la Nuit" (1946; Marcel Carné; in French, with no English subtitles), with Yves Montand, Pierre Brasseur, Nathalie Nattier, and Serge Reggiani. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Manon" (1949; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Cécile Aubry, Michel Auclair, Gabrielle Dorziat, and Serge Reggiani. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 6: "Falbalas" (1945; Jacques Becker; in French, with no English subtitles), with Raymond Rouleau, Micheline Presle, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Boule de Suif" (1945; Christian-Jaque; in French, with no English subtitles), with Micheline Presle and Louis Salou. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6: "Farrebique" (1947; Georges Rouquier; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at *noon*: "The Three Musketeers" (1921; Fred Niblo; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2:30: "Antoine et Antoinette." . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 5: "Monsieur Vincent" (1947; Maurice Cloche; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay, Lise Delamare, and Gabrielle Dorziat. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL RETROSPECTIVE—The first programs in a series of fifty-two international films originally shown during the first ten years of the Festival (1963-72): Aug. 12 at 6:30: "Weekend" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Mirielle Darc and Jean Yanne. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 9: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 1:30: "Red Beard" (1965; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 5: "Far from Vietnam" (1967; Alain Resnais, William Klein, Joris Ivens, Agnès Varda, Claude Lelouch, and Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 7:30: "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Alida Valli. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 9:30: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Cloris Leachman, and Ellen Burstyn. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 4:30: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Bernard Verley and Zouzou. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 6:30: "Sandra" (1965; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Claudia Cardinale, Jean Sorel, and Michael Craig. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 9: "Muriel" (1963; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6:30: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau and Michel Piccoli. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 9:30: "Intimate Lighting" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech) and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965; Miloš Forman; in Czech). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6:30: "Fists in the Pocket" (1965; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 9: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (1969; Richard Attenborough), with Ralph Richardson, Ian Holm, and John Gielgud. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6:30: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965; James Ivory). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 9: "Mouchette" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French) and "The Wild Child" (1969; François Truffaut; in French). . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 6:30: "Lilith" (1964; Robert Rossen), with Jean Seberg, Warren Beatty, Peter Fonda, and Kim Hunter. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 9: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German). (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films—stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery, like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. The film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains, and Herbert Mundin, Patric Knowles, Melville Cooper, Una O'Connor, Montague Love, and Robert Warwick. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. The marvellous score was done by Erich Wolfgang Korngold; the script is by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17.)

AIRPLANE! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 15.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 18.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 18.)

Big City (1937)—Luise Rainer, wanly dying of leukemia, as the immigrant wife of a taxi-driver (Spencer Tracy) involved in a taxi war. William Demarest turns up, and in the final scramble on the New York docks so do Jack Dempsey, Man Mountain Dean, Maxie Rosenbloom, and sundry other sporting figures. The picture doesn't hold together, and although Tracy struggles with the material, he can't win. Frank Borzage directed. (Regency; Aug. 14-15.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 11.)

Blow Out (1981)—It's hallucinatory, and it has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political thriller. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. It's as if De Palma had finally understood what technique is for; this is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as an unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 17-18.)

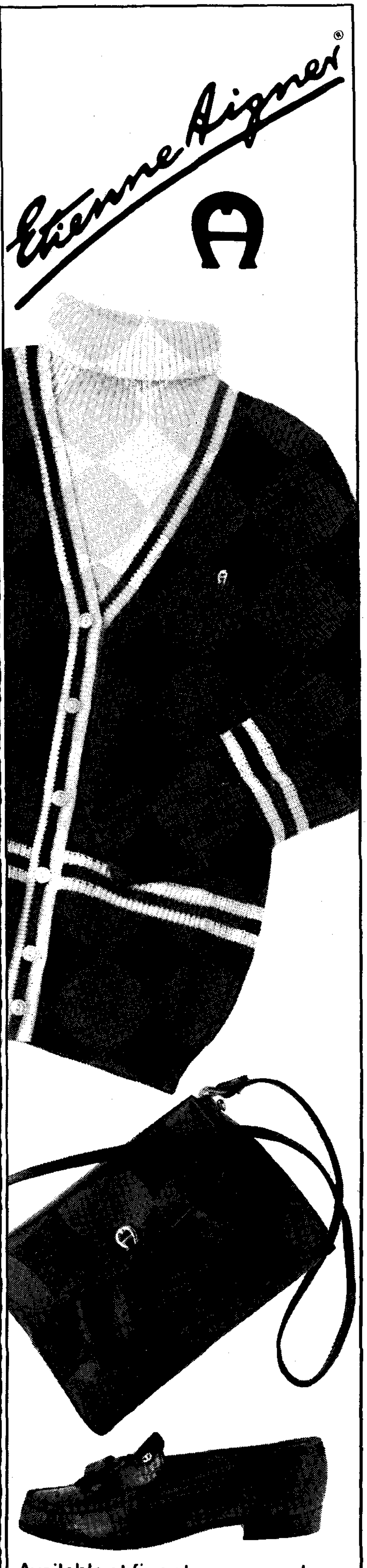
La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 14.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Dressed to Kill (1980)—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson, as a beautiful aging golden blonde, shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected; she's married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty, investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 17-18.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga (see "Star Wars" and "Return of the Jedi") is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Gotham Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gin-



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gerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Festival, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 19.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 18.)

Les Girls (1957)—George Cukor directed this backstage-story musical (it's about a lawsuit over a former showgirl's memoirs), and the color consultant, George Hoyningen-Huené, gave it a classy look, but, with one exception, nobody connected with it was really at his best—not Gene Kelly, who was the star, nor the scenarist, John Patrick, and certainly not the choreographer, Jack Cole. (He hit rock bottom, with horrible quasi-cultured numbers.) Even the Cole Porter score is weak, and the whole show is overproduced. The exception is the tall, blithe, and beautiful comedienne Kay Kendall, who does a funny, drunk "La Habanera" and has a number with Kelly in which she seems to be outdancing him and having an easy, amused time of it. Her role isn't large enough, though. The cast includes Henry Daniell, Taina Elg, Jacques Bergerac, Patrick MacNee, and that bane of fifties movie musicals—the movie executives' idea of "adorable"—Mitzi Gaynor. From a story by Vera Caspary. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 18.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Les Misérables" and widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. It deals with the Joads, a family of sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and head for the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers. The movie version is full of the "they-can't-keep-us-down-we're-the-people" sort of thing, and a viewer's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film reveals is blurred by the film's gross sentimentality. This famous picture, high on most lists of the great ones of all time, seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet, because of the material, it is often moving in spite of the acting, the direction, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people's talk. John Ford directed the production, which in some externals is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda as Tom, John Carradine as Casey, Charley Grapewin as Grampa, John Qualen as Muley, Eddie Quillan as Connie, Dorris Bowdon as Rosasharn, Russell Simpson as Pa, Zeffie Tilbury as Granma, Darryl Hickman as Winfield, and Ward Bond, Grant Mitchell, Joe Sawyer, Frank Faylen. Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson; cinematography by Gregg Toland. Academy Awards: Best Director, Best Supporting Actress—Jane Darwell as Ma Joad. She's impossibly fraudulent, though there's a memorable scene when Ma burns her old postcards. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 18.)

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The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. There may never have been photographs of trains more exultant than the shots here of the old Northern Pacific steaming through mountain forests. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy; the images are tense and ceremonious, and the picture has the most lovingly photographed rain since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. The movie is like "Wisconsin Death Trip" with a romantic bandit at its center. Robbery here is the only honorable profession for a man with Bill Miner's courtliness and sense of style. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter that stays fairly close to the historical accounts and leaves a lot of gaps—we never find out how Miner, who'd been in prison most of his life, became a civilized, sensitive man and a lover who admired a flamboyant, free-thinking woman. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (Baronet.)

Il Grido (1957)—Just before his international breakthrough with "L'Avventura," Antonioni made this flawed yet affecting, mournful, wintry film about the neurotic apathy of a working-class man. It's poetic without being believable. The American actor Steve Cochran plays Aldo, a skilled worker in a sugar refinery; when the woman he has been living with (Alida Valli) no longer wants him, he falls into a numb despair, and wanders around with his small daughter. He meets other women, but they don't make enough impression on him for him to get a grip on life. Without the moneyed decadence of the characters in Antonioni's later films, the atmospheric gloom seems less chic, more purely depressive. Set in the muddy Po valley. With Betsy Blair, Dorian Gray, and Lyn Shaw. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 17.)

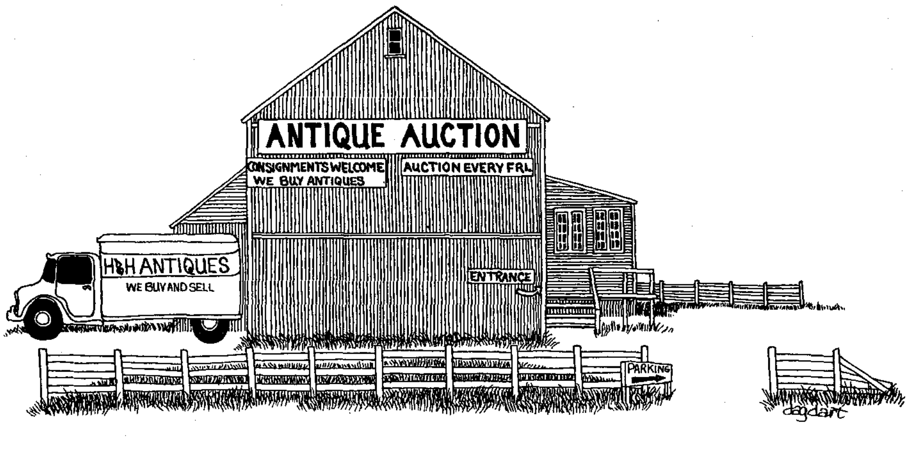
Julia (1977)—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story (from "Pentimento," her book of memoirs) about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany. Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character; she could crack the cautious, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. With Rosemary Murphy and Hal Holbrook as Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, and Meryl Streep, John Glover, Cathleen Nesbitt, Maximilian Schell, and Maurice Denham, and Susan Jones as the young Lillian and Lisa Pelikan as the young Julia. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; music by Georges Delerue. Academy Awards: Supporting Actor (Robards), Supporting Actress (Redgrave), and Screenplay. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 14.)

Kid Galahad (1937)—By 1937, Bette Davis had earned something better than the role of Fluff, girlfriend to a fight manager (Edward G. Robinson), but the movie was directed by Michael Curtiz, and though it has few dimensions it has pace and "entertainment value." Wayne Morris is the bellhop turned fighter, whom Fluff christens Kid Galahad; Humphrey Bogart is the bad guy; and Jane Bryan plays Robinson's sister. With Harry Carey, the ineffable Veda Ann Borg as the Redhead, and, for the finale, a Warners operatic shoot-out in which Robinson and Bogart kill each other. (Remade in 1941, as "Wagons Roll at Night," and in 1962, starring Elvis Presley.) (Regency; Aug. 14-15.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar (1977)—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, a teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, William Atherton, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Tom Berenger. Cinematography by William A. Fraker. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 19-20.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "La Grande Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (fron Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest:



when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the demented geography and the improbable plot. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces (such as the chase on Mount Rushmore) that he wants to put in. But it has a classic sequence in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, sophisticated, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggest a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Martin Landau (as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard), and, in smaller roles, Josephine Hutchinson, Philip Ober, Carleton Young, Adam Williams, and Ned Glass. The music is by Bernard Herrmann; the script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps" (and bits of it turn up again, slightly transposed, in Lehman's script for Mark Robson's "The Prize"). (Metro Cinema; Aug. 14.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Aug. 12.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy (see "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Star Wars") might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 11.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Rivoli; through Aug. 11.)

Star Wars (1977)—One of the two or three biggest box-office successes in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (See "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Return of the Jedi.") (Gotham Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni plays Meursault, the Camus hero, very simply, with scrupulous intelligence and concentration. Directed by Luchino Visconti, the movie has great passages and is highly effective in suggesting the atmosphere of the novel—the Algerian heat, the sudden, unpremeditated violence. What's missing is the psychological originality that made the book important. The novel was a definitive new vision—a more honest view of human behavior. But by the time the movie was made that vision had already entered into the modern sensibility, and the concept of alienation had become cut-rate and conventional in movies. And so, although the film is set in the correct period—the thirties—this doesn't

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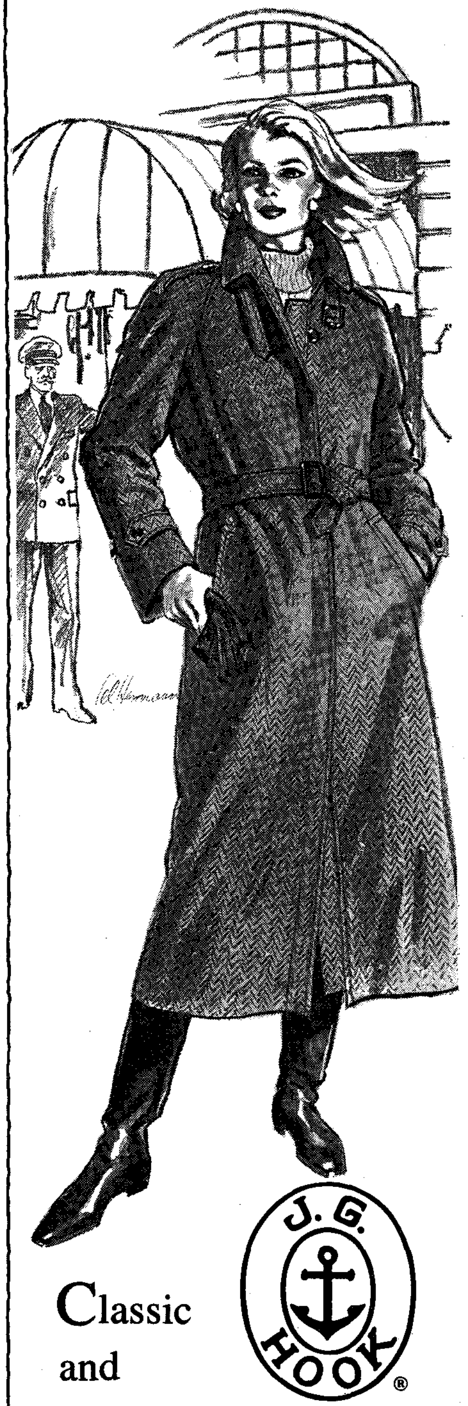

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help to relate it to what Camus's vision meant in the post-Second World War years, and the movie seems merely a factual account of Meursault's crime and trial. With Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier; cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 15.)

Superman III—Gus Gorman (Richard Pryor), a computer wizard, is ordered by his boss (Robert Vaughn), the slimy-suave head of a conglomerate, to work out the elements of kryptonite, the only substance that can destroy Superman (Christopher Reeve). Gus fakes one element, and his near-kryptonite doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him, and he begins to perform dirty deeds. Richard Lester, who directed (he also did "Superman II"), provides agreeable visual humor, and the film begins promisingly, but Lester wants us to see Superman as a virtuous clod, and this drains the mythic life out of the movie. As Lana Lang, the girl from Smallville who has had a crush on Clark Kent since high school, Annette O'Toole is the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. Also with Gavan O'Herlihy, Pamela Stephenson, Annie Ross, and—fleetingly—Margot Kidder as Lois Lane, Jackie Cooper, and Marc McClure. The script is by David and Leslie Newman. (7/11/83) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 12-18.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed this comedy-fable, has given himself only a small role at the beginning, and the picture never quite recovers from the loss of him. The plot, which is about three men hunting for a fortune stuffed into one of twelve chairs, is set in pre-revolutionary Russia. This gives Brooks an opportunity to show his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods—such as burlesque and the mad Russian accents of early radio—but, gifted as he is, he still doesn't go beyond gag comedy. The exteriors, which were shot in Yugoslavia, have a sprightly, picturesque Grandma Moses atmosphere; the whole enterprise is a little forlorn, though. Not bad, really—just so-so. The three leads are Ron Moody, who has a great moment toward the end clutching a piece of chair; Dom DeLuise; and Frank Langella, who comes across as supercilious in the witlessly written role of the handsome juvenile. Based on the same Ilf-and-Petrov novel as the 1945 Fred Allen picture "It's in the Bag." (Embassy 72nd St.)

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Twilight Zone—The Movie—Four young directors—John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and the Australian George Miller—pay homage to the Rod Serling TV series "The Twilight Zone." It's disappointing that they didn't attempt to engineer more modern and artful macabre games than the ones on the old shows; what they've given us is an overproduced remake, but with some redeeming elements. The prologue, written and directed by John Landis, and featuring Dan Aykroyd as a hitchhiker and Albert Brooks as a driver, is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The third, directed by Joe Dante, is a risky attempt at using a style derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect. The subject—how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV—may be too fertile for the half-hour form. The fourth episode, directed by Miller, from a script by Richard Matheson, is the best reason to see the movie; it's a classic shocker of the short form. Almost all the action takes place in the confines of an airliner during a storm, where a passenger, played by John Lithgow, is seated, squirming and thrashing about, sick with fear. Miller builds the kind of immediacy and intensity that the high points of "Jaws" had. The images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And Lithgow does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying it and yet makes it horrifyingly funny. (7/25/83) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Aug. 11.)

Up the Sandbox (1972)—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel and directed by Irvin Kershner. The picture is full of knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. With David Selby, Paul Benedict, Paul Dooley, Carl Gottlieb, Moosie Drier, and Jacobo Morales as Fidel Castro. Script by Paul Zindel; cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Regency; Aug. 16-17.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Greenwich Playhouse, Guild, and Embassy. . . . ¶ U.A. 85th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 12.)

The Way We Were (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. With Patrick O'Neal, Viveca Lindfors, Bradford Dillman, and Lois Chiles. (Regency; Aug. 16-17.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) going to the rescue of the people of Pepperland and saving them from the Blue Meanies by using the weapons of love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). The brightly colored animation is so blatantly derivative that it's an amusing catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. One sequence—the dancing couple for "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds"—is a stunning use of stylized human figures, an apotheosis of Rogers and Astaire. Directed by George Dunning; the chief designer was Heinz Edelmann. (Cinema Village; Aug. 14-16.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and New Yorker; starting Aug. 12.)

Anne Burgess

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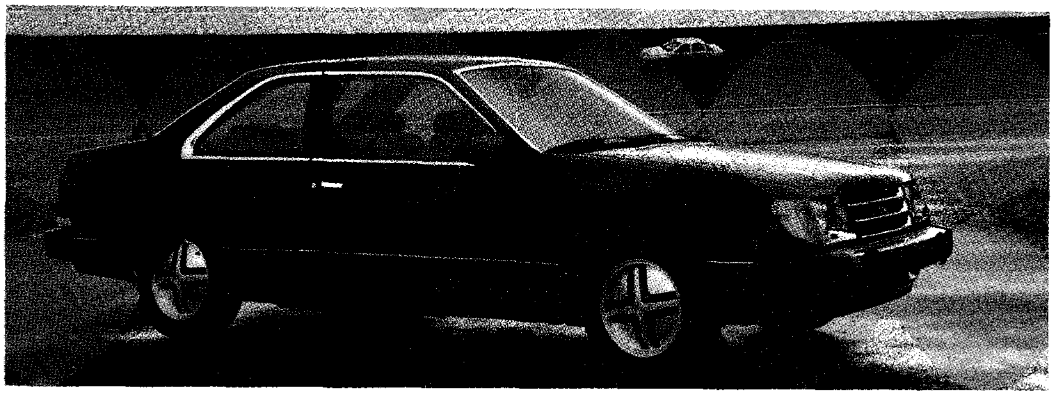

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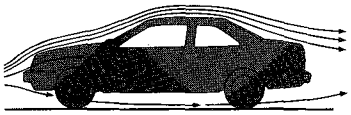

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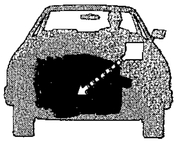

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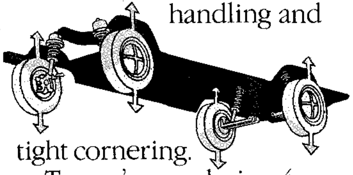

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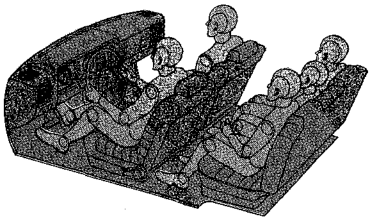

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THE
NEW YORKER

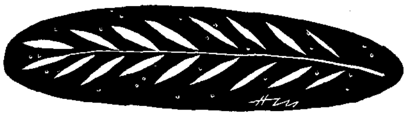
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

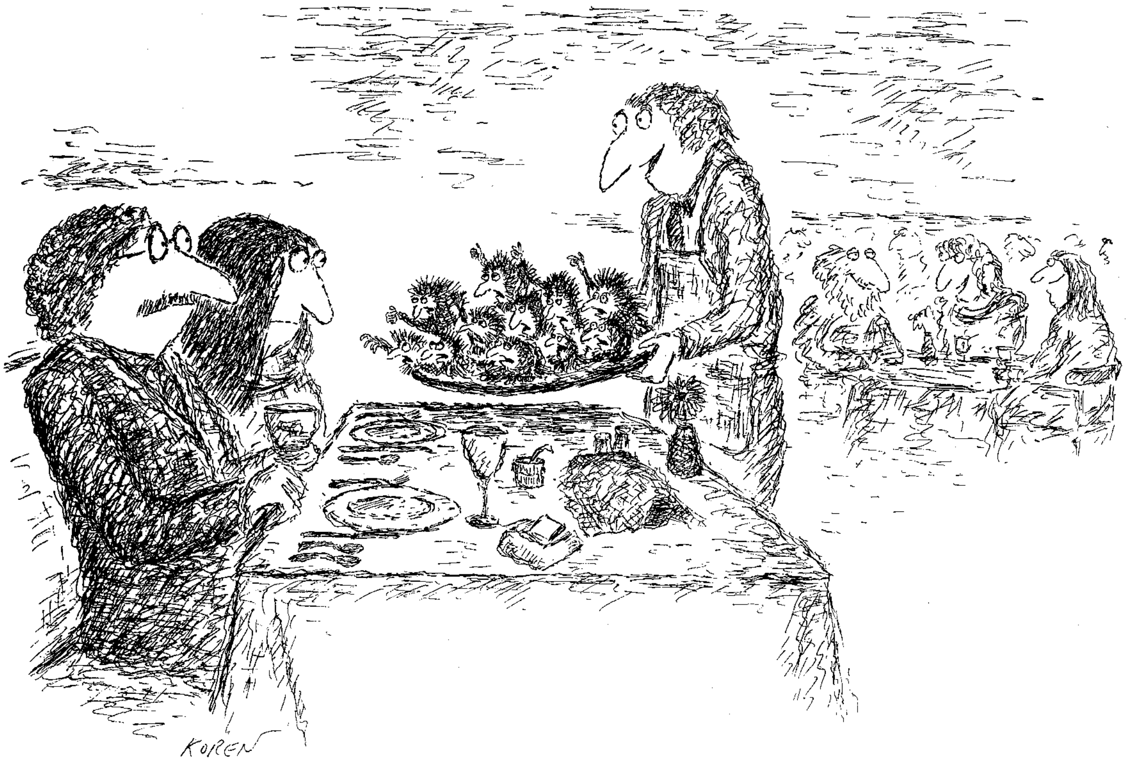
Notes and Comment

RECENTLY, we received the following letter from a friend of ours who took his vacation on Cape Cod in July:

At one point in my dismal career as a philosophy minor in college, I remember, I learned that some turn-of-the-century epistemologist (William James? Henri Bergson?) asserted that there is a fundamental distinction between what he called knowledge of a thing by acquaintance and knowledge of it by experience. He meant, as I recall, that reading about something (a fig, say, or a football) or seeing a picture of it is in some qualitative and ineffable way different from and, as far as understanding is concerned, inferior to being in its presence and apprehending it directly (seeing, touching, and eating the fig; catching and then, in my case, dropping the football). The professor who explained this theory to our seminar in Problems in Modern Philosophy did so most convincingly, as if he himself endorsed it. He singled me out, as he often would when he wanted to gull someone for Socratic purposes, and led me up a garden path of seemingly innocent and enthusiastic statements in support of the theory, all ending with an interrogative "Right?" and eliciting from me a pitifully naïve "Right!" It was a con, of course. The professor was stuffing this benighted Victorian thinker with straw so that he could knock him down in favor of more contemporary philosophers and ideas about knowledge—Wittgenstein, logical empiricism, sense-data, etc. He pointed out, for instance, that in many respects one can know and understand more about a star from seeing a telescope photograph of it and reading about it than from the "direct" experience of gazing at a remote pinpoint of light in the night sky, no matter how lovely it may be. And, anyway, how can one possibly distinguish between knowing something directly and knowing it indirectly? After all, every incoming sensory impression is mediated by the interposition of nerve fibres and the necessity of sailing across synapses in little chemical boats. And so on and so forth, late into the afternoon, with a break for weak tea and stale cookies followed by exploration of the truth value of statements like "The present king of the United States is bald" and "The table is beside."

The memory of this particular shaky rung in the ladder of my education was revived while I was lounging on sun-drenched Ballston Beach, in Truro, reading, squintily, in the *Times* about six members of Greenpeace who were detained after they went ashore from their ship, the Rainbow Warrior, to gather information about the Russian whaling station at Lorino, on the Chukchi Peninsula of Siberia. Greenpeace is the international environmentalist group that is trying to focus the world's attention on the plight of whales, many species of which have been hunted to near-extinction. (Last year, the International Whaling Commission voted to ban all commercial whaling by 1986, but some of the member countries have indicated that they will not abide by the ban.) I admired, in an abstract sort of way, the zeal of these activists, which had driven them across the desolate Bering Strait and into the clutches of Soviet soldiers, all on behalf of our hounded and decimated fellow-mammals the whales. But despite this twinge of admiration and concern the protest-reconnaissance mission basically seemed to me as unreal as the present king of the United States. Until, all at once, I became aware of an interruption in the indolence that generally characterizes life on a hot beach, looked up from the newspaper, saw people, as if electrified, standing up from their colorful towels and umbrellas on all sides of me and pointing at the ocean like so many living compasses, and beheld, when I turned my gaze seaward, a whale. Two whales, actually—far out in the water but unmistakably whales. The first I'd ever seen—to my instant regret, because they were so magnificent, even a mile or so away. They breached and sounded, describing beautiful black parabolas against the blue water, and they spouted clouds of water and vapor from their blowholes—just, to my astonishment, as whales are supposed to do. Apparently, they were sort of gambolling out there—at least, according to a knowledgeable young man I talked to later—because, the young man said, when whales are feeding they loll about lazily with their mouths hanging open, and when they're swimming with a serious destination or purpose in mind they surface less often. They certainly *looked* as though they were playing—past-masters of a sport at which, in comparison, even the best human swimmers at the beach seemed like rookies. I instantly understood the Greenpeacers' passion for whales, and their crusade to protect them from further depredations. It was, I imagine, like being struck by lightning and immediately getting religion. Whales are splendid creatures—I had known that before, of course, from movies and paintings and books. But, Professor, your dismissal of the straw-man epistemologist's theory notwithstanding, I can say with certainty that I never really knew what whales were until I was lucky





"I'm afraid the antipasto is a bit rebellious this evening."

• •

enough to find myself in their presence.

By the way, the young man who passed on the whale lore to me was a Greenpeace volunteer, who, in a nice coincidence, stopped by my rented house a few nights after the whales off Ballston Beach did their salty gavotte for us gawkers. He was trying to recruit new members—in other words, raise money—for the organization. I joined up.

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Birthdays

"WHAT was your best birthday?" we asked Great-Aunt Emily. Her eighty-fourth was impending, and we were paying a call to wish her well. "The one in 1904," she said, almost immediately. "I was five, and we were staying at Nellie Warner's boarding house on Schroon Lake. You got there by buckboard after getting off the night boat from New York at Albany. There were lots of old ladies rocking on the porch, and one of them gave me a tan leather purse with a green shamrock stamped on it. The purse contained five dollars and five gleaming pennies. I was given the pennies, and Mother kept the five dollars, promising we would go to F. A. O. Schwarz when we got back to the city."

"Did you?" we asked.

"Oh, yes. Schwarz was on Twenty-third Street in those days, not far from where we lived, and I went through the store in ecstasy, emerging, finally, with a small black metal watercolor set and a brush. Mother liked to paint. I never really did."

It was late morning. We had found Great-Aunt Emily in the kitchen of her house in the country—Great-Uncle Augustus, who is eighty-seven, was in his study down the hall, reading—and we asked her what she'd been doing. "Well, I had just been cleaning the bathroom," she said, "and I was about to do the breakfast dishes, and then I was planning to write some letters, but I really wanted to get outside and cut down some seedlings and prune the wisteria. I'd like to rake the driveway where the rain washed it away, and I want to clear the oak leaves and muck out of the goldfish pond. But so far I haven't even made the beds. How about some coffee?"

We took a cup, and asked her if she'd had any other good birthdays.

"They were all good," she said. "I had a happy childhood. I actually loved my mother, because my nurse taught me to. I always confided in Mother. I liked my father, too, but he wasn't around much—he was working at his office. I feel guilty I wasn't so close to him, but he didn't have the same gift of knowing what was on your mind and spoiling you. I don't remember any other birthdays in particular, but I do remember my first dance. I was fourteen. It was a tea dance at my friend Grace's house. She was the most beautiful and sophisticated fourteen-year-old known to man, and she'd had beaux since she was eleven. Mother said I could have any hat I wanted in the city of New York, and I picked a very cheap and badly made one. It had a crown of black velvet with a wreath of flowers around it, and the brim was cloth of silver, which matched the frames of my eyeglasses—which I had to wear if I wanted to see. So Mother and my brother and I got to the party.

I was disgusted to see that Grace had put her hair up with hairpins. Fifteen was the youngest you could do that. Mine was hanging down my back, the way it should. Nobody danced with me. After some time, a little boy, pushed by somebody, asked me to dance. We danced and danced and danced and danced. Nobody cut in. Finally, he suggested we rest, and vanished. Mother offered my brother a dollar to dance with me. Nothing doing, he said. But I didn't suffer. I had a lovely time. Grace made a couple of disastrous marriages, and then, in good middle age, married a nice admiral. How about some peanut butter?"

She pushed aside a container of Miracle-Gro, a pair of gardening gloves, and a vial of bouillon cubes, and offered us a jar. "It'll put some meat on your bones," she said.

We declined.

"I think I'll have a cigarette," she said, locating a crushed pack behind a pair of clippers. "When I was young, jobs were not so hard to get. I'd get a job in September, work through the winter, then quit in June, having earned just enough to go to Europe for the summer. Then, in September, I'd get another job."

She poked around for a match, found one, and lit her cigarette. "One summer, I was on a walking trip with two other girls through the Lake District. It was wonderful—beautiful mountains, but on a very small scale, with paths marked with cairns. We stopped for lunch at an inn, and we were all talking about whether women should smoke. Two handsome Englishmen were sitting at the next table. We never saw them again, but after lunch we continued up the mountain and when we got to the top there was a cairn with three cigarettes sticking out of the rocks. We sat right down and smoked them."

Great-Aunt Emily carried her coffee cup into the living room. "I went to lay a wreath on Dante's tomb in 1921," she said. "I had no particular feeling about Dante, but Father wouldn't let me go to Europe alone, so I joined a tour of the Italian-American Society—a hundred and thirty-five girls, twenty young men, and fifty-five chaperons, mostly professors. We sailed on the Leopoldina—a tiny ship, with its deck right down on the water. We were headed for Naples but landed at Le Havre—why, I don't know. We took a train from Paris, and it was jammed. I slept in a net luggage rack. In Venice, we went to the Lido, and were absolutely scandalized by the one-piece bathing suits. We were used to wearing long, heavy, very scratchy mohair bathing suits with bloomers. You could rent a one-piece or else something that looked like mattress ticking. I think I took the mattress ticking. It was a wonderful trip. We rode through the Dolomites on a very small train on a narrow-gauge railroad. We sat in the open doorway of the baggage car, our legs hanging out, and looked at the mountains. At the end of one summer, a friend and I left Paris for Le Havre to board the Savoie and come home. A large crowd was milling about on the dock. The Savoie had some sort of difficulty, so the French Line paid us to go back to Paris until it was fixed. I bought a hat. When we returned, there was another large gathering on the dock. 'It's not going,' they said, and they put us in steerage on the De Grasse, and we set sail. One morning in the middle of the Atlantic, my friend and I went out for a stroll on deck. 'The sun's over my wrong shoulder,' she said. It turned out we were headed back again. The French Line said, 'Here's more money, go back to Paris for a few days.' We did. When we got back to Le Havre, they finally put us on the Savoie, and the crossing took three weeks. We danced every night, and after the music ended we'd all go to the captain's cabin. He kept his washbowl filled with ice, and we'd all have a drink."

Taking Action

AT five in the afternoon on Wednesday, July 27th, the following sentiments, mostly in spray paint but occasionally in chalk, could be seen on the fronts of buildings along the north side of Prince Street between Broadway and Mercer: Follow The Inner Promptings, I was led astray myself and led others astray in turn, Vacuum Heads, Relive Tomorrow, Hands Off Guatemala, and The Final Seconds 5 4 3 2 1 • • •

The south side of the street read: Wow-Rock, Common Loon, When you become rich death sniffs the air and circles, Love and Peace Please 1983, Through the peephole of the untied states of a margarine are men sentenced to insanity until further notifycation, Loft for Rent, Nuclear War + You = Dead, and Fools Rush In.

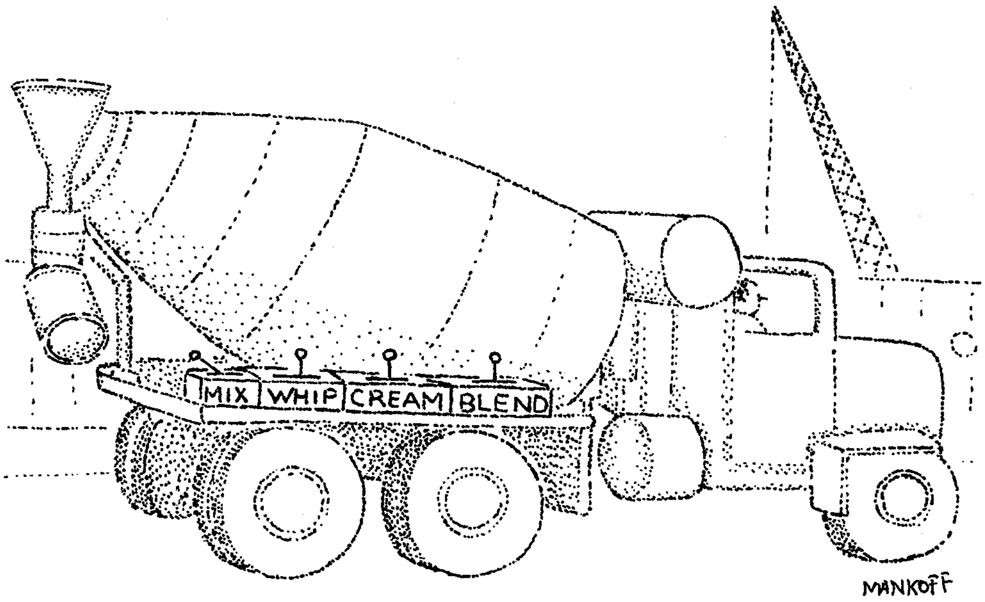
Across Mercer and proceeding from left to right, toward Greene Street (a block that houses the original manufacturer of pinking shears), the messages included: Old Wars Never Die, EEEEEEEEEEE!, Socialism Rules, Anarchy Rules, and Life in B+W.

On the other side of the block sits a post office with a sign stating, "This is your community post office. Please help us keep it graffiti-free." Next to the sign were: spray-painted pictures of a roller skater, a turkey, a diving woman, and a scene labelled The Death of Horatio, and slogans like Everything Happens All Over, All the Time, At Once, Attica Means Fight, Create Space, and Stop Gentrification.

A few hours later, the street, like the albino subway cars currently prowling the Seventh Avenue line, had recaptured its innocence; once more, for perhaps the first time in decades, long stretches of the two blocks were a tabula rasa, thanks to a painting party arranged by the neighbors and catered by Dean & DeLuca (Brie, green grapes, what have you). No spur-of-the-moment "Hey, let's paint!" affair, this party was fuelled by abiding anger and long-corroding frustration, and the guests we talked to—all neighbors—seemed very happy to be taking action against the enemy. "Graffiti has its place, *but not on the side of buildings*," a man named Monroe said. "If the city wants graffiti, it can put up graffiti *spots*, with blank billboards or something. But not on private property. Isn't it interesting that you don't have widespread graffiti in Paris, in London, in any of your major Canadian cities? There's a sense of permissiveness here that's beyond all reason."

Anne, who is married to Monroe, pointed out, "Graffiti and litter are not allowed in Russia. If a piece of paper in Russia is dropped on the street, ordinary citizens will pick it up and throw it away. I know it's Russia, and I wouldn't particularly want to live there, but that's *something!* Now, there are some galleries that carry graffiti art. But it's framed, and you can hang it on your wall. That's art. But not when it's done indiscriminately."

Shadee, said a hard worker named Paul, is a major reason he decided to organize the Graffiti Eraser Club and Poster Paster Haters Society, Prince Street chapter, which was the outfit that had organized the party. "Shadee just comes along all the



time and writes ‘Shadee’ someplace. What does ‘Shadee’ mean? What does it *mean*?” Though Paul had recruited a number of people to help out, he insisted on painting some particular stretches of wall himself. “I’m so glad to get rid of this roller-skater picture. It’s been here long enough. And this dumb diving woman. God, it’s been upsetting me for a long, long time.” After painting for a while, Paul, roller in hand, bent back from the waist like an artist contemplating a canvas, sighed, and said, “It gives me such a sense of peace to look at these walls with nothing on them.”

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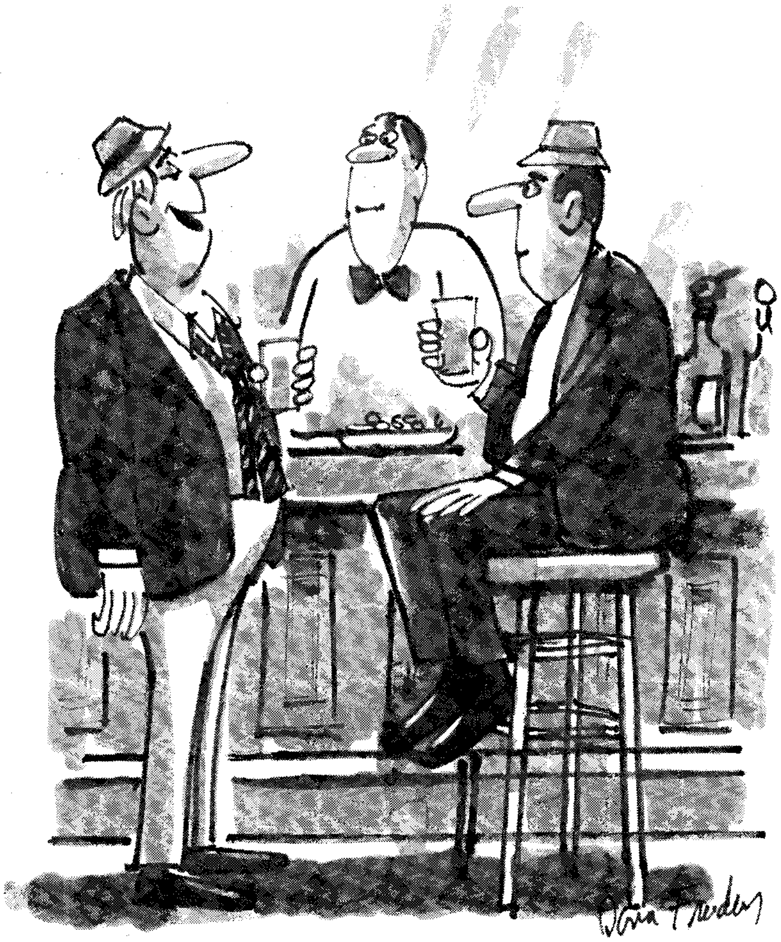
“JUST do it for a little while, and you’ll start to feel really peaceful,” Marlena—one of nearly forty people who gathered not long ago in Riverside Park for some transcontinental humming—told us. “If you do it long enough, it’ll be as if the sound is making you instead of you making the sound. I’m actually a rock-and-roller—I just hum for fun—but I wouldn’t miss this for the world.” And now that we’ve done a little humming ourself, neither would we, though we’ll admit to some initial skepticism. The instructions that came in the mail explained that the humming would take place simultaneously in New York and San Francisco; with the help of Westar IV, which sits in silence twenty-two thousand three hundred miles above the equator, the resulting symphony would be mixed together and sent out to as many radio stations as cared to carry it live (eight, it turned out, in places ranging from Juneau, Alaska, to Ypsilanti, Michigan, and including New York’s WBAI). “Come to the performance area prepared to generate energy for positive change,” the directions adjured. “Acting as an individual and taking personal responsibility for your sound and movement, occupy the space, make yourself at home, gather your energy, build your energy with the goal of pooling your individual energy with the others also working.” That, we thought, sounded like a lot of energy. Specifically, the instructions—issued by the organizer, a San Francisco composer named Bonnie Barnett—urged hummers, “Listen for the tonality in which the entire group is singing. Tune to that tonality. Stay on the vowel (o͞o) for a long time.”

A few minutes before the scheduled 3 P.M. beginning, the Riverside Park group was rehearsing just that noise. The local performance leader, Daniel Goode, who is a musician, reminded all of us that “if it turns out our pitch differs markedly from the San Francisco tone we’ll get a phone call from the Coast.” A fellow named Scott said he thought the whole point was tied up with the way rhesus monkeys learned to wash their potatoes, which had something to do with an oversoul. Then it was time for the humming.

We don’t know about the energy for positive change. We don’t know about rhesus monkeys. We don’t even know the difference between E-flat—the pitch set for the humming—and the noise the E train makes when it stops. But we do know what feels good, and humming E-flat (“It rose gradually to E, as the energy gathered,” the radio producer Steve Rathe told us later) felt great—especially as the hum wore on. At first, people seemed to be concentrating on themselves, eyes closed, doing Jane Fonda-in-a-leotard stuff, but after about twenty minutes of solid humming people began to really look at each other and smile and get in touch, and after that it kept getting better. It was as if the sound, which was bouncing off the vaulted ceiling of a park overpass, had very little to do with the individuals who were producing it and, instead, took on some life of its own, rising and falling, flaking off and blending together, overlapping and undercutting in shivery rumbles and half-solid vibrations. It may have been just the giddiness resulting from prolonged exhalation, but everyone was grinning. A number of dogs walked by, and none barked; a number of babies strollered through, and none cried; a number of people on their way to picnics who were carrying large radios turned them off as they passed, and some even stopped to help hum. Also, some pigeons cooed, and that fitted right in. A few people wore Walkman radios, and they shared them around the circle so that everyone could hear, over station WBAI, what the humming sounded like mixed with the humming in San Francisco. What it sounded like, in fact, was just about what it sounded like alone—and that made each listener smile broadly. After sixty-three minutes, at no signal from anyone, the humming began to die down, hitting three plateaus, each softer than the one before, rallying, and finally dying away. The people listened in silence to the lingering vibrations in the vaulted ceiling, and then they whistled, applauded,



“I’m for Fritz Mondale. My second choice is Fritz Hollings, and my third choice is Fritz Cranston.”

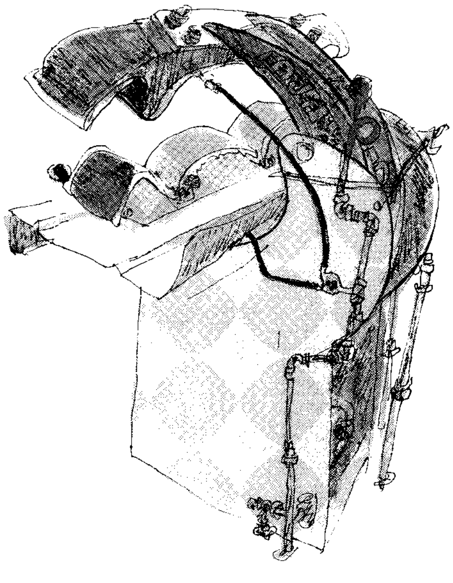
hugged each other, and promised to come back next year.

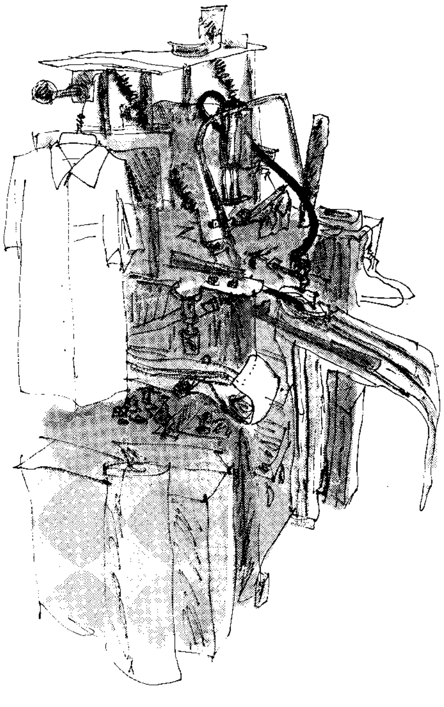
Machines

A CONNECTICUT friend writes:

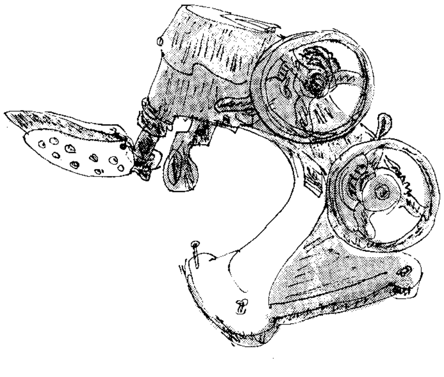
A lamentable aspect of the Silicon Era is that there just isn't much to look at in the way of machines. It's hard to see—let alone admire—a handsome piece of microcircuitry. Prior to lasers, robots, and fibre optics, machines were something to behold. Big was good—in fact, sensational—and when President Grant and Emperor Dom Pedro II of Brazil officially switched on the mighty Corliss steam engine (roughly thirty feet high, fourteen hundred horsepower) at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 crowds poured into the vast Machinery Hall to gape at the mechanical dazzlers of the day. A machine then was clearly a machine: it was oily, smelly, dirty; it had wheels that turned, belts that flapped; it rattled, shook, roared, screeched, and squeaked. Smoke came out. Today, activity is signalled by the silent blinking of light-emitting diodes.

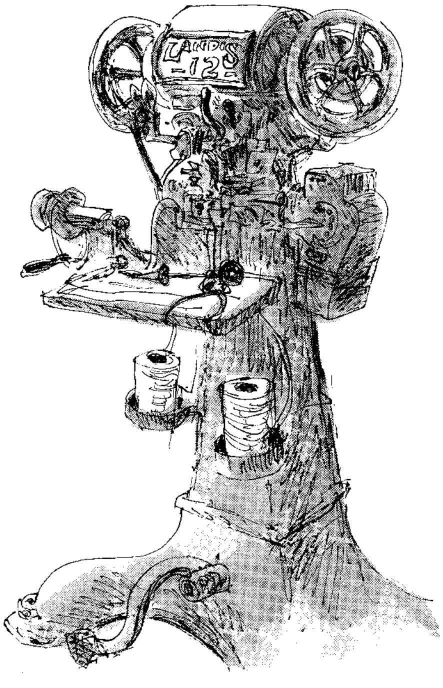
In the town where I live, there are, fortunately, a few splendid machines still in daily operation. When my memory bank lights up to tell me that I should get the pants component of my suit pressed, I proceed from my home terminal to Prestige Cleaners, on the town green, hand over my trousers, and issue a voice command ("I'd like these cleaned and pressed, please"), and while the young woman is entering the data I get a chance to look at the old machines in there. The collar-and-cuff presser (*Illus. A*) is a steamy colossus. One sleeve of a shirt is placed on the curved surface at right, the other sleeve is placed on the curve at left, and the collar is placed in the middle, as in a guillotine. Then the matching section above is brought down swiftly: *foooshhhh* . . . The other major marvel in Prestige is the shirt-folder (*Illus. B*), which is so complicated it defies description; by the time a shirt emerges from the machine's ministrations, however, it has been neatly folded, it contains a piece of cardboard, and it has been gift-wrapped with a paper ribbon.


Illus. A

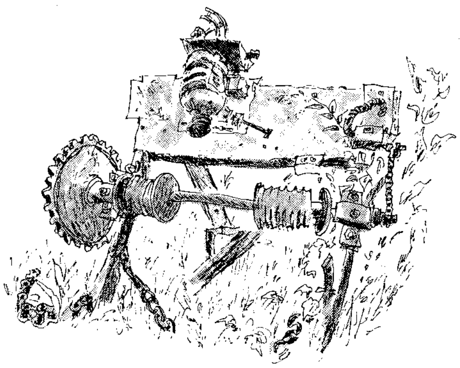

Illus. B

Stewart's Shoe Repair, on the Boston Post Road, is a reliquary of complex, thunderous machinery. Sometimes you have to shout in there. The shoe-stretcher (*Illus. C*) is a fairly straightforward invention. Stewart says it is totally ineffective on leather shoes, though. He keeps it around because he likes it, and from time to time he uses it on a pair of sneakers. The sole-stitcher (*Illus. D*) is another story entirely. Stewart is very high on this early wonder. He believes that it was invented around 1885, and he claims that nobody has ever been able to improve on it.


Illus. C


Illus. D

Near the railroad tracks to the south of town, in tall weeds not far from the small, abandoned, poison-ivy-covered brick building that was once the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Depot, there's an area littered with bits and pieces of rusted machinery. One large item in this industrial boneyard (*Illus. E*) is such a hybrid of gears, wheels, cogs, chains, axles, motors, switches, and cables that it looks like a summation of the technology that created it—and then left it high and dry. Whatever the old machine did, something else is doing it now.


Illus. E

HOLBEIN IN NEW YORK

I find something particularly congenial in the selection, for Mobil's first collaboration with the Morgan Library, of this truly multinational artist—born in Augsburg, married and settled down in Switzerland, a journey in search of opportunity to England, and even that final, expatriate stage of his work in London with wife and children left behind in Basel. Holbein's might have been an oil career.—*Rawleigh Warner, Jr., Chairman of the Board, Mobil Corporation.*

IN TENNESSEE

IN Tennessee, the sun is shining. And yet? Clouds scud across an aquamarine sky on the way to a rendezvous with the horizon.

A man, a woman, and a child are in a car in Tennessee. The child, in the front seat between his parents, puts his fingers out to touch the dashboard.

The road goes over the mountains. The child looks at his own fingers.

AN OPENING REMARK

"Holbein knows.[1] Trust[2] Holbein. Where others[3] have failed, Holbein will succeed.[4]"

A HUMANIST SPEAKS

"Let me give you an example. I'm from Tennessee. Luckily, I got out. I got a chance to work under great teachers, and so, although my confidence was partly damaged, it has been stabilized.

"Others have stayed in Tennessee. As I see it, the problem is how to reach them. One time, driving in the mountains, I went on in the dark, hardly seeing the road. Suddenly, up ahead, I saw a house lit up. The door was open. A man in shirtsleeves was visible, standing just inside the door. The road seemed to lead right to his house, but it curved away at the last minute.

"How can we reach these, and others?"

NEWS FROM THE HUMANITIES DEPLOYMENT

We see every day the result of down-funding. These men and women are jettisoning everything—fresh film stock. We are seeing the end of bright promise. What might have been a towering edifice of— I can't go on. I'm losing professional distance. It's as though we are slipping into some terrible dark age.

A DARK AGE

A family, tired and dispirited, arrive in Knoxville, Tennessee. They check in to the Mountain View Motel. The man of the family wanders off alone. He feels that he has been unable to provide the financial security his family deserves and expects.

He walks on hard, compacted soil toward an old-fashioned firemen's-carnival-type attraction. Tents rest uneasily on the hardened soil.

Gaps of air show where small booths meet the ground. Everything joins badly. The man enters a booth and watches a short film: two women sit on a bed. The film goes off and he is in darkness. Slits of light come into the booth.

He wanders around, plays a game of chance, wins a pink toy, and returns to the Mountain View Motel. Hearing the key in the latch, his wife looks up. Once again she notices her husband's long nose and his sharp chin: old-fashioned features. In her opinion, he is handsome.

INNOVATION

How shall we reach them?

Until recently, film events within the National Humanities Project Arena were at the cutting edge of what we hoped for in terms of innovation for enrichment. Recently, we have moved beyond.

Recently, creating people approached the feet of the oil industry. Why not outline possibilities for innovation in language?

Oil people were stunned. Creating people spoke like crystal. Fine crystal holding each word safe. It took courage and foresight, round-the-clock efforts and wonderful commitments and dedication. Curators were involved from the outset.

A CURATOR SPEAKS

"The Oil people don't hold the copyright to the Holbeins;[1] the Queen[2] has retained that. The Oil people don't own the Holbeins, don't want to own the Holbeins, haven't *seen* the Holbeins. Please get that straight. We've had a lot of trouble with that. People come with the most incredible ideas—that the Oil Permission Fund has bought all the Holbeins, etc. No. What the Oil Permission Fund has generously agreed to do is, on a one-time basis, to fund a series of language references to Holbein so that schoolchildren and others can experience people talking *about* Holbein."

A CURRENT EVENT

We must now come to terms with a horrible and very lurid event. A terrific fire, of mysterious origin, has broken out in the "tent city" within the National Humanities Project Arena. Your narrator is witnessing its progress now. It is too awful to watch. It is a catastrophe. I see film crews in panic, clawing one another, grant proposals slipping from their hands. They are biting and chewing, trying desperately to get to the few, scant emergency exits. Why didn't they construct more emergency exits? The emergency exits seem to be *closed!* It is too awful even to think about. Apparently, even demonstrated talent in an important medium is no guarantee against . . . Things seem to be quieting down now.

ANALYSIS

What does this current event *mean?* What are the long-term consequences? How can we prevent such calamities from overtaking us in the future? All Americans have the right to gather answers to these and other questions. Since it has not been possible actually to assemble all Americans, we address, in particular, the deputation of "Con-

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[1] "Knows" has been funded, in part, by a grant-in-aid from the Youth Account and by a continuing drain from the "Meet the Mayor" program, with assistance from the National Traditional Orchestra and the Humanities Deployment. The "no" in "knows" appears courtesy of Warnen Linkage Corporation; copyright© 1983, Warnen Linkage Corporation.

[2] "Trust" has been mounted thanks to a continuing in-place release of funds from the Henry L. Schwall and Lila Appleton Schwall Endowment, buttressed by temporary money struts on loan from the National Humanities Project: "Theatre of Cruelty;" copyright© 1983, National Humanities Project Arena, the Humanities Deployment.

[3] "Others" on loan by gracious permission Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II; word-item nourished by a one-time purse from the Oil Permission Fund, passing through the Oil-in-Language Attempt.

[4] "Succeed" is a free word, supplied by us out of our own operating funds. And yet "free"[*] is deceiving as a "word,"[†] since it is hardly "free" to us!

[*] Cpyrght© '83 Oil Permission Fund (OPF) pass-thru Oil-in-Language Attempt (OLA).

[†] Cpyrght© '83—OPF-OLA.

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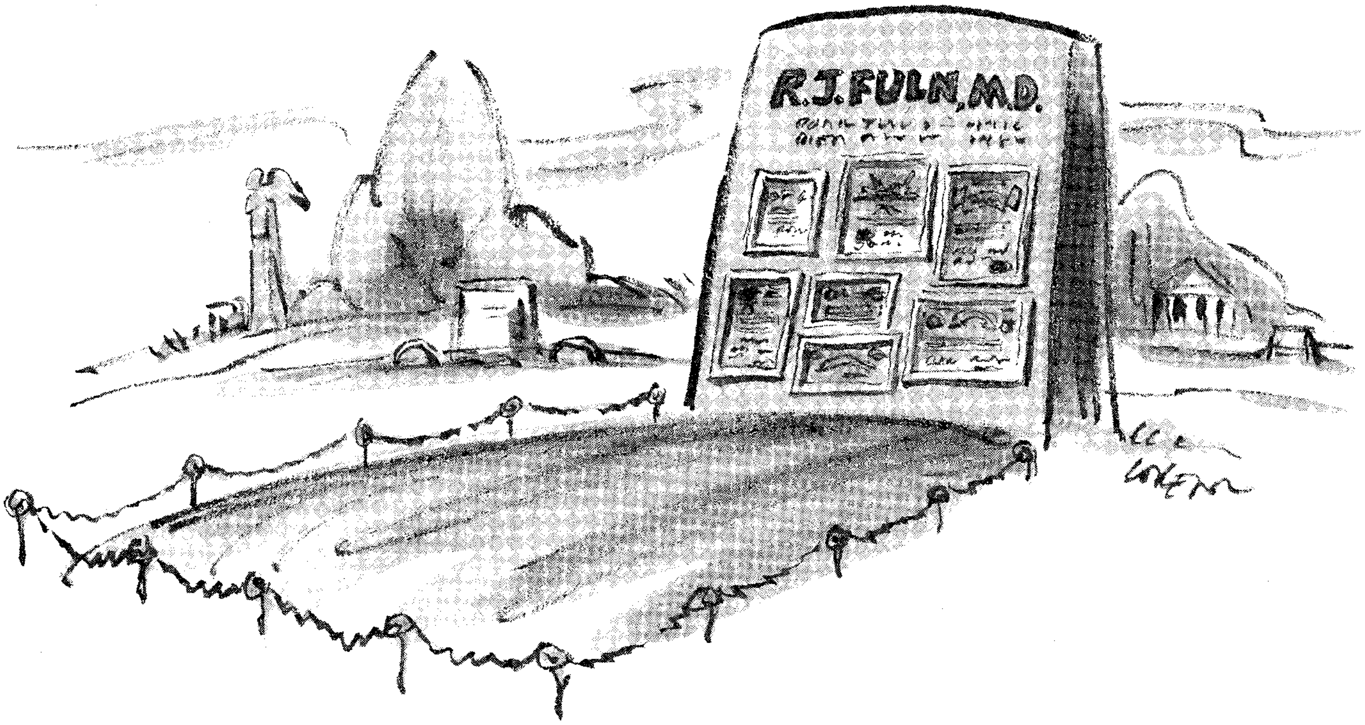
[1] Holbeins copyright© 1983, H.M. Queen Elizabeth II.

[2] In this context, Her Majesty is copyright© 1983 by Lord Grade.



cerned Viewers" which is immediately at hand. To all of you we say, first of all, that the destruction we have witnessed has not affected our language-emphasis projects. We take pride in these projects and want, in particular, to thank the Oil Permission Fund for agreeing actually to speed up and *widen* its work in the language-enhancement area.

THE OIL-IN-LANGUAGE ATTEMPT

A Statement of Purpose

The Oil-in-Language Attempt is a consortium of words and gifts which seeks to select word-elements and gift-worthiness aspects which will "synergize" in tandem. The tandem elements, including permissions from twelve oil companies and word-phrase-sentence projects from museums and universities, are mounted in travelling units that move throughout the country without footnotes, in most instances, seeking a "new audience" outside traditional funding constraints. The participation of universities and museums is perceived as vital as a way of urging new approaches to funding constraints. The "premise" of this project, from the point of view of the Oil Permission Fund (the Funder of Ultimate Responsibility), is that by purchasing words outright footnoting may be reduced and comprehensibility enhanced. The Attempt does not collect copyright fees on the word-units it has funded and in many instances has agreed to forgo credit-taking on a word-phrase-sentence basis to reduce distraction.

HOLBEIN IN NEW YORK

The guards stand with thin nonchalance, holding their hands together in front of them or raising one in a gesture of greeting ("Hello, Mr. Armerter!") but not ever letting them rest in military fashion at their sides.

One of the guards is a woman; she has just returned from a maternity leave. While in her maternity ward, she participated in a study—or, rather, her newly born child did. This child (named Nicodemus, after his grandfather) will be monitored throughout his life so that doctors can study the effects of the bad nutrition he will presumably get.

One doctor involved in this project (the Lifetime Nutrition-Input Study) asked the architect of the project, "When do we intervene? If we find he is starving, for instance?"

HOLBEIN SPEAKS

"For the most part, I see the guards. The others pass in a blur. When their superiors are present, the guards adopt a friendliness which combines with a posture of knowing exactly what is going on and of having risen above it. They mean to imply that they know all about *me*. Their superiors express their superiority by making a fuss over me and showing that they are still *making discoveries* about me. They make distinctions, however, to show that all of my work is not equally good in their eyes—something the guards never bother with. Some of the guards are very handsome, with brown eyes and small sprouting beards. As for speech, it is mostly in fragments. One night, though, a guard called Jones told a story about walking over the mountains to a town where his mother was staying with an old woman who was sick. There might be something in *that*."

CONCLUSION

A Statement from Mr. Heedy Poore, President, the Oil Permission Fund

It is a very congenial thing for me to overpress and see. Behind my desk, thing, thing, thing. *Look over there.*

In Jakarta, pools of oil go deep. Little boys and girls run and play. Hey! Hey! Wait for me. They always run and go.

Worldwide responsibilities breed contempt. Familiarity with all. Streets look alike; public lobbying brings results. Open-air events are affected, too.

As you have noticed, the lower half of my body is encased in cement. One dark night in Rio! We have humor, too, and love lives. Some of these artists make me weep. I was young once.

—George W. S. Trow

THE OTHER

Rob Arnold met Priscilla Hunter at college in the fifties, and the fact that she was a twin seemed to matter as little as the fact that she had been raised as an Episcopalian and he as a Baptist. How blissfully little did seem to matter in the fifties! Politics, religion, class—all beside the point. Young lives then, once Eisenhower had settled for a draw in Korea and McCarthy had self-destructed like a fairy-tale goblin, seemed to be composed of timeless simplicities and old verities, of weather and works of art on opposite sides of a museum wall, of ancient professors, arrogant and scarcely audible from within the security of their tenure, lecturing from yellowing notes upon Dante and Kant while in the tall windows at their backs sunlight filtered through the feathery leaves of overarching elms. In those days Harvard Yard was innocent of Dutch-elm disease. And in those days a large and not laughable sexual territory existed within the borders of virginity, where physical parts were fed to the partner one at a time, beginning with the lips and hands. Strangely, Rob and Priscilla had been traversing this territory for several weeks before she confided to him that she was an identical twin. One of her breasts, clothed in an angora sweater and the underlying stiffness of a brassiere, was held in his hand at the time. Their faces were so close together that he could smell the mentholated tobacco in the breath of her confession. "Rob, I ought to tell you. I have a sister who looks just like me." Priscilla seemed to think it slightly shameful, and in fact it was exciting.

Her twin, the other, was named Susan, and attended the University of Chicago, though she, too, had been admitted to Radcliffe. Their parents—two Minneapolis lawyers, the father a specialist in corporation law and the mother in divorce and legal-aid work—had always encouraged the girls to be different; they had dressed them in different clothes from the start and had sent them to different private schools at an early age. A myth had been fostered in the family that Priscilla was the "artistic" one and Susan the more "practical" and "scientific," though to the twins themselves their interests and attitudes seemed close to identical. As children, they had succumbed simultaneously to the same diseases—chicken pox, mumps—and even when sent to different summer camps had a way, their conversations in September revealed, of undergoing the same trials and initiations. They learned to swim the same week, in widely separated lakes, and had let themselves be necked with in different forests. They fell in love with the same movie star (Montgomery Clift), had the same favorite song ("Two Loves Have I," as sung by Frankie Laine), and preferred the same Everly brother (Phil, the darker and slicker-looking). Rob asked Priscilla if she missed her twin. She said, "No," but to have said otherwise might have been insulting, for she was lying entangled with him, mussed and overheated, in his fifth-floor room, with its single dormer window, in Winthrop House.

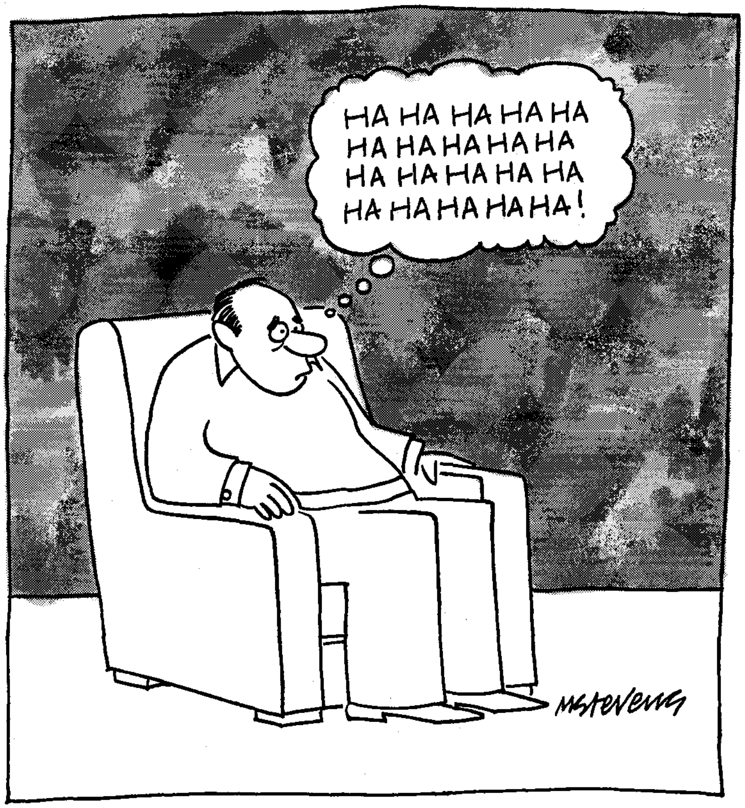
Rob was an only child, with a widowed mother, and asked, "What does it feel like, having a twin?"

Priscilla made a thoughtful mouth; prim little creases appeared in her pursed upper lip. "Nice," she answered, after a long pause that had dried the amorous moisture from her eyes. They were brown eyes, a delicious candy color, darker than caramel but paler than Hershey's kisses. "You have a backup, seeing the same things you do. A kind of insurance policy, in a funny way."

"Even when you're sent to different schools and all that?"

"That doesn't matter so much, it turns out. Suzie and I always knew we weren't the other and were going to have to lead different lives. It's just that when I'm with her there's so much less explaining to do. Maybe that's why I'm not much good at explaining things. Sorry," Priscilla said. Her face was still pink from the soft struggle they had been having on his bed.

"You're good enough," Rob said, and dropped the subject, for it had interrupted this slow journey they were making, bit by bit, into one another. He considered himself lucky to have landed her. She had, Priscilla, a lovely athletic figure, long-muscled and hippy and with wide sloping shoulders, yet narrowed to a fine firmness at the ankles and wrists; his pleasure at seeing her undressed at first disconcerted her in its intensity, and time passed before she could accept it as her due and, still a virgin, coolly give him, in his room, in the narrow space between his iron frame bed and standard oak desk, little one-woman "parades." Though they could not, for all those good fifties reasons (pregnancy, the social worth of female chastity), make love, he had talked her into this piece of display. She held her chin up bravely and slowly turned in mock-model style, showing all sides of her-


HA HA HA HA HA
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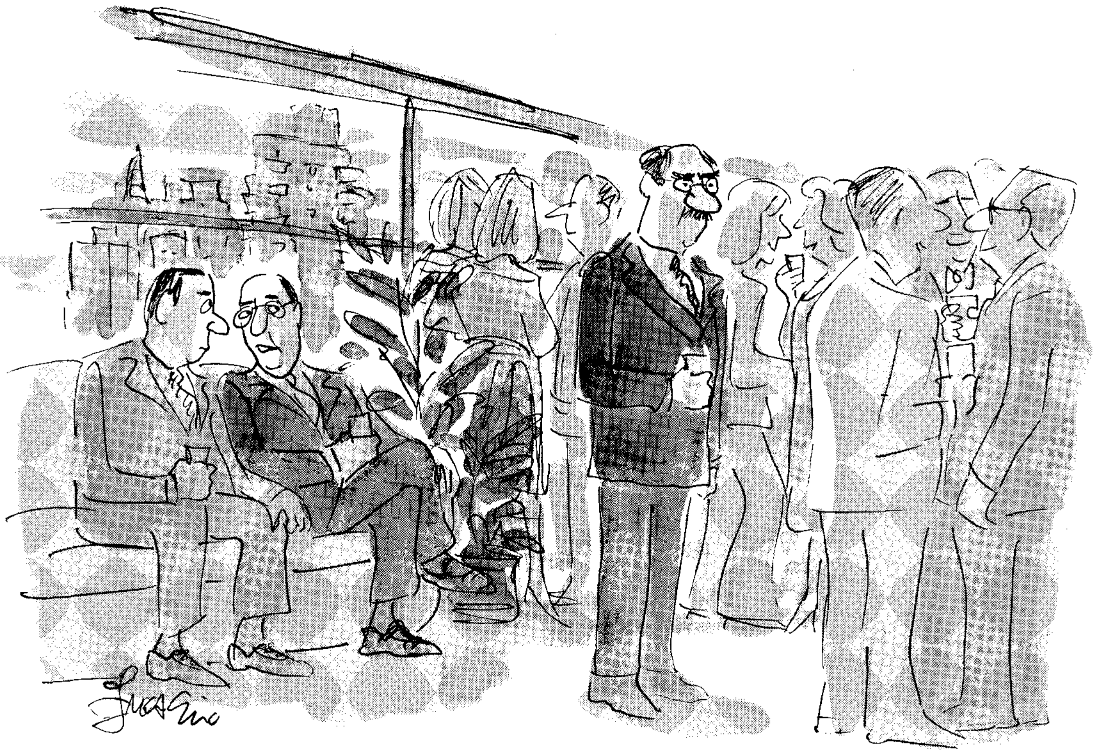
MStevens

OVERCOMING DEPRESSION

self; the sight was so glorious Rob had to avert his eyes, and saw how her bare feet, fresh from chilly boots and rimmed in pink, slowly pivoted on the oval rug of braided rags his mother had given him to make his room more cozy. When his minute of drinking in Priscilla was up, she would scramble, suddenly blushing and laughing at herself, into bed beside him, under rough blue blankets that Harvard issued in those days as if to soldiers or monks. They would try to read from the same book; they were taking a course together—Philosophy 10, Idealism from Plato to Whitehead.



"No one likes him at all,
but I understand he has a large following in Japan."

• •

ONCE she had told him that she was a twin, he could not forget it, or quite forgive her. The monstrous idea flirted at the back of his head that she was half a person; there was something withheld, something hollow-backed and tinny about the figure she cut in his mind even as their courtship proceeded smoothly toward marriage. He wanted to become a lawyer; she was doubly the daughter of lawyers and in all things ideal, given the inevitable small differences between two individuals. She had been raised rather rich and he rather poor. His drab and pious upbringing embarrassed him. He had felt indignantly drowned on that absurd day when, dressed in a sleazy white gown, he had submitted to the shock of immersion, tipped backward and all the way under by the murderous hands of a minister wearing hip waders; whereas Priscilla kept in her room like a girlhood Teddy bear the embossed prayer book given her upon confirmation and sometimes carried it, in white-gloved hands, to services at the pretty little Church of New Jerusalem across from the Busch-Reisinger. Both young people were for Stevenson in 1956, but she seemed secretly pleased when Eisenhower won again and Rob had wished Henry Wallace were still running. He wanted to become a lawyer for a perverse reason: to avenge his father. His father, not yet fifty when he died of Hodgkin's disease, in the days before chemotherapy, had been an auto mechanic who had borrowed heavily to open a garage of his own, and it had been lawyers—lawyers for the bank and other creditors—who had briskly, with perfect legality, administered the financial ruin and thwarted the dying man's attempts to divert money to his survivors.

None of this at the time seemed to matter; what mattered was her beauty and his ardor and gratitude and her cool appraisal of the future value of his gratitude as she dazzlingly, with a silver poise faintly resembling cruelty, displayed herself to him. The fact of her being a twin put a halo around her form, a shimmer of duplication, a suggestion, curiously platonic, that there was, somewhere else, unseen, another version of this reality, this body.

Priscilla's parents lived in St. Paul, in a big, cream-colored, many-dormered house a few blocks from the gorge holding the Mississippi, which was not especially wide this far north. Though Rob several times travelled there to display himself, in his best clothes, to his prospective in-laws, he did not meet Susan until the wedding. She had always been away—on a package tour of Europe or waitressing in Southern California, a part of the world where she had been led by some of her racier U. of C. friends. When Rob met her at last, she had come from Santa Barbara to be Priscilla's maid of honor. Though it was early June and cool in Minnesota, she had a surfer's deep tan and a fluffy haircut short as a boy's. A stranger to the family might not have spotted her, amid the welter of siblings and cousins, as the bride's twin. But Rob had been long alerted, and as he clasped her warm hand the current of identity stunned him to wordlessness. Her face was Priscilla's down to the protruding, determined cut of her upper lip and the slightly sad droop of the lashes at the outside corners of her eyes. He reddened, and imagined that Susan did, though her manner with him was instantly ironical—bantering and languid in perhaps the West Coast manner. Enclosed within Priscilla's body, the coolness of a stranger seemed rude, even hostile. Rob noted what seemed to be a ray or two less of caramel in her irises, a smoother consistency of chocolate. These darker eyes made her seem more passionate, more impudent and flitting, as she moved through her old home with none of a bride's re-

CUIDADORES DE AUTOS

(Santiago, Chile)

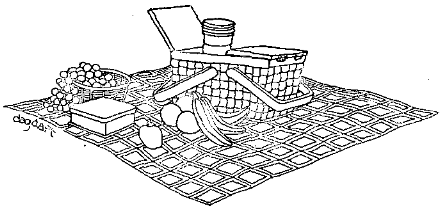
It seems like the world's most useless profession—
to guard and protect the already safe and secure,
to guide you out of your parking place as if
this were your first time behind the wheel; as if
without their help you would smash into one car,
then another or collapse and weep uncontrollably;
that without them to put your peso in the meter
you would desperately fumble, accidentally fling it
down the grating of a sewer. There must be
a thousand of these men on the streets of Santiago
with their symbols of office—a dirty
orange rag and a gray cap. I even know one man
who is training his son in the profession:
a boy of about eight with a smaller cap and
smaller rag. The father complains how people
ignore him, force him to chase them all the way
to the stoplight for his *propina*, which is why he
employs his little boy, who is quick on his feet
and likes to run. But I remember one night
when we had dinner at a restaurant near the market.
We had not argued that day. You were happy
and your eyes crinkled at the corners in a way
that makes you even more beautiful. When we
left the restaurant, yours was the only car still
on the block, and nearby waited one of these men,
these caretakers of cars, but older than most
and with a gray cap that looked like something
had been chewing it. He followed us to the car and
with great ceremony directed you away from the curb
with his little orange rag, peered intently into
the dark for any trucks that might be travelling
fast with their lights off. The world was safe
and the innocent slept soundly in their beds.
You thanked him, gave him ten pesos, and he
called you his little daughter, which pleased
and embarrassed you. The moon was full that night
but the moon here is not the northern moon;
the face is another face. The right eye, which
I have seen all my life, is now the mouth,
and the mouth of the north is now the left eye—
a face with a high forehead, no chin to speak of,
a leering, stupid sort of face, which presumes
to know but knows nothing. As you slept,
I studied the freckles on your back until they
seemed a part of a map—towns with no roads
between them. Here everything feels reversed.
The fig tree in the back yard was heavy with figs
and I kept hearing them fall: first a brief riffle
as one dropped through the leaves, then a plop
like a wet, wadded-up sock as it hit the tiles
of the patio, where it would harden and spoil.
You lay dreaming of houses—solar houses and
earthquake-proof houses, a house on the beach
with sunlight flickering on the white walls,
filling the rooms like water. And where was I?
Sometimes I hear sirens during curfew, the high
squealing sirens of the motorcycles; and that night
there were gunshots and the sound of running.
A German newspaper claims that last month
twenty-one houses were raided in Santiago,
442 political arrests. We know nothing of it.
Later that night a jeep slammed on its brakes.
There was shouting, the sound of someone being beaten.
We hurried outside. A young man lay in the grass,
moaning and holding his head. He said he had been
at a party. There had been a girl. He wore new,
expensive-looking yellow boots and pleaded with us
not to call the police. Soon we went back to bed.
Who will protect us from our protectors?
As I lay beside you I listened to the sound of
the man's boots walking slowly down the street,
becoming fainter until at last they were lost
and grew confused with the pounding of my heart.

—Stephen Dobyns

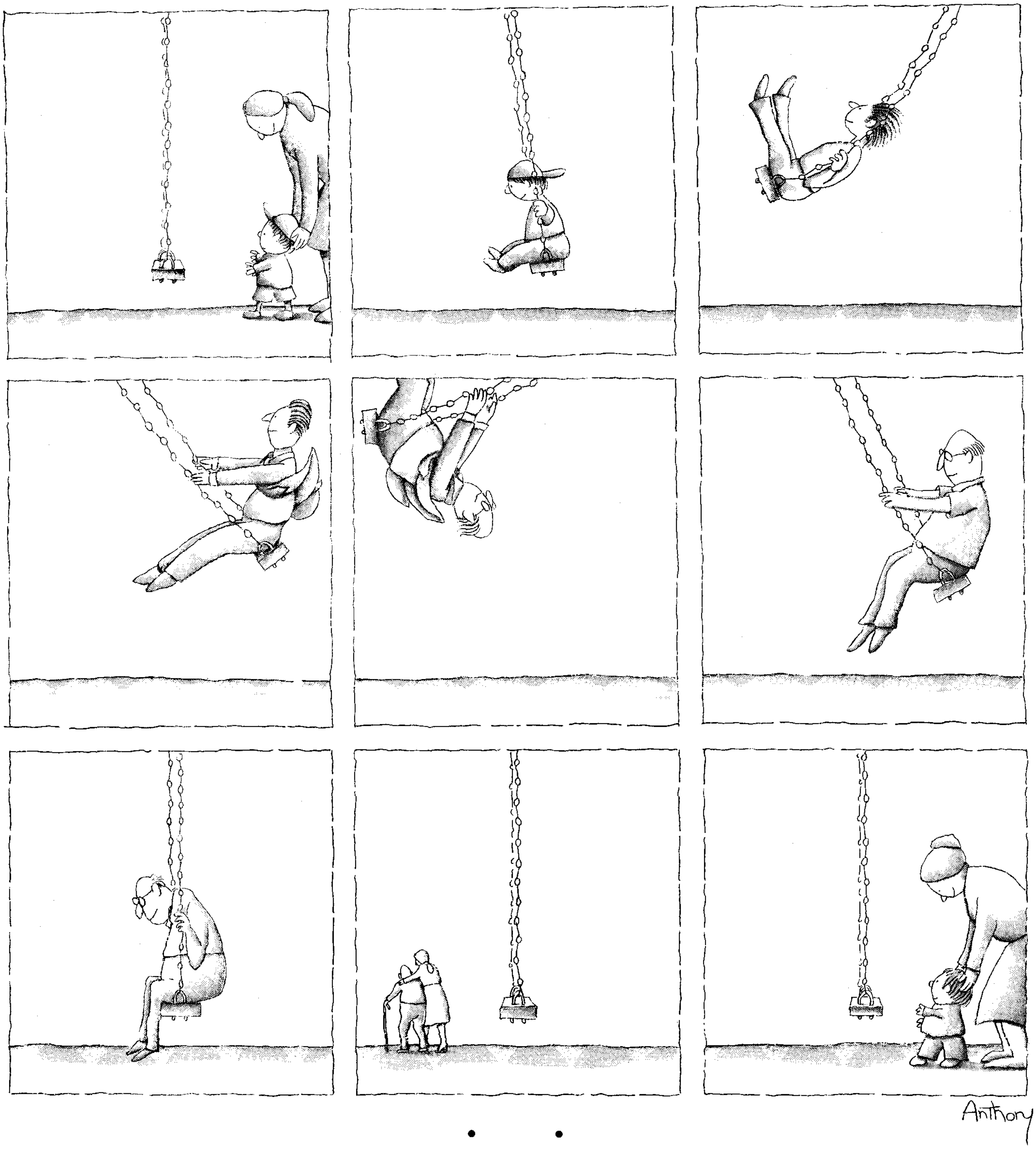
• •

sponsibilities. And Susan was, Rob thought, appraising her repeatedly through the social flurry, distinctly bigger, if only by a centimetre and an ounce.

His impressions, Priscilla told him when they were alone, were wrong: Susan had expected to like him and did, very much. And though she had been the firstborn, she had never been, as often happens, the stronger or heavier. Their heights and weights had always been precisely the same. Priscilla thought that, indeed, Suzie had lost some weight, chasing around with that creepy crowd of beach bums out there. Their parents were up in arms because she had announced her intention to do graduate work in art history at U.C.L.A., where there really wasn't any art, when there was that entire wonderful Chester Dale collection at the Art Institute, along with everything else in Chicago. Or why not go East, like Priscilla? Their parents had hoped Susan would become a physicist, or at least a psychologist. Rob liked hearing Priscilla, not normally much of an explainer, run on this way about her sister; being near her twin did seem to embolden her, to loosen her tongue. He enjoyed the tumble of an extensive, ambitious family, amid whose many branches his own mother, their guest for the weekend, seemed a wan, doomed graft. The big house was loaded with pale padded furniture and vacation souvenirs; his mother found a safe corner in a little-used library and crocheted at a footstool cover she had brought from North Carolina.



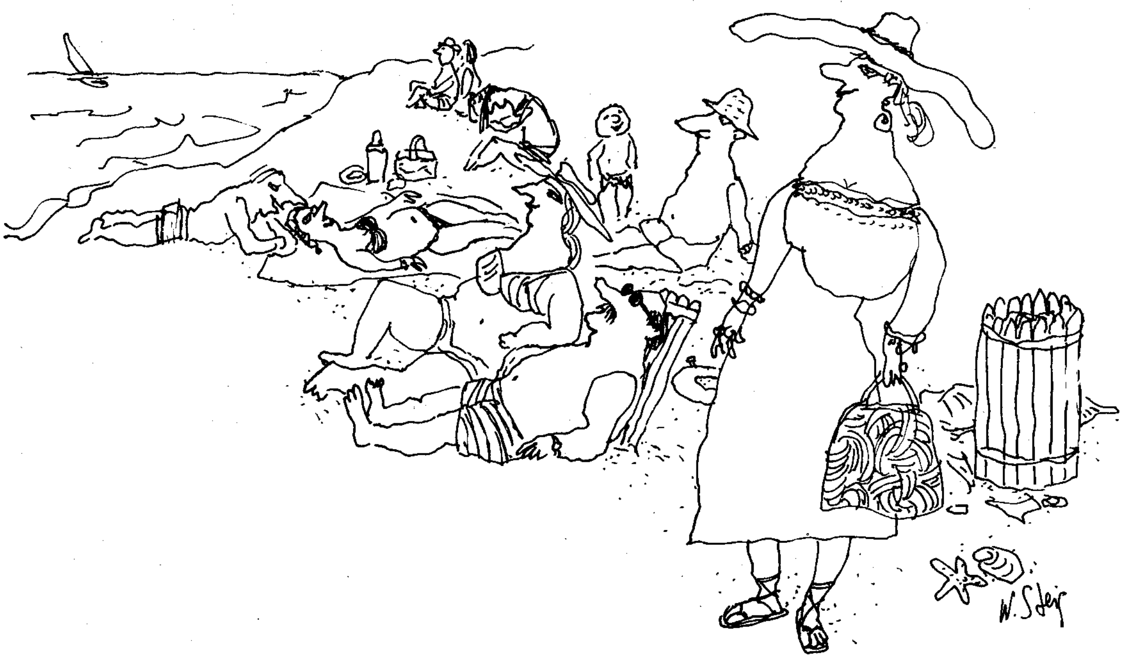
In church, the twins, the one majestic in white tulle and the other rather mousy in mauve taffeta, were vividly distinguishable. Rob, however, standing at the altar in a daze of high Episcopalianism, the musk of incense in his nostrils and a gold-leafed panel of apostles flickering off to the side, had a disquieting thrill of confusion, as if the mocking-eyed maid of honor might be his intimate from Winthrop House days and the mysterious figure on their father's arm a woman virtually unknown to him, tanned and crop-haired beneath her veil and garland of florets. Susan's voice was just a



* * *

grain or two the huskier, so he knew it was Priscilla who, in a shy, true voice, recited the archaic vows with him. At the reception, amid all the kissing, he kissed his sister-in-law and was startled at the awkwardly averted, rather stubbornly downcast cheek; Rob had reflexively expected Priscilla's habituated frontal ease. And when they danced, Susan was stiff in his arms. Yet none of this marred her fascination, the superior authenticity she enjoyed over the actual reality as the wedding night untidily proceeded through champagne and forced jollity to its trite, closeted climax. Susan was with them (her remembered stiffness, as if she and Rob had too much to say to dare a word, and her imagined slightly greater size and heft) during the botch of defloration, exciting him, urging him on through Priscilla's pain. Though he knew he had put an unfortunate crimp in this infant marriage, and had given his long-cherished ardor a bad name, he fell asleep with happy exhaustion, as if all his guilt were shifted onto the body of a twin of his own.

ROB was not accepted at Harvard Law School; but good-hearted Yale took him. It was all for the best, for if Cambridge in those years was the path to Washington, New Haven was closer to New York and Wall



Begone, Dull Care

• •

Street, where the real money was. After a few years in the city, the Arnolds settled in Greenwich and had children—a girl, a boy, and a girl. Having married a La Jolla builder of million-dollar homes, Susan kept pace with a girl, a boy, and then another boy. This break in symmetry led them both, it seemed, to stop bearing children. Also, the Pill had come along and made birth control irresistible. Kennedy had been shot, and something called rock blasted from the radio however you twisted the dial. The twins, though, had their nests safely made. Susan's husband was named Jeb Herrera; he claimed descent from one of the old Spanish ranching families of Alta California, but in joking moods asserted that his great-great-grandfather had been a missionary's illegitimate son. He was a curly-haired, heavy, gracious, enthusiastic man, a bit too proclaimedly, for Rob's taste, in love with life. His small, even teeth looked piratical, when he smiled through the black curls of his beard. He was one of the first men Rob knew to wear a full beard and to own a computer—a tan metal box taller than a man, a free-standing broom closet that spat paper. Jeb had programmed it to respond to the children's questions with jokes in printout. His office was a made-over wharf shed where dozens shuffled paper beside canted windows full of the Pacific. None of his employees wore neckties. Though the twins, as they eased into matronhood, might still be mistaken for one another, there was no mistaking the husbands. Susan, it would appear, had the artistic taste, and Priscilla had bet on practicality. Rob had become a specialist in tax law, saw his name enrolled in the list of junior partners on the engraved firm stationery, and forgot about avenging his father.

The growing families visited back and forth; there was something concordant about the homes, though one was white clapboard set primly on watered green lawn, and the other was redwood and stucco wedged into a hillside where fat little cactuses intricate as snowflakes flourished among expensively transplanted rocks. Both houses were cheerful for children, with back stairs and big windows and a certain sporty airiness. The Arnolds had a long sun room with a Ping-Pong table and, above it on the second floor, a sleeping porch with a hammock. As soon as they could afford it, they crowded a composition tennis court into the space between the garage and the line fence, where the lawn had always been scruffy anyway and the vegetable garden had gone to weeds every July. The La Jolla house, which overlooked the fifteenth fairway of a golf course, shuffled indoors and out doors with its sliding glass doors and cantilevered deck and its family-sized hot tub out on the deck.

Rob first saw his wife's sister naked one warm evening in Christmas vacation when Susan let fall a large white towel behind her and slid her silent silhouette into this hot tub. Rob and his wife were already in, coping with the slithering, giggling bodies of their excited children; so the moment passed almost unnoticed amid the family tumble. Almost. Susan was distinctly not Priscilla; their skins had aged differently on the two different coasts. Priscilla's was dead pale this time of year, its summer tan long faded, whereas there was something thickened and delicately crinkled and permanently golden about Susan's. With an accustomed motion she had eased her weight from her buttocks into the steaming wide circle of water. Her expression looked solemn, dented by shadow. Rob remembered the same resolute, unfocussed expression on Priscilla's face in the days when she would grant him her little "parade" in the shadows of his narrow college room. Both sisters had brown eyes in deep sockets and noses that looked upturned, with long nostrils and sharp central dents in their upper lips. Both were wearing bangs that winter. Their heads and shoulders floated side by side; Susan's breasts seemed the whiter for the contrast with her year-round bathing-suit tan.

"How much do you do this sort of thing?" Priscilla asked her twin, a touch nervously, glancing toward Rob.

"Oh, now and then, with people you know, usually. You get used to it—it's a local custom. You sort of let yourself dissolve."

Yet she, too, gave Rob an alert glance. He had already passed into dissolution, his vapor of double love one with the heat, the steam, the abundant dinner wine, the scent of the eucalyptus trees brooding above the deck, the stars beyond them, the strangeness of this all being a few days before Christmas. Immersed, their bodies had become foreshortened stumps of flesh, comical blobs of mercury. Jeb appeared on the deck holding a naked baby—little Lucas—in one crooked arm and a fresh half gallon of Gallo Chablis in the other. Early in his thirties, Jeb had a pendulous belly. He descended to them like a hairy Neptune; the tub overflowed. When the water calmed, his penis drifted under Rob's eyes like a lead-colored fish swimming nowhere.

THE families stopped travelling back and forth in complete units as the maturing children developed local attachments and summer jobs. The two oldest cousins, Karen and Rose, had been fast friends from the start, though there was no mistaking them for twins: Karen had become as washed-out and mild-faced a blonde as Rob's mother (now dead), and Rose was so dark that boys on the street catcalled to her in Spanish. The two older boys, Henry and Gabriel, made a more awkward matchup, the one burdened with all of Rob's allergies and a drowsy shyness all his own, and the other a macho little athlete with a wedge-shaped back and the unthinking cruelty of those whose bodies are perfectly connected to their wills. The girl and the boy that completed the sets, Jennifer and Lucas, claimed to detest each other, and, indeed, did squabble tediously, perhaps in defense against any notion that they would someday marry. The bigger the children became, the harder they pulled apart, and the more frayed the lines between their parents became. Once little Lucas became too big to hold in one arm and strike a pose with, Jeb's interest seemed to wander away from families and family get-togethers. There were late-night long-distance calls between the sisters, and secrets from the children.

Susan suddenly had more gray hair than Priscilla. Rob felt touched by her, and drawn in a new fashion, when she would visit them for a few weeks in the summer without Jeb, with perhaps an inscrutable Rose and a resentful Lucas in tow. More than once, Rob met the L.A. red-eye at LaGuardia and was kissed at the gate as if he were Susan's savior; there had been drunks on the plane, college kids, nobody could sleep, Lucas had insisted on watching a ghastly Jerry Lewis movie, Rose threw up over Nebraska somewhere, they had gone way north around some thunderheads, an old lech in an admiral's uniform kept trying to buy her drinks at three in the morning, my God, never again. As Rob gently swung the car up the summer-green curves of the Merritt Parkway, Susan nodded asleep, and seemed his wife. Priscilla's skin, too, now sagged in those defenseless puckers when she slept.

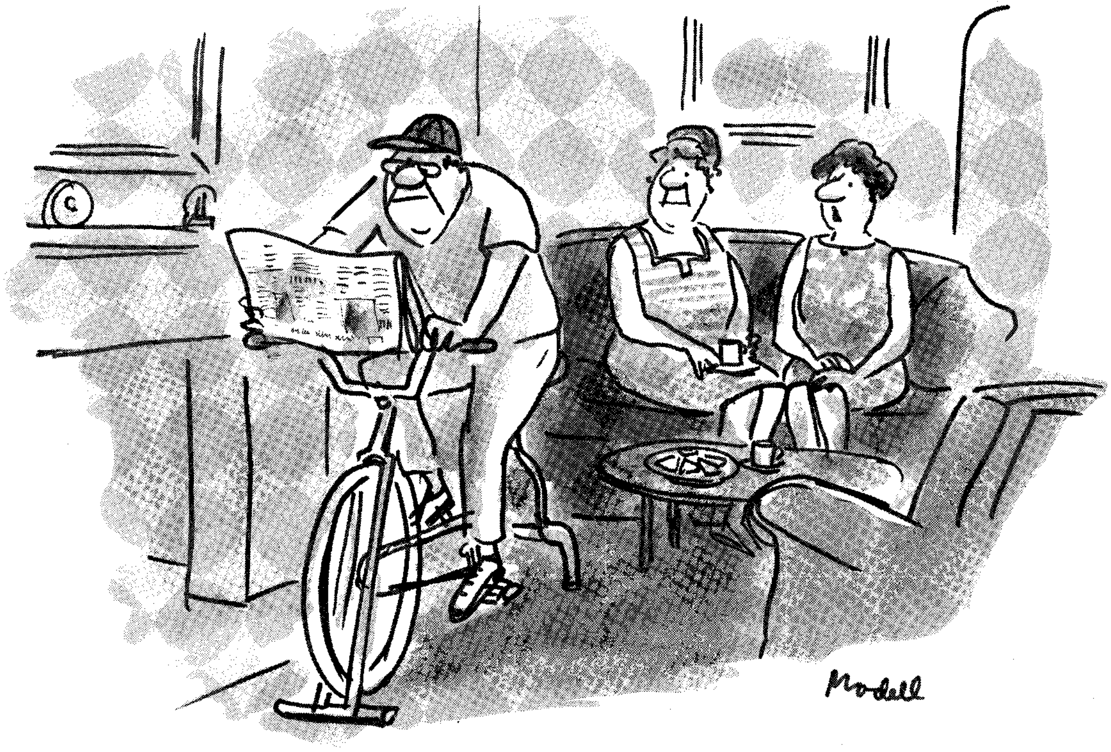
As a guest in their home, Susan slept on the upstairs porch. The swish of cars headed toward the railroad station, and the birds—so much more aggressive, she said, than those on the West Coast—awakened her too early; and then at night the Arnolds took her to too many parties. "How do you stand it?" she would ask her twin.

"Oh, it gets to be habit. Try taking a nap in the afternoon. That's what I do."

"Jeb and I hardly go out at all anymore. We decided other people weren't helping our marriage." This was a clue, and far from the only one. There was a hungry boniness to her figure now. Like a sick person willing to try any cure, Susan drank only herbal tea—no caffeine, no alcohol—and ate as little meat as she politely could. Whereas Priscilla, who had once appeared so distinctly a centimetre smaller, now was relatively hefty. Broad of shoulder and hip, she moved through parties with a certain roll, a practiced cruiser who knew where the ports were—the confiding women and the unhappy men and the bar table in the corner. Sometimes after midnight Rob watched her undress in their bedroom and thought of all the Martinis and Manhattans, the celery sticks and devilled eggs that had gone into those haunches and upper arms.

"Other people don't help *it*" was Priscilla's answer to Susan. "But they might do something for *you*. You, a woman. Aren't you a woman, or are you only a part of a marriage?" She had never forgiven him, Rob feared, for that unideal wedding night.

Poor Susan seemed a vision of chastity whom they would discover each morning at the breakfast table, frazzled after another night's poor sleep, her hair drooping onto the lapels of a borrowed bathrobe, her ascetic breakfast of grapefruit and granola long



"He's always on the go."

FIELD GUIDE

The stars are pinned between the leaves
of the trees, and love is only a harbinger,
a regular Boy Scout handbook
of things not to do, and how to do other things,
small chores you'd never think of,
and supper gets cold on the table.
But I can't leave here without
taking you with me.
And the formal customs we once had,
like wearing red during hunting season,
are only signposts pointing the way
in and out of the territories,
colored leaves floating on the water,
hesitant, before the rains come.

—CYNTHIA ZARIN

• •

eaten, the *Times* scattered about her in pieces read with a desperate thoroughness. Rob wanted to urge bacon and waffles upon her, and to make up good news to counteract the bad news that had been turning her hair gray. Priscilla knew what it was, but was no good at explaining. "Jeb's a bastard," she would say simply in their bedroom. "He always was. My parents knew it, but what could they do? She had to get married, once I did. And all men are bastards, more or less."

"My, you've gotten tough. He was always very dear with the kids, I thought. At least when they were little. And he builds those million-dollar houses."

"Not so much anymore he doesn't," she said. As she pivoted on their plush carpet, yellow calluses showed at her heels.

"What do you mean?"

"Ask *her*, if you're so interested."

But he never could. He could no more have asked Susan to confide her private life than he could have tiptoed onto the sleeping porch and looked down at—what he held so clearly in his mind—his wife's very face, transposed into another, chastened existence, fragilely asleep in this alien house, this alien climate and time zone. So magical a stranger might awake under the pressure of his regard. He would have trespassed. He would have spoiled something he was saving.

THE 1973-75 recession gave Jeb's tottering, overextended business the last push it needed; everything coming undone at once, the Herreras began to divorce amid the liquidation. When Susan visited them in the bicentennial year, it was as a single woman, her thinness now whittled to a certain point, a renewed availability. But not, of course, available to Rob; the collapse of one marriage made the other doubly precious.

As in other summers, Rob was touched by Susan's zeal with the children, ushering as many as could be captured onto the train and into the city for a visit to the Museum of Natural History or to see the tall ships that beautiful hazy July day. Rose was not with her; the girl had drawn closer to her father in his distress, and was waitressing in a taco joint in San Diego. And Karen, now stunning with her flaxen hair and pale moonface above a slender body, was above everything except boys and ballet. One Saturday while Priscilla stayed home, having contracted for a lunch at the club with one of those similarly boozy women she called "girlfriends," Rob accompanied Susan on an excursion she had cooked up for the just barely willing Jennifer and Lucas, all the way to New Haven to see the Beinecke Library, with its translucent marble and the three Noguchis so marvellously toylike and monumental in their sunken well. Rob had not seen these wonders himself; they had come to Yale after his time. And he rather enjoyed these excursions with his sister-in-law; all that old tumble of family life had fallen to them to perpetuate. He let her drive his Mercedes and sat beside her, taking secret inventory of all the minute ways in which she differed from Priscilla—the slight extra sharpness to the thrust of her upper lip, the sea scallop of shallow wrinkles the sun had engraved at the corner of her eye, the hair or two more of bulk or wildness to her eyebrow on its crest of bone. The hair of her head, once shorter, then grayer, was now dyed too even a dark brown, with unnatural reddish lights. She turned to him for a second on a long straightaway. "You've never asked about me and Jeb," she said.

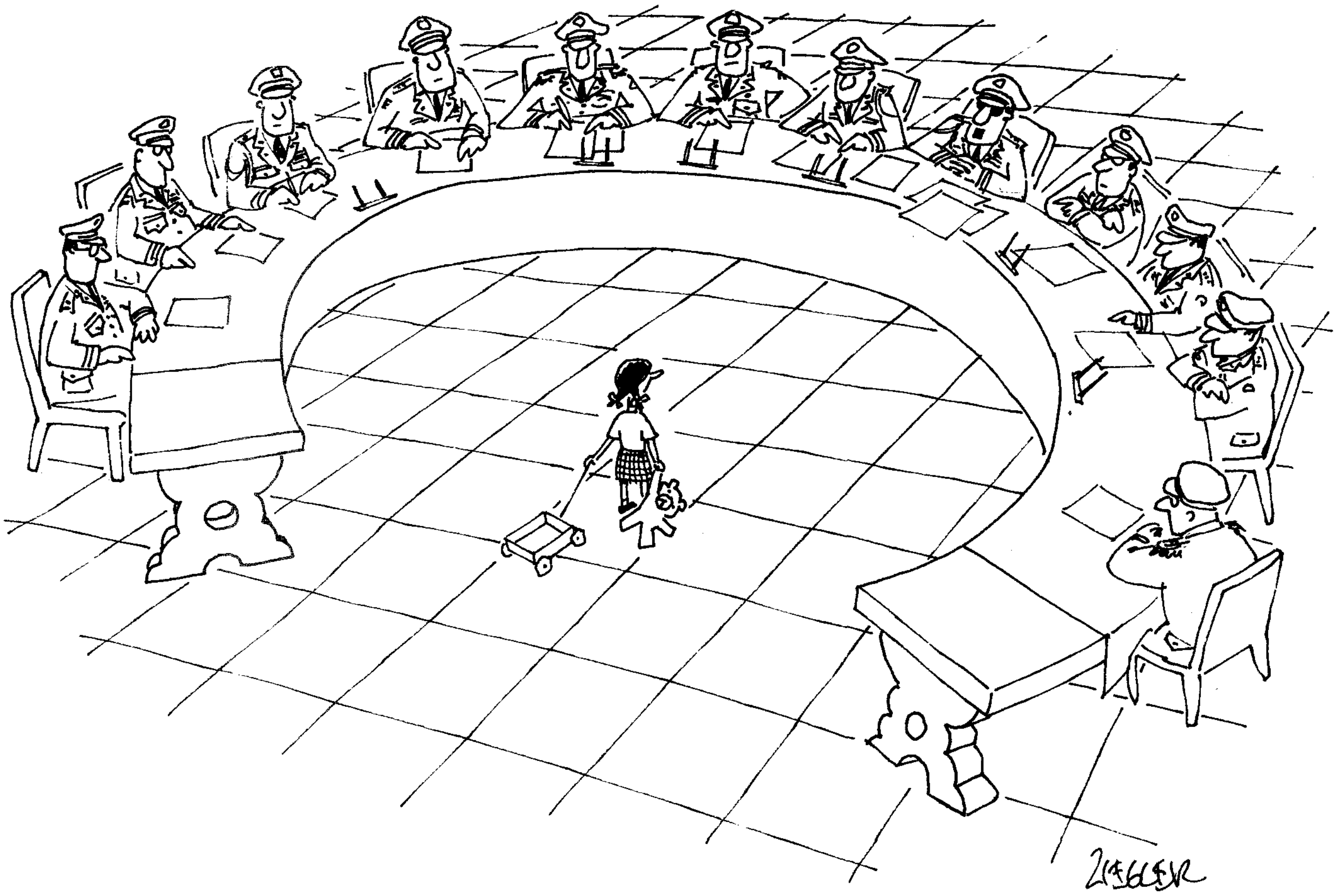
"What was to ask? Things speak for themselves."

"I loved that about you," Susan pronounced. Her verb alarmed him; "love" was a word he associated with the tacky sermons of his youth. "It's been a nightmare for years," she went on, and he realized that she was offering to present herself in a new way to him, as more than a strange ghost behind a familiar mask. She was in a sense naked. But he, after nearly two decades of playing the good husband, had discovered affairs, and had fallen in love locally. The image of his mistress—she was one of Priscilla's "girlfriends"—rose up, her head tipped back, her lipstick smeared, and deafened him to the woman he was with; without hearing the words, he saw Susan's mouth, that distinctive complicated mouth the sisters shared, making a pursy, careful expression, like a schoolteacher emphasizing a crucial point.

Lucas, in the back seat, was listening and cried out, "Mom, stop bitching about Dad to Uncle Rob—you do it to *ev*erybody!"

Jennifer said, "Oh listen to big man here, protecting his awful daddy," and there was a thump, and the girl sobbed in spite of her scorn.

"You make me barf, you know that?" Lucas told her, his own voice shakily full of tears. "You've always



"And what can the Joint Chiefs of Staff do for you today, little girl?"

• •

been the most god-awful germ, no kidding."

"Daddy," Jennifer said, with something of womanly aloofness. "This little spic just broke my arm."

The adult conversation was not resumed. Priscilla a few days later drove her sister back to LaGuardia, to begin a new life. Susan was planning to take her half of what money was left when the La Jolla house was sold and move with the two younger children to the Bay area and study ceramics at Berkeley.

"I told her she's crazy," Priscilla said to him. "There's nothing but gays in San Francisco."

"Maybe she's not as needful of male consolation as some."

"What's that supposed to mean? You're not above a little consolation yourself, from what I've been hearing."

"Easy, easy. The kids are upstairs."

"Karen isn't upstairs; she's in New York, letting that cradle robber she met at the club take her to the Alvin Ailey. Wake up. You know what your trouble has always been? You're an only child. You never loved me, you just loved the idea of sneaking into a family. You loved my family, the idea of there being so many of us, rich and Episcopalian and all that."

"I didn't need the Episcopalian so much. I thought I was going to sneeze all through the wedding. Incense, I couldn't believe it."

"You poor little Baptist boy. You know what my father said at the time? I've never told you this."

"Then don't."

"He said, 'He'll never fit in. He's a guttersnipe, Prissy.' "

"Wow. Did he really say 'guttersnipe'? And fit into what—the St. Paul Order of the Moose? Gee, I always rather liked him, too. Especially early in the mornings, when you could catch him sober."

"He *despised* you. But then Sue picked Jeb, and he was so much worse."

"That *was* lucky."

"He made you look good, it's a crazy fact."

"Yes, and you make Sue look good, so it evens out. Come on, let's save this for midnight. Here comes Henry."

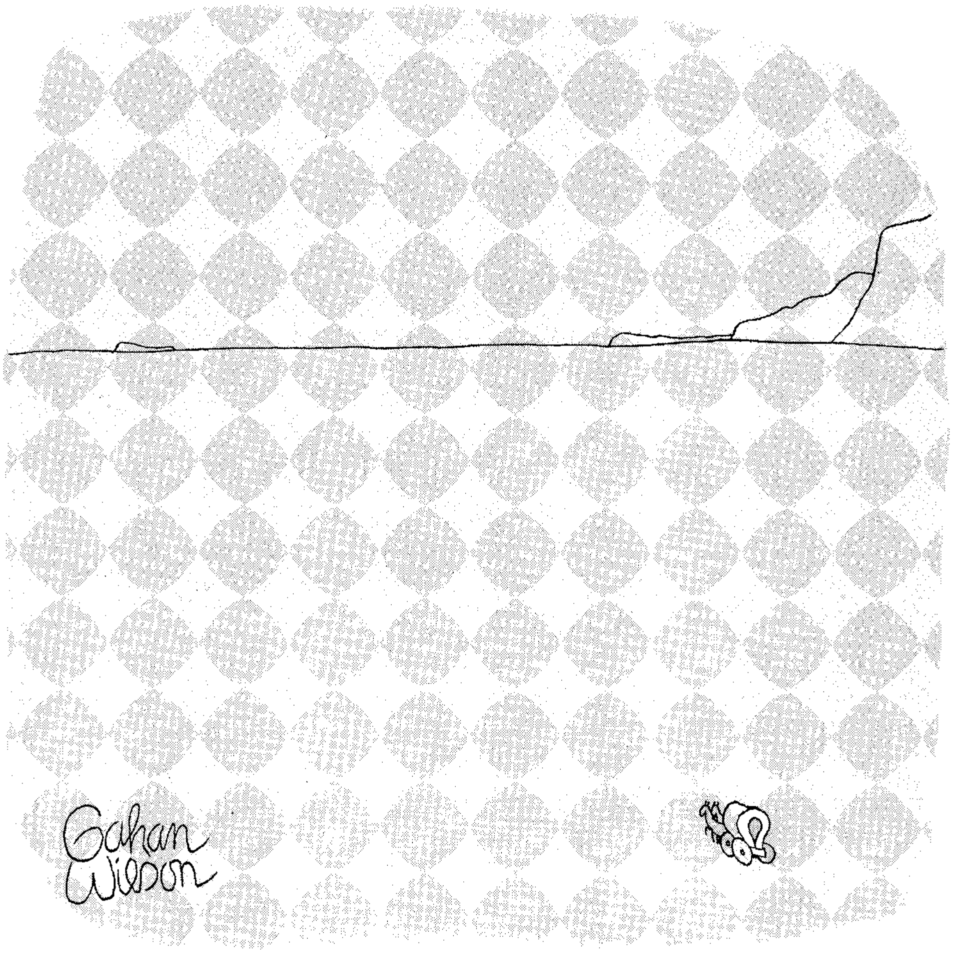
But the boy, six feet tall suddenly, was wearing earphones plugged into a satchel-sized radio; on his way to the porch he gave his parents a glassy, oblivious smile.

ANY smugness the Arnolds may have felt in relation to the Hereras' disasters lasted less than a year. An ingenious tax shelter Rob had directed a number of clients into was ruled invalid by the I.R.S., and these clients suddenly owed the government hundreds of thousands of dollars, including tens of thousands in penalties. Though they had been duly cautioned and no criminal offense was charged, the firm could not keep him; his divorce soon followed. One of the men Priscilla had been seeing had freed himself from his own wife and was prepared to take her on; Rob wondered what Priscilla did now, all hundred and fifty pounds of her, that was so wonderful. To think that he had started it all off with those formalized, chaste "parades."

She resettled with the children in

Old Mystic. Having fouled his professional nest in the East, Rob accepted with gratitude the offer of a former colleague to join a firm in Los Angeles, as less than a junior partner. He had always been happy on their visits to Southern California and, though a one-bedroom condo in Westwood wasn't a redwood house overlooking a fairway in La Jolla, Old Man Hunter had been right: he fitted in better here. Southern California had a Baptist flavor that helped him heal. The people mostly came from small Midwestern towns, and there was a naïveté in even the sin—the naked acts in the bars and the painted little-girl hookers in jogging shorts along Hollywood Boulevard. The great stucco movie theatres of the thirties had been given over to X-rated films; freckle-faced young couples watched them holding hands and eating popcorn. In this city where sex was a kind of official currency, Rob made up for the fun he had missed while catching the train and raising the children in Greenwich, and evened the score with his former wife. Los Angeles was like that earlier immersion, at the age of religious decision, which coincided with puberty; that bullying big hand had shoved him under and he had come up feeling, as well as indignant, cleansed and born again.

One day downtown on the escalator from Figueroa Street to the Bonaventure, he found himself riding up behind a vivid black-haired girl whom he slowly recognized as his niece, Rose. He touched her naked shoulder and bought her a drink in the lobby lounge, amid all the noisy, curving pools. Rose was all of twenty-four now; he could hardly believe it. She told him her father had a job as foreman for another builder and had bought himself a stinkpot and kept taking weekend runs into Mexico; his dope-snorting friends that kept putting a move on her drove her crazy, so she had split. Now she worked as a salesgirl in a failing imported-leather-goods shop in the underground Arco Plaza while her chances of becoming an actress became geometrically smaller with each passing year. These days, she explained, if you haven't got your face somewhere by the time you're nineteen you're *finito*. And indeed, Rob thought, her face was unsubtle for a career of pretense; framed by a poodle cut of tight black curls, it had too much of Jeb's raw hopefulness, a shiny candor somehow coarse. Rob was excited by this disappointed young beauty, but women her age, with their round breasts and enormous eye whites, rather frightened him, like machines that are too new and expensive. He asked about her mother, and was given Susan's address. "She's doing real well," Rose warned him.



"You sure this is such a good idea?"

An exchange of letters followed; Susan's handwriting was a touch rounder than Priscilla's, but with the same "g"s that looked like "s"s and "t"s that had lost their crossings, like hats blown off by the wind. One autumn Saturday, he flew up to the Bay area. Three hundred miles of coast were cloudless and the hills had put on their inflammable tawny winter coats, that golden color the Californian loves as a New Englander loves the scarlet of turning maples. Berkeley looked surprisingly like Cambridge, once you ascended out of Oakland's slough: big homes built by a species of the middle class that had migrated elsewhere, and Xeroxed protest posters in many colors pasted to mailboxes and tacked to trees. Susan lived in the second-floor-back of a great yellow house that, but for its flaking paint and improvised outside stairways, reminded him of her ancestral home in St. Paul. She had been watching for him, and they kissed awkwardly halfway up her access stairs.

The apartment was dominated by old photos of her children and by examples of her own ceramics—crusty, oddly lovely things, with a preponderance of turquoise and muddy orange in the glazes. She was even selling a few, at a shop a friend of hers ran in Sausalito. A female friend. And she taught part time at a private elementary school. And still took classes—the other students called her Granny, but she loved them; their notions of what mattered were so utterly different from what ours were at that age. All this came out in a rapid voice, with a diffident stabbing of hands and a way of pushing her hair back from her ears as if to improve her hearing. Something in her manner implied that this was a slightly tiresome duty he had invented for them. He was an old relative, a page from the past. She was thinner than ever and had let her hair go back to gray, no longer just streaked but solidly gray, hanging down past the shoulders of a russet wool turtleneck sweater such as men wear in Scotch ads. He had never seen Priscilla look like this. In tight, spattered jeans and bare feet, Susan's skinniness was exciting; he wanted to seize her before she dwindled away entirely.

She took him for a drive, in her Mazda, just as if they still had children to entertain together. The golden slashed hills interwoven with ocean and lagoons, the curving paths full of cyclists and joggers and young parents with infants in backpacks looked idyllic, a vision of the future, an enchanted land not of perpetual summer, as where he lived, but of eternal spring. She had put on spike heels with her jeans and a vest of sheepskin patches over her sweater, and these additions made her startlingly stylish. They went out to eat at a local place where tabbouleh followed artichoke soup. Unlike most couples on a first date, they had no lack of things to talk about. Reminiscence shied away from old grievances and turned to the six children, their varying and still uncertain fates; fates seemed so much slower to shape up than when they had been young. Priscilla was hardly mentioned. As the evening wore on, Priscilla became an immense hole in their talk, a kind of cave they were dwelling in, while their voices slurred and their table candle flickered. Was it that Susan was trying to spare him acknowledging what had been, after all, a great marital defeat; or was Rob trying not to cast upon her a shadow of comparison, an onus of being half a person? She took him back to her apartment; indeed, he had not arranged for anywhere else to go.

Suzie kicked off her shoes and turned on an electric heater and dragged a magnum of Gallo from the refrigerator. She was tired; he liked that, since he was, too, as though they had been pulling at the same load in tandem all these years. They sat on the floor, on opposite sides of a glass coffee table in whose surface her face was mirrored—the swinging witchy hair, the deep eye sockets and thoughtful upper lip. "You've come a long way," she announced, in that voice which had once struck him as huskier than another but that in this room felt as fragile as the pots blushing turquoise on the shelves.

"How do you mean?"

"To see me. *Do* you see me? *Me*, I mean."

"Who else? I've always liked you. Loved, should I say? Or would that be too much?"

"I think it would. Things between us have always been . . ."

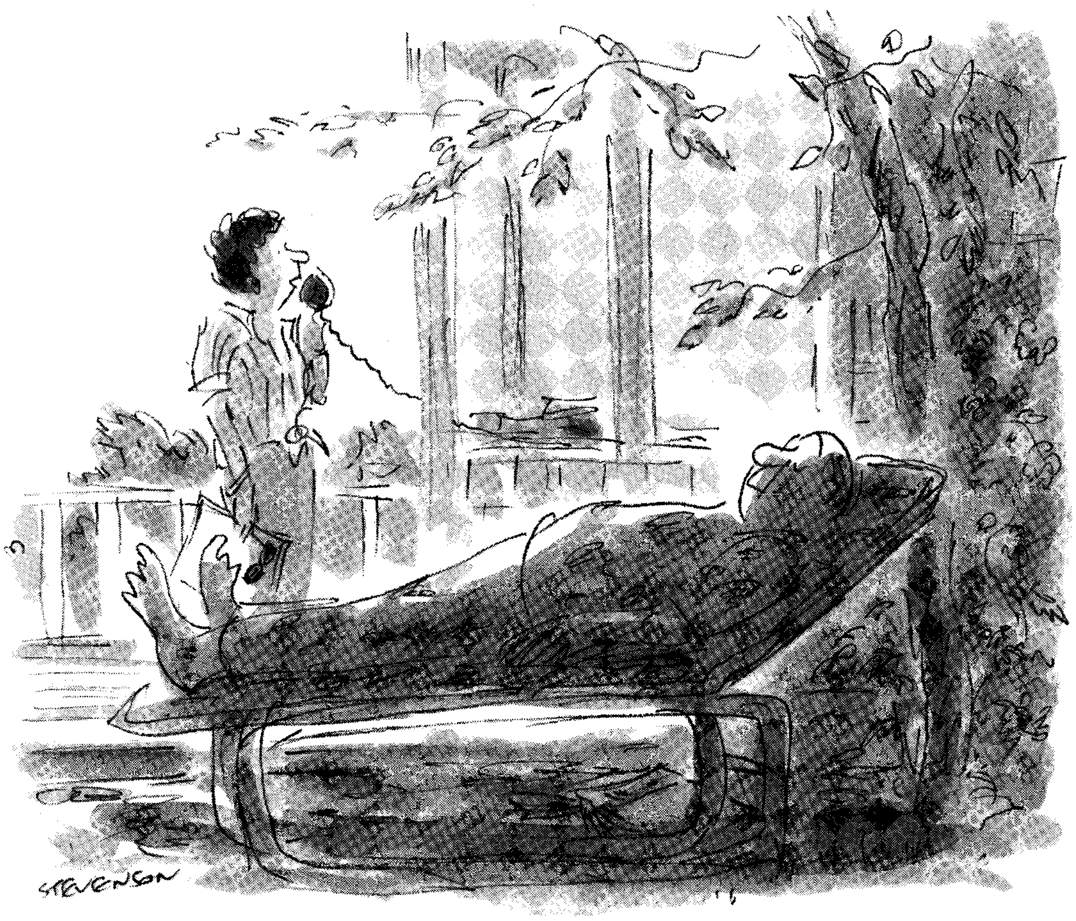
"Complicated," Rob finished.

"Exactly. I don't want to be just a way of correcting a mistake."

He thought a long time, so long her face became anxious, before answering, "Why not?" He knew that most people, including Susan, had more options than he, but he had faith that in an affluent nation a need, honestly confessed, has a good chance of being met.

This being the eighties, she was nervous about herpes, and even after his reassurances was still nervous. She asked him to hold off for a while, until she really felt trust. Meanwhile, there were things they *could* do. Seeing her undress and move self-consciously, chin up, through a little parade in the room, he thought her majestic, for being nearly skeletal. Plato was wrong; what is is absolute. The delay Susan imposed, the distances between them that could not be quickly changed, helped Rob grasp the blissful truth that she was only another woman.

—JOHN UPDIKE



"Jerry can't come to the phone. He's just entered the vacation mode."

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FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

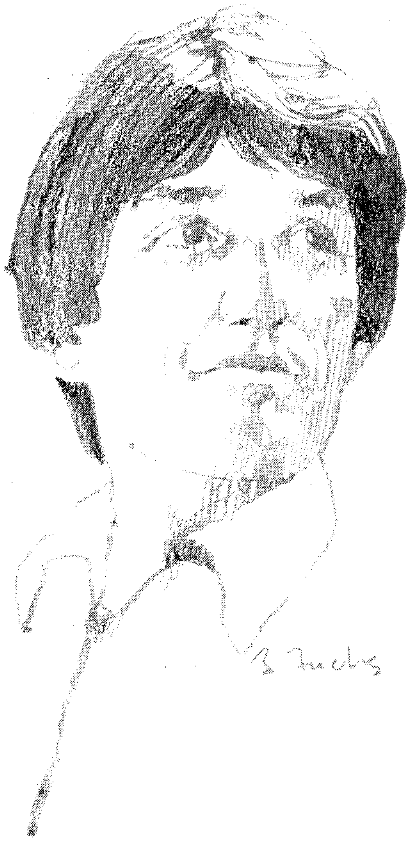
[From the Washington Post]

The Soviet missiles are mobile, which means they could be moved.

PROFILES

BEING GREEN

ONE day in June last year, I took a ride on the BART subway line from the Embarcadero station, which is near the foot of the Bay Bridge in downtown San Francisco, all the way out to the Coliseum station, in Oakland. It was about a twenty-five-minute trip, which took us under the bay and then out into the sunshine and along the East Bay shore, but it seemed a lot shorter than that. The BART (for Bay Area Rapid Transit) car I was in was clean and shiny and almost empty—it was early afternoon—and the train zipped along in a pleasing, slithery way, so quietly that you could converse with a friend in a living-room tone of voice. I was glad about that part, because Roy, my companion on the little trip, is a prime talker. Roy lives in San Francisco and I live in New York, and anybody sitting across the aisle from us in the BART car could have sorted us out in about four seconds. Roy was wearing faded tan corduroys, a pink Izod alligator T-shirt, and beat-up tennis shoes; the handle of a tennis racquet protruded from a blue canvas bag between his feet. His thick brown, casually cut hair covered the tops of his ears, and his long, interesting-looking nose was peeling a bit. He had a year-round sort of tan, and he was clearly in terrific shape: a Californian. Roy is forty-four, but he looks seven or eight years younger—*ten* years younger. He is a nonpracticing lawyer, a former coach of the University of California freshman crew, a former professor of law at Boalt Hall (the University of California law school at Berkeley), and an active Class A tennis player. I had agreed to pick him up at the Golden Gateway Tennis Club, where I turned up just too late to see him in action in a doubles match, but we didn't talk tennis on the ride out to Oakland; we talked baseball.



"The different ways that baseball reaches its audience are extremely important, because of their effect on the fans," Roy said to me at one point in the subway. "The fans in the stands have an entirely different perception of the game than somebody watching it on television. Sometimes I think of baseball almost as something that exists like the notes on a sheet of music, which has to be performed—performed again and again, well or badly, sometimes brilliantly—in order to go from an inchoate to a choate state. It's performed in the stadium, with fans there to watch it, *in attendance*, and they are important—a real part of the process, whether you're aware of them or not. It's not a studio game. Did you ever go to a game where nobody seemed to be watching, really watching, or when there were so few people in the stands that they didn't seem to add up to a crowd? It's a totally different experience. It reminds you of that tree falling in the wilderness: if there's nobody to hear it, is there any sound? If there's nobody in the stands who really understands what's going on, you don't really *have* a baseball game. The delivery systems of baseball are a great concern now—or should be. Television is more important than ever, of course, with the new network contract the clubs have signed, and with cable coming on so strong, but televised baseball is almost an autoimmune disease. We're consuming ourselves. We're attacking our own system. Baseball can't really be taken in on television, because of our ingrained habits of TV-watching. Anybody who knows the sport understands that the ninth inning is as valid as the first inning—that's why real fans always stay to the end of a game. But we don't watch TV that way. If the other team scores four runs in the first inning we go *clicko*, or else we flip the dial and watch Burt Reynolds. On TV, the primary emphasis becomes the score and the possibility of the other team's changing it, and so we miss the integrity of the nine innings and those multiples of three—three strikes and three outs. People can't learn to watch baseball that way; they're just learning to watch television."

Roy speaks in almost subdued conversational tones, with very few gestures or emphasized phrases to make a point, but the intensity of his gaze—he has wide-spaced brown eyes—and the elegantly turned and finished shape of his ideas sometimes make me think that I am a juror in the sway of a subtle and riveting barrister. Yet there is no sense of pleading or performance in him; he simply thinks more clearly than most people I know, and compliments his listener by his wish to convey his inner discoveries with the same gravity and excitement that he has brought to searching them out.

"Baseball is a terrific radio sport, by contrast, because radio feeds our imagination," he went on. "I was a Tiger fan all the time I was growing up, and I have a perfect memory of George Kell and Hoot Evers making certain plays that I heard but never saw. I remember them to this day. I'd be lying out on the grass at home listening to the game, but I was really there in the ballpark. I think baseball has survived all this time because of its place in our imagination—because we've chosen to make the players and the games something larger than they really are. But television has just the opposite effect. The players are shown so closely and under such a bright light that we lose all illusion. It's the same reason we're having such trouble with our politics—our one-term presidents and our senators and mayors and representatives who are held in such low esteem. We can't find the old feelings that we had about F.D.R. or about Ted Williams. The best way to get rid of a hero is to put him in front of that camera. Nobody can stand such close scrutiny. Nobody can survive it in the end. Whether we want it or not, our approach to the game becomes iconoclastic and cynical."

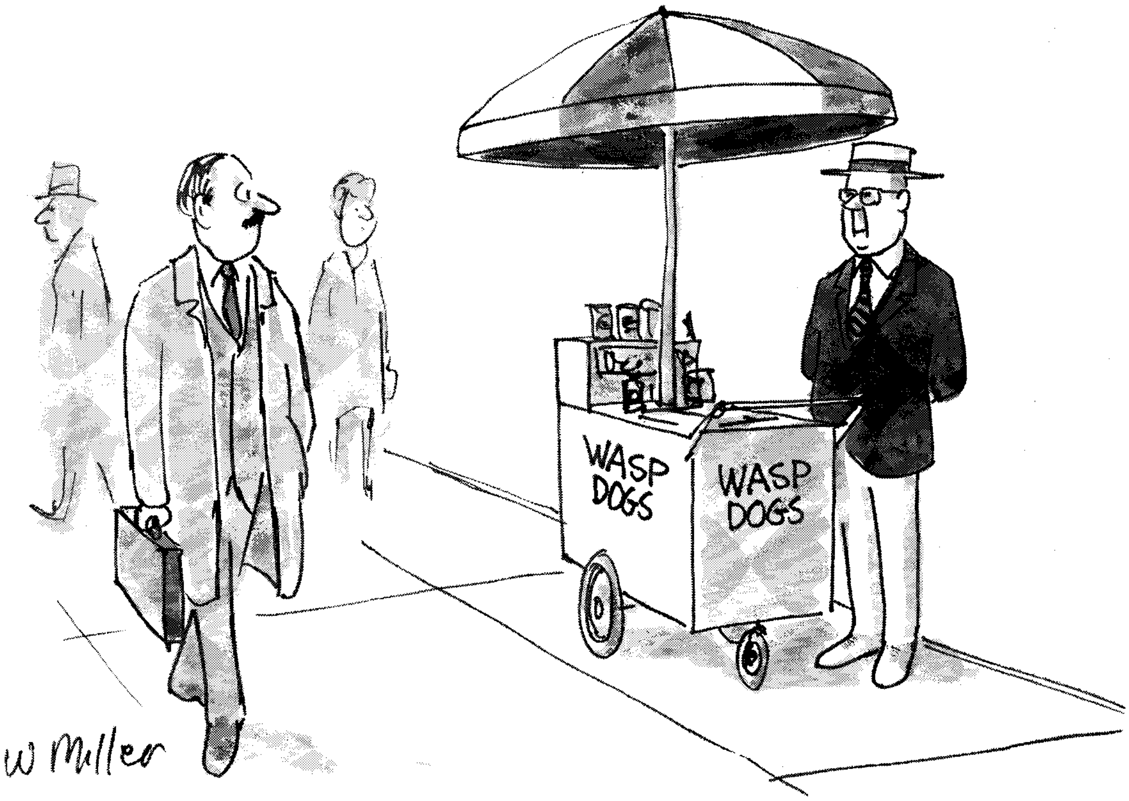
He paused and shook his head a little, half smiling at his own concern. We sat in silence, swaying with the motion of the train, and then we chatted a bit about some games and players each of us had seen in recent weeks.

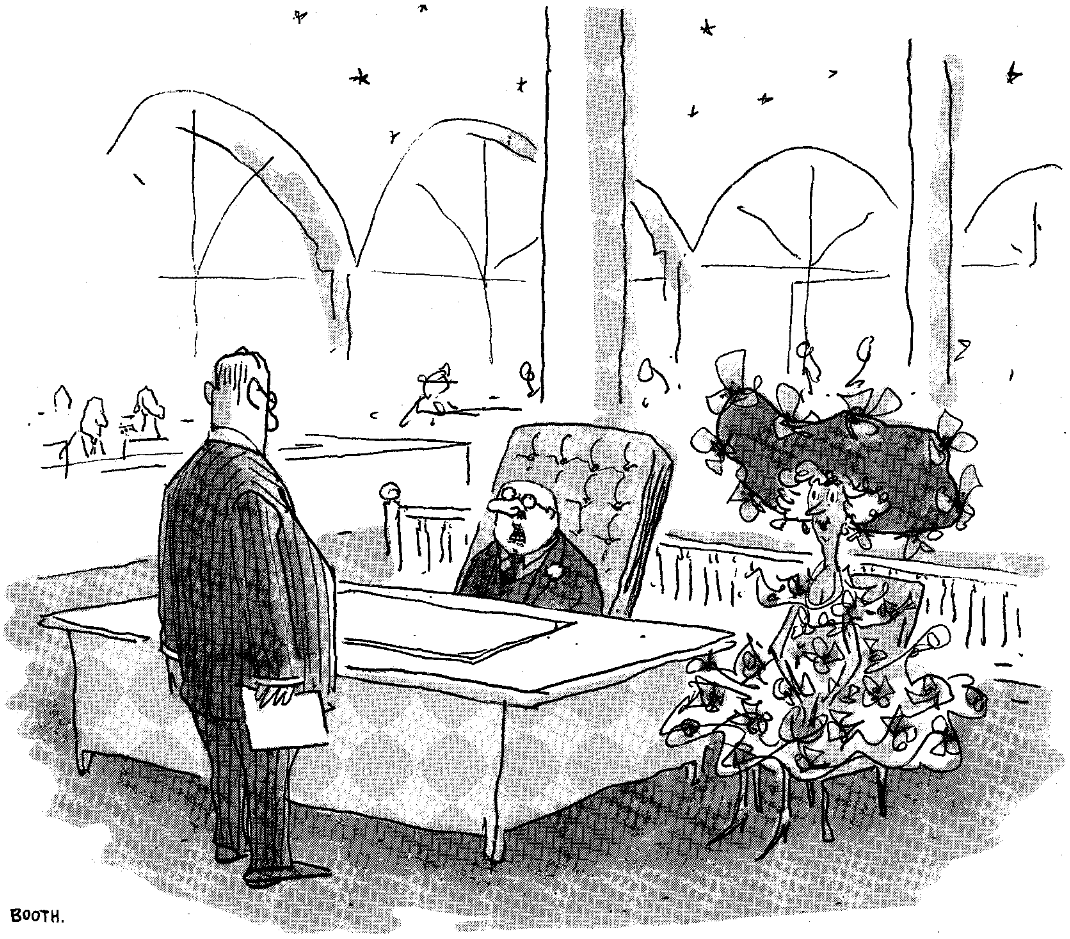
"Everyone in baseball is so afraid of losing," Roy said at one point, "but I've begun to think that, for a team, learning to lose is a very important part of the game. It can be the greening of a team. You have to learn to *wait* in baseball, and losing tests that capacity. When you have a good team that's playing badly, everybody has to be patient—the players, the organization, the media, the fans. Every team runs into losing streaks during the season, but when it happens there's a tendency to react as if it's a crisis that requires immediate surgery. The players press and start to change their batting stances, the writers ask shrill questions, and the front office hides out. Everybody goes into a bunker mentality, and that's exactly the wrong thing to do. Winning looks so easy when it's happening, but I think there are some ways of winning that are a whole lot better than others. I'm like any other fan: I love it when my team is winning big, and the hitters and pitchers all seem to be on a tear. That brings high scores and excitement, but it also brings losing streaks when everybody comes down. The clubs that do best in the end are the ones that have one player getting hot and then another and then another, each taking his turn carrying the team. That's what you pray for and wait for. But losing has its uses, if you can remember to remind yourself. You don't make changes when everything is going right. It's only when things seem to be in a state of disaster that you get any progress in this world."

Our train began to slow for another stop, and Roy reached for his blue tennis bag. "This is us," he announced. He smiled and said, "If you want a homily, I've got one: The easiest thing in sport is to win when you're good. The next easiest is to lose when you're not any good. The hardest—way hardest—is to lose when you're good. That's the test of character."

We got off the train and walked down the empty platform and up a flight of stairs in the sunshine and onto a footbridge that spanned the tracks below. At the other end of the bridge, a ballpark was waiting for us—the Oakland–Alameda County Coliseum, where the American League's Oakland A's play. The place was empty. There would be a game here that night, but at the moment there was not another human being in sight, and the only sound was the click and whir of a couple of sprinklers at work. The triple decks of green and yellow and orange and red seats curved smoothly toward us, right and left, throwing a hard glaze of color back at the sky, but when we walked up to the high wooden fence that ran around the center-field perimeter there was a gleam of rich green visible through the narrow slats of the fence, and a sudden, delicious whiff of lawns. Roy put down his bag and pressed one eye up against the fence. "I love this view," he said. "Look at that grass! It gives me goose bumps every time." We stood there a minute together, savoring the moment, and I wondered to myself how many other baseball owners would approach their parks this way—like a fan, like a boy. He ran the joint: Roy Eisenhardt, the president of the Oakland A's.

THE twenty-six major-league baseball owners are a much more diverse group than is popularly supposed, but it is hard for fans (including this fan) always to keep that in mind. The obtuseness and arrogance of the owners' majority position during the negotiations over the renewal of baseball's basic agreement between the owners and the players in 1981 was largely responsible for the strike that closed down the game for seven weeks in the middle of that season, inflicting shattering psychic and financial damage on the sport; the image we were left with was that of a band of willful millionaires seeking, by main force, to solve the game's financial problems (caused in some part by their own greed and misjudgment) by putting an end to the fundamental structure of free agency, thus miraculously returning the business of baseball to its antiquated nineteenth-century pattern of owner-patroons and captive players. The bitterness and wreckage of the strike probably did away with that dream for good, but the bumptious public posturings of a handful of the owners continue to obscure the relative modesty and anonymity of their peers; maybe that will always happen. So far this year, we





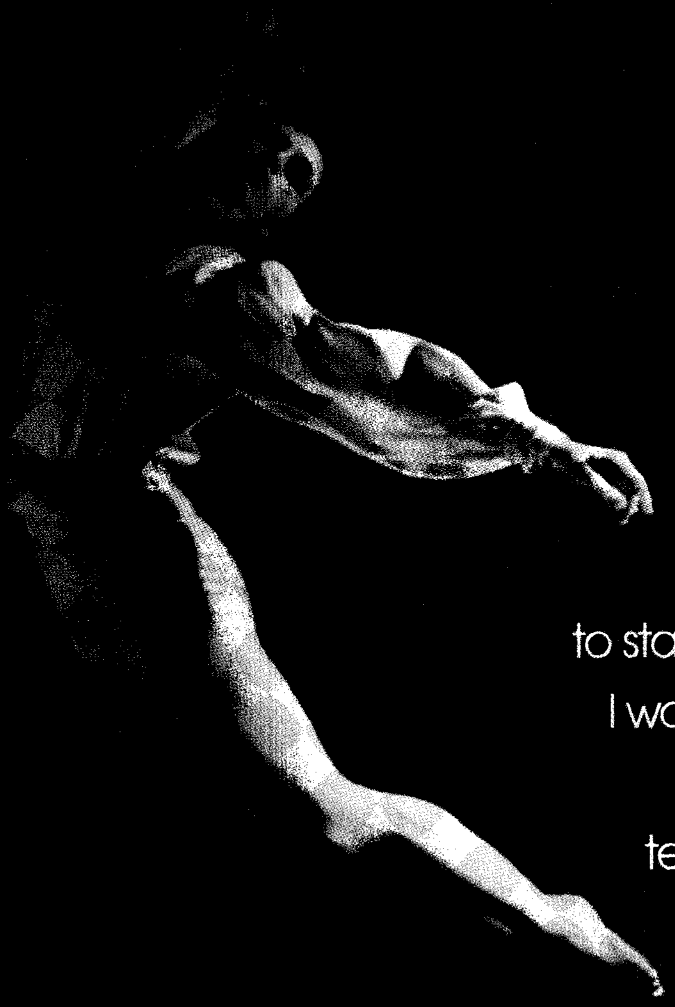
"Miss Dunwoodie is here to say goodbye to just getting by and to say hello to a loan."

• •

have been blessedly spared George Steinbrenner's customary tantrums and tirades—the firing of still another Yankee manager, the public haranguing and harassment of some of his well-paid stars if they fail always to perform at the level he demands—but other owners have hurried forward to play his Mister Bluster number, at the expense of the fans. In Seattle, a publicity-hungry novice owner, George Argyros, enraged the fans and inflamed the local media by firing the talented young Mariner skipper, Rene Lachemann, in a singularly vapid reenactment of baseball's ritual sacrifice of good managers of hopeless teams. In June, a band of limited partners in the Boston Red Sox, under the leadership of a general partner, Buddy LeRoux, attempted to seize control of that ancient flagship by means of a sudden, flimsy-looking legal coup—an embarrassing adventure that will embroil the club in the courts for many months to come. This selfish little war broke out on the day that the Bosox were preparing to stage a sentimental reunion of the famous pennant-winning 1967 Red Sox at Fenway Park, and, of course, it ruined the party. Roy Eisenhardt, who still thinks of himself as a novice in the business, is at sensible pains not to stand aloof from his fellow-owners or criticize their deportment, but since his arrival on the scene, late in 1980, when the club was purchased by his father-in-law, Walter A. Haas, Jr., then the chairman of Levi Strauss & Company, it has been plain to me and to a great many other people that Eisenhardt's new involvement in the old game is founded on an intellectual and spiritual appreciation of the sport that has not been articulated since the time of Branch Rickey. I care about baseball, too, and worry about its future and its ultimate fortunes at the hands of its current keepers, so I have made a point of calling on Eisenhardt whenever I'm in California or Arizona (where the A's train), and sharing his company during some of the trials and disappointments and surprises of his team's extremely adventurous journey across the past few seasons.

The business side of baseball is a high-risk, low-return enterprise, as difficult to learn and predict and bring under control as the game out on the field. The franchise that Walter Haas purchased from Charles O. Finley on November 6, 1980, for twelve million seven hundred thousand dollars was a much better ball team and an even shakier corporate structure than anyone in the incoming group had quite expected, in spite of extended advance scouting. Andy Dolich, the A's' vice-president for business operations, told me that the A's offices inside the Coliseum had an abandoned-warehouse look when he first arrived that December. "It was like a quonset hut here," he said. "There was one dusty telephone in the reception room, and nobody in sight, and when you picked it up nothing happened. Inside, we found some old trophies jammed together to hold a lot of loose files, and when we took them down we found that they were the club's World Championship trophies from 1972, '73, and '74. There were six employees in the whole office, including a receptionist, and we discovered that only nineteen per cent of the incoming phone calls were ever answered. So we had a job to do."

The kind of turnaround that the Haas-Eisenhardt group has achieved in the past two and a half years can only be suggested here: the development of a six-team minor-league farm system (all six finished at the top of their respective leagues in 1982, and two won league championships), at a cost of three and a half million dollars a year; the establishment of a thirty-seven-man scouting and player-development staff (the A's had no independent scouts in 1980); a club-record attendance of 1,735,489 last year, in spite of the team's fifth-place finish (the A's drew just over three hundred thousand in 1979); the development of an intensive and inventive marketing and publicity program, which includes classy, lighthearted television commercials (Sample: A slow-motion closeup of the great A's base stealer, Rickey Henderson, churning into high



"I saw the dancer leap across the stage. He seemed to remain suspended, defying gravity. When he landed, I remembered to start breathing again, and I realized I was in my own house, watching TV."

The new JVC Network™ television can do that to you. It can take you into the picture. With its remarkable comb filter, it produces a brilliantly sharp image, in color that's astonishingly beautiful, surrounded by a full stereo sound system. The new JVC Network TV. Turn it on, and you're at front row center.

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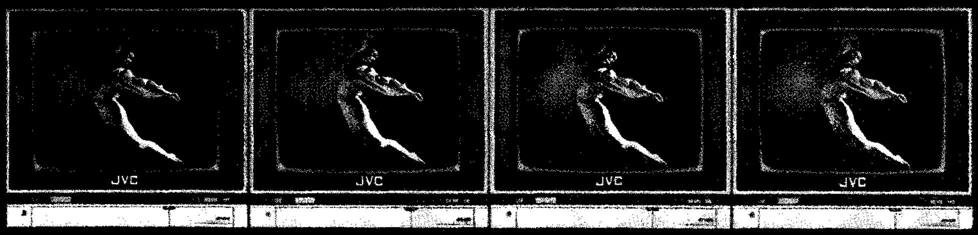

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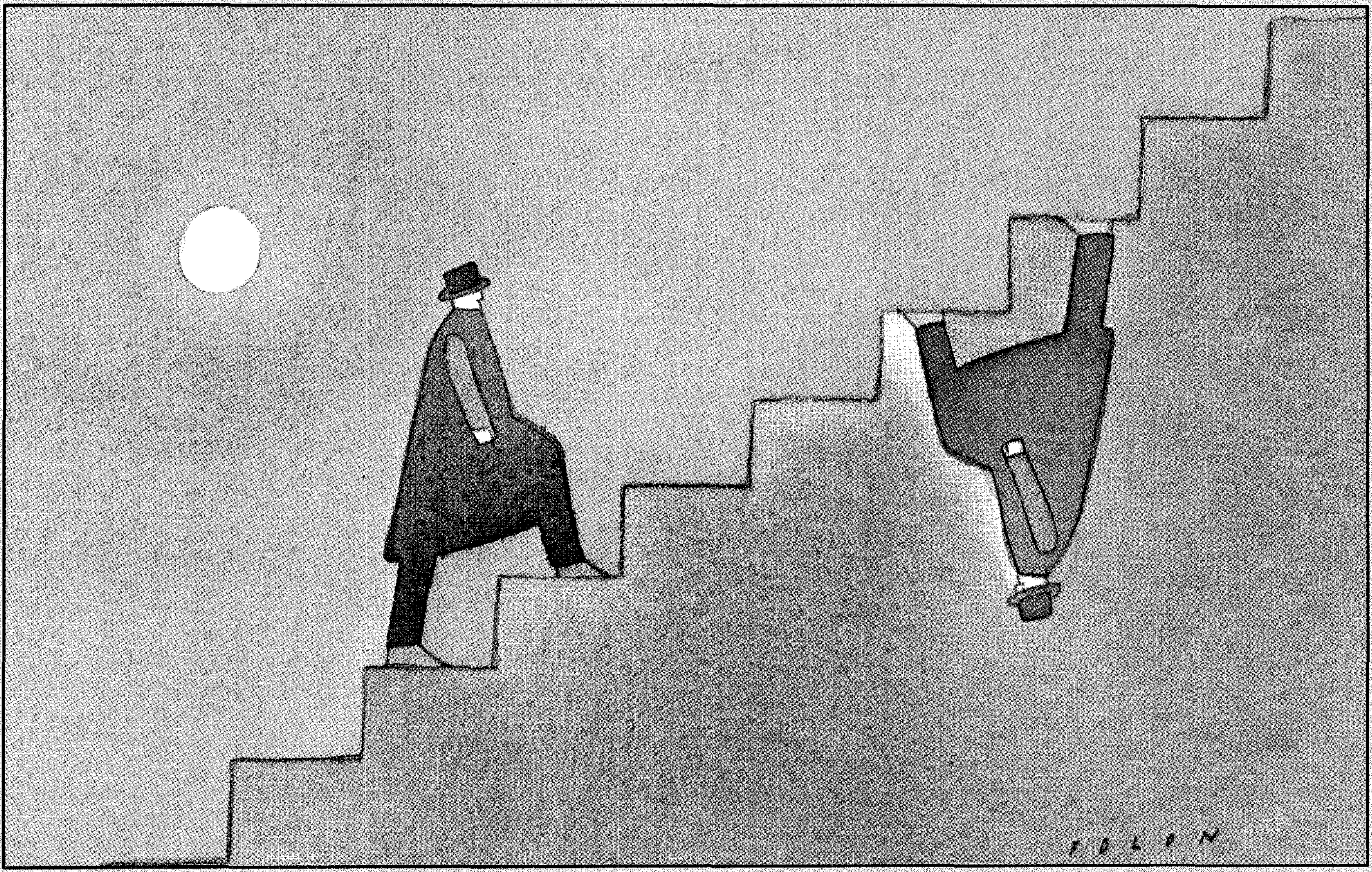
THE ELECTRICAL AGE
Rebirth or Retreat?



Over the years, America has become more and more electrified. But today a critical question is being asked: in the future, will the importance of electricity increase or diminish? The answer to this question is critical to our country's future.

Are we using less or more?

Since the OPEC oil embargo of 1973, Americans have cut back on virtually all non-electric forms of energy. The direct use of oil and natural gas has dropped, and even the direct burning of coal has declined.

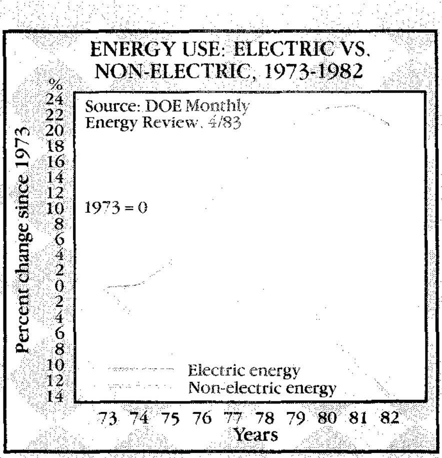
At the same time, though, use of electric power has actually *risen* by over 20 percent. While this increase is considerably less than in earlier decades, it continues a definite trend. America is shifting away from direct fuels and toward electricity.

About 90 percent of all the new energy we have added since 1973 has been used to generate electric power. And while the country now has an adequate supply of electricity, the question is, will that supply continue to be adequate? The answer depends heavily on what happens to our economy.

As the economy begins to turn around, use of electricity will very likely increase. Every increase in our GNP has been accompanied by an increase in electricity demand. Even if the increase is small compared to previous decades, say 2 percent per year, that would still result in a 50 percent increase in the need for electricity over the next 20 years. To supply that amount, we would have to build the equivalent of around 300 large generating stations.

Some say a 2 percent per year increase is very conservative, but some say it is high. They feel that 1 percent may be more reasonable, based on recent history, current economic growth rates, and an interesting theory. The theory is that industry, the largest user of electricity, won't need as much electricity as it once did because America is turning from a high-energy industrial society to a low-energy informational society.

This theory is based on a number of assumptions that may be open to question. Can we assume that Americans are prepared to turn the majority of energy-intensive industries over to foreign competition? And can we assume that Americans will abandon their love for innovation and their desire for more comfortable, mobile, and productive lives?



Although overall energy use has dropped over the past decade, the demand for electricity has increased over 20%. Electricity use has historically paralleled the nation's GNP; the recent drop in electricity use is largely due to the recession. Many observers believe that as the economy recovers, demand for electricity will continue its upward trend.

Is the electrified future coming?

The forecasts of the 50's underestimated the amount of electricity needed to operate television in the 80's by 75 percent because of unforeseen innovation and behavior.

Though transistors use less electricity, the introduction of color, plus the use of multiple sets in the home and greatly increased viewing time, more than made up the difference.

Central heating and air conditioning, once considered luxuries, are now perceived necessities. Fifty percent of all new housing in America is electrically heated. Climate-controlled domed sports stadiums and shopping malls that once were found only in the humid South are rising all over the country.

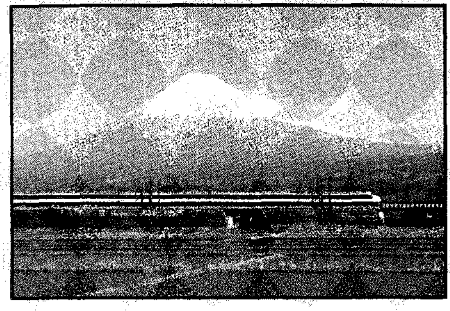
Homes are becoming electronic centers as new entertainment and personal computer products flourish. But it is the rise in popularity of electricity as the cleanest method of home heating that could have the greatest effect on residential electricity demand in the years ahead.

People-moving is becoming more and more electrified. Electrified "bullet" trains between large cities are already in use in France, Germany, and Japan. San Diego has begun planning for one already and Texas and Florida are also looking into electrical people-movers.

New industrial electrical applications are coming on line in steel melting and other metal production industries, materials-cutting, glassmaking, finishes, computer control, the manufacture of paper, textiles, and chemicals, and in robotics and lasers.

Home computers, video games, tapes, disks and cassettes are turning living rooms into electrified home entertainment centers.

Even farming is becoming more electrified with climate-controlled stock raising, pump-powered irrigation and increased electrical use in processing and storing farm products.



Electrified "bullet" trains, like this one in Japan, will greatly speed trips between U.S. cities. One is planned to run between Los Angeles and San Diego by the end of this decade. Cruising at up to 160 miles per hour, it would cut commuting time in half for its estimated 100,000 passengers per day.

America *is* becoming more and more electrified. As it does, a reliable supply of electricity will be even more important than it is now. And in a world where energy sources are becoming harder and harder to come by, which ones can we rely upon to generate the amount of electricity we'll need?

Sources we can count on today

While a temporary glut has taken the price down, oil is still neither an economical nor a secure source for making electricity. Most experts agree oil will become more and more expensive in the future. We've already seen how unpredictable the supply of foreign oil can be.

Natural gas is another depletable, finite energy source, and although recent estimates indicate that more may exist than was previously thought, it is uncertain at what cost it would be recoverable. Both oil and natural gas are also valuable for uses other than burning in power plants.

Virtually all hydroelectric sites have been developed, and electricity from solar is yet to be made practical and affordable for broad-scale application.

Coal and nuclear electricity are our best options. The U.S. contains enough coal to last hundreds of years. But coal can't do the job alone.

Coal's partner is nuclear power, which is close to becoming second only to coal in generating electricity for the U.S. While concerns and fears exist about nuclear plant operations and waste management, positive strides have been and are continuing to be made. The industry has displayed initiative in overcoming and preventing problems during its 26 years of plant operations. A supportive Administration and positive legislation, such as the 1982 Nuclear Waste Policy Act, are also helping to ensure that nuclear energy can continue to provide the electricity America needs.

Along with coal and nuclear electricity, conservation will also play a vital part. Conservation not only in the way we use electricity, but also in the way we build and design and create the things that will need electricity to keep them going.

America *is* turning around. The economy *is* recovering. The future holds immense promise. Tomorrow *can* be as bright as it seems if we use today's energy wisely.

If you'd like more information about the electrical future of America and the energy sources that will help fuel it, just fill out this coupon and send it to:

U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness
P.O. Box 37012
Washington, D.C. 20013

Name______________________________

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City__________ State_______ Zip______

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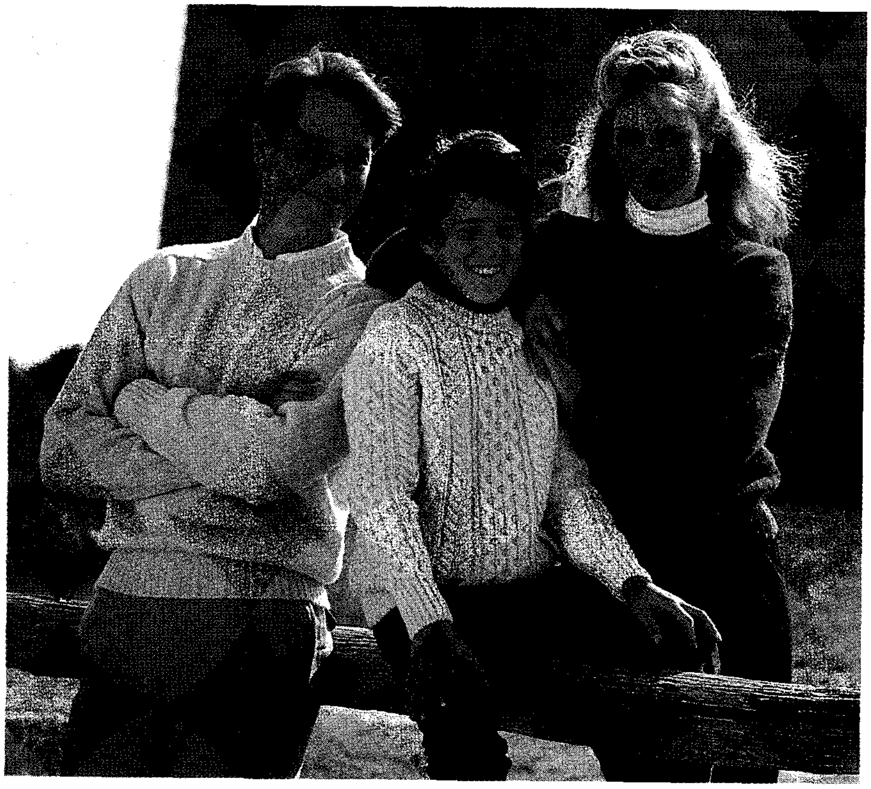
Information about energy America can count on today

U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS



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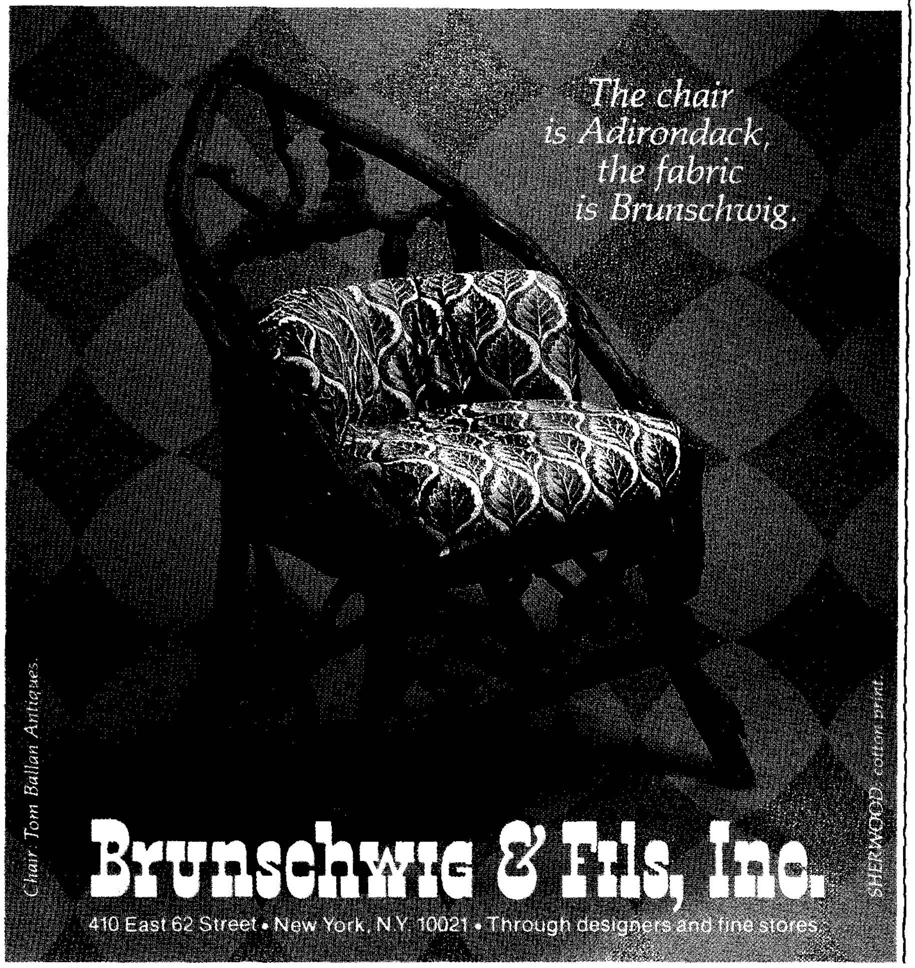

The chair is Adirondack, the fabric is Brunschwig.

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gear on the base path, to an accompanying Mission Control voice-over countdown and description of the down-range weather); and the computerization of almost everything, including pitchers' and batters' and fielders' records (via a small computer available to manager Steve Boros) and ticket sales and general revenues (via a Hewlett-Packard 3000 computer, with flanks on the order of a Greyhound bus, set up in a back-room vault). Further effort and money (more or less as expected, the club ran up a five-and-a-half-million-dollar deficit in the first two full seasons of the new regime) have gone into a complex and thoughtful community-affairs plan that now includes more than thirty separate programs involving schools and hospitals and libraries and other local charitable and educational ventures. (More than forty thousand youngsters signed reading "contracts" with the A's this summer; when each one has read a specified number of books before the resumption of school, he or she will receive a Certificate of Education Achievement, signed by Roy Eisenhardt and Wally Haas, and two free tickets to an A's game.) A more noticeable but less serious change is the abolition of the quonset-hut look of the offices, by means of bright carpets and paintings and murals (there are many blown-up photos of the team's famous ancestor club, Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, and of baggy-uniformed Hall of Famers like Lefty Grove, Chief Bender, and Jimmie Foxx—a reflection of Eisenhardt's conviction that ancient games and bygone heroics mean almost as much to baseball fans as yesterday's box score), and by the perpetually crowded look of the front-office rooms and corridors (there is now a full-time, full-press staff that numbers more than fifty). The telling ingredient in the club's management-side effort may be beyond précis, for it lies, one senses, in the looks of that staff and in its demeanor, which is youthful, striding, laid back, cheerful, and fully engaged. There are a great many women and blacks on the roster—hardly a commonplace in big-league offices—and very few of the people you pass in the hall ("Hi, there!") appear to be immediately threatened by the arrival of a serious birthday. Some of these post-collegians are, in fact, club executives: the bearded, bespectacled, shyly smiling executive vice-president, Wally Haas (the son of the principal owner and Roy's brother-in-law), whose main engagement is with community affairs; Andy Dolich, who some days actually wears a necktie; general counsel Sandy Alderson, who has curly hair, rimless eyeglasses, and an athlete's shoulders (an associate of Roy Eisenhardt's San Francisco law firm, he went to Dartmouth, as did Eisenhardt, and later served in the Marine Corps, ditto, and now runs five miles over the San Francisco hills six mornings a week, often side by side with Roy). Sometimes on a busy afternoon, the next young man to pass you in the hall—he is wearing a striped yellow sweater, rumpled white jeans, and Adidas, and is nibbling on a Toll House cookie—goes by almost unnoticed until he speaks ("Hey, how're you doing?"), and, flustered, you wave and smile back. Roy. Mickey Morabito, the team's press-relations director, who previously held the same post with the Yankees, once said to me, "Because of the way baseball is structured, only the people at the very top tend to be important, and everyone else feels underpaid and undervalued. But not here. This is a casual office—no one is too uptight or too shy to go in and talk to Roy, and we all have a lot of leeway in how we do our jobs. You have to have good people to make that work, and that's just what we do have. It's a ball."

Charlie Finley, who brought the A's to Oakland in 1968, ran a different sort of show. It was very nearly a one-man band. A self-made millionaire insurance man, he ruled the club in absentia—by telephone from Chicago, for the most part. (Sometimes he listened to broadcasts of whole games over the long-distance phone.) He got rid of sixteen managers in twenty years, wrangled with players and commissioners, inflicted buttercup uniforms and "Hot Pants Day"s and team mustaches and a mascot mule named Charlie O on the fans, but he also built up the wonderfully exciting and combative Reggie Jackson–Catfish Hunter–Sal Bando–Joe Rudi ball club that dominated both leagues in the early nineteen-seventies. When free agency arrived, Finley turned off the switch and divested himself of his stars and his scouts—and, in time, his fans. The stripped-bare look of the Coliseum offices was a paradigm of the A's' status in the Bay sports scene when the Haas family took over the club. Walter Haas, who is now sixty-seven and has moved on from the routine management of Levi Strauss (he is chairman of the executive committee, and the company is now headed by his brother, Peter E. Haas), is almost the precise opposite of his predecessor. The great-grandnephew of the original Levi Strauss, who sold his first bluejeans to prospectors in the gold rush, Haas inherited a major family fortune and a family tradition of modest hard work and dedicated, nearly anonymous community service; he may be the only trustee of the Ford Foundation whose name does not appear in *Who's Who*. His decision to purchase the A's—made in concert with his son and son-in-law, since it was his intention from the beginning to turn the whole shebang over to them—was motivated by his conviction that an imaginatively operated, community-oriented sports franchise would be the best and quickest means of doing something useful for the racially and economically distressed city of Oakland. Haas is an informal and extremely courteous gent, with pink cheeks and ruddy good looks. He is a serious trout fisherman and tennis player, and perhaps the world's No. 1 rooter for and benefactor of his alma mater's football team, the University of California Golden Bears. I first met him about a year after he had purchased the club, and he told me that he was not very well informed about baseball and that he expected not to have any serious day-to-day involvement with the fortunes of the club. Last March, in Scottsdale, during a dinner with Roy and several of the team's baseball counsellors, he listened intently all through a multicourse conversation about the problems and expectations of thirty or forty different Oakland pitchers and catchers and fielders and hitters, and then leaned across the table and murmured to me, "I take back what I said last year about not getting hooked. This is a whole lot harder than the pants business."

Charlie Finley's neglect of the shop was a considerable boon to the early Haas-Eisenhardt plans for upgrading the franchise. ("That contrast in reputations was a public-relations *dream*," Andy Dolich said to me.) Another asset was a spirited and rising young ball team, piloted by Billy Martin. The very first Eisenhardt decision was to keep Billy in place—and, in fact, to increase the scope of his authority by making him director of player personnel as well, thus putting him in charge of training all the club's ballplayers at every level. The young Oaklands included outfielders Rickey Henderson, Dwayne Murphy, and Tony Armas, whom many baseball

Joe Mirachi

"And close with the usual—'I neither condemn nor condone it, but suspend judgment pending further study.'"

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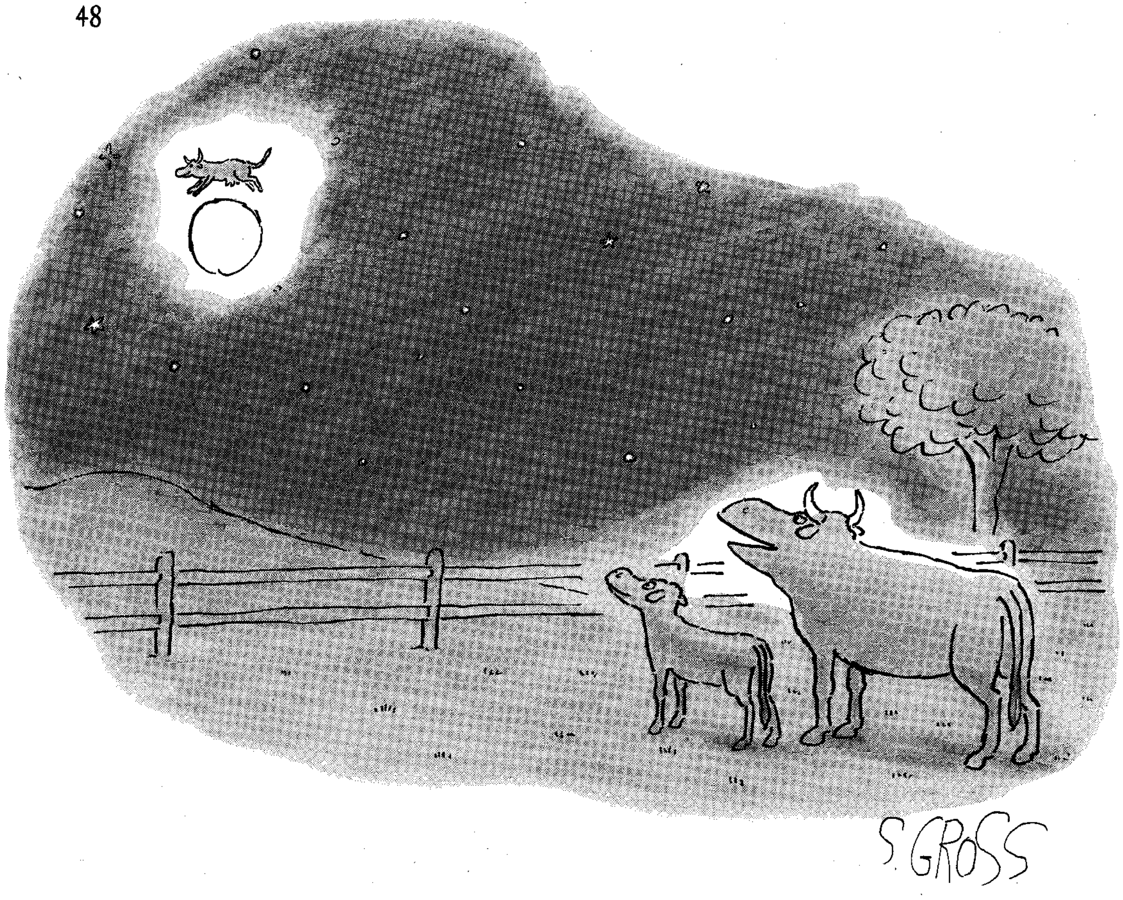
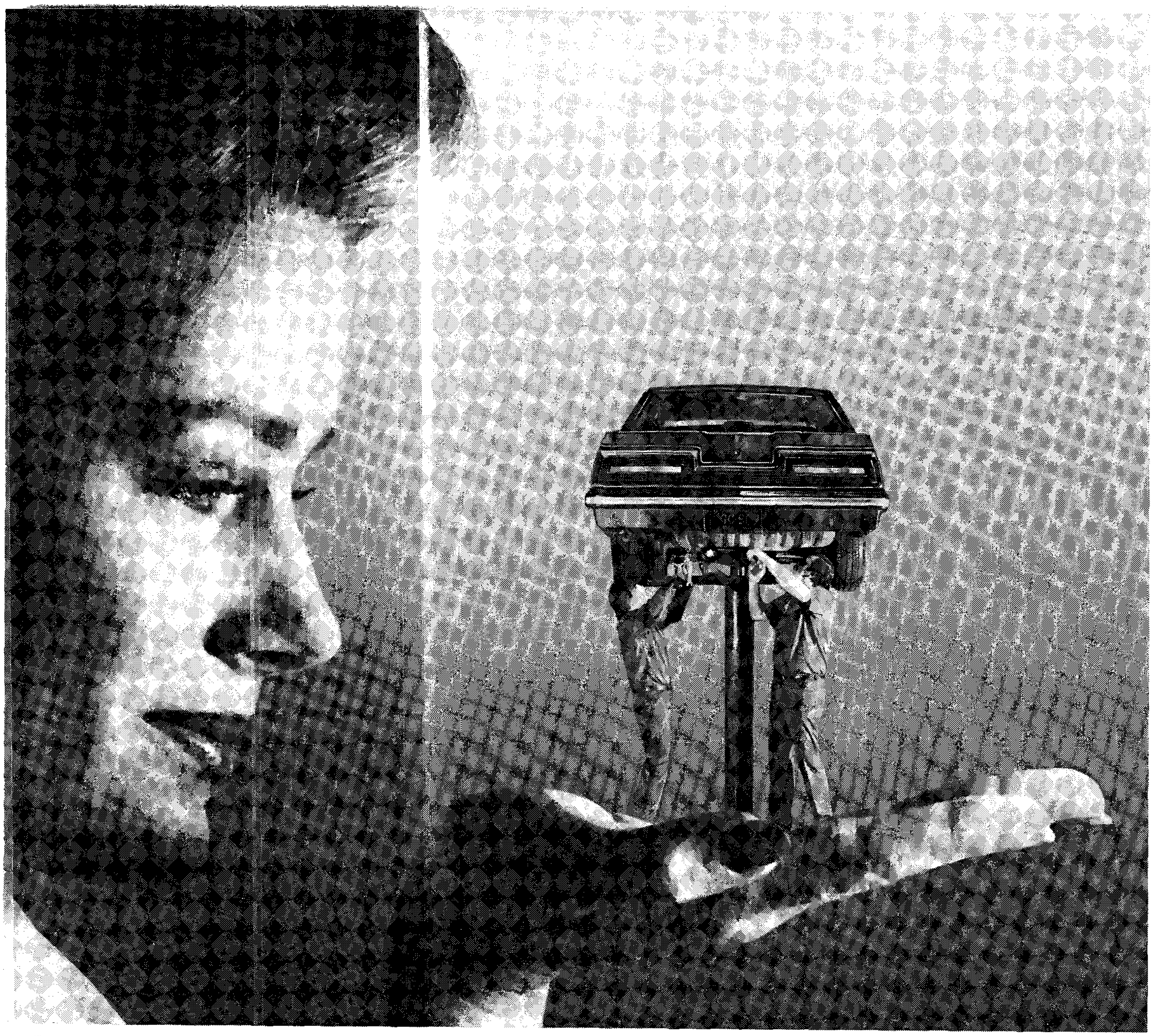


"Son, your mother is a remarkable woman."

writers were calling the best picket line in either league, and a staff of durable, strong-armed pitchers, led by Mike Norris, Rick Langford, and Steve McCatty. The remainder of the roster was of lesser quality, with notable shortfalls in infield defense and relief pitching, but in 1981 the club jumped away to a terrific start by winning its first eleven games in succession, and although it declined a bit after the lull of the midseason strike, it captured the American League West half-pennant by dispatching the Kansas City Royals in three straight games, in the strike-imposed, appendixlike miniseries that year. To no one's real surprise, the A's then lost the championship playoffs, being swept by the Yankees in three straight, but several events in that series stuck in my mind. For one thing, the team president did not accompany the Oakland players to New York, where they were to open with two games at Yankee Stadium—a curious, almost unique turn of affairs. No one could explain it to me at the time, but later on, when I knew the team and its people better, I understood. Eisenhardt had decided to stay home and watch the games on television because he sensed that his persona and presence, which were at such a remove from the public attitudes of George Steinbrenner, might make for headlines and distraction, and so detract from the accomplishments of his young ballplayers. And then, when the action swung out to Oakland, where the Yankees' Dave Righetti ended the A's season with a 4–0 shutout, it became clear to me that the fans out there, although badly disappointed, were not disheartened or angry about this unhappy finale. They remained to the end of the game, all forty-seven thousand of them, cheering and yelling in the sunshine, and when the game was over they stayed on and cheered some more, at last summoning their heroes back out onto the field for a final roaring thank you and farewell. I was watching by television, and I recall that the NBC commentators (who, like most sports announcers, rarely paid much attention to audiences) kept talking about this Oakland crowd and how much it seemed to appreciate the game itself—the baseball. At one point in the proceedings, when a fan in the right-field upper deck threw something out onto the field, the cameras picked up the section of the crowd where it happened, and we saw the fans up there gesturing and pointing to the offender and making sure that he was taken away, so that he would not further disgrace the day. Amazing.

The next year—last year—was different, of course. Like a lot of other fans, I was paying much closer attention to the A's this time around, but nothing really went right all year. It rained ceaselessly in spring training, and the pitchers' arms never quite got in shape, and then a long and debilitating series of injuries meant that the club's thin line of regulars rarely played together on any given day. McCatty and Norris both went on the disabled list with shoulder problems, and the club pitching sank from its 3.30 earned-run average, which was second-best in the league in 1981, to 4.54 in 1982, which was next to worst. Rickey Henderson did set an all-time, both-leagues record with his one hundred and thirty stolen bases, but that wonder seemed to boost the team's home-attendance figures more than its place in the standings. The club finished fifth, twenty-five games behind the division-leading Angels. A further casualty was the manager, Billy Martin, who, in psychological terms at least, was also disabled during the summer's hard going. Losing has always been a special hazard for this intense, bitterly driven man, and his team's misfortunes visibly wore down his confidence, his ability to lead his troops, and, in the end, his self-control. This had happened to him in other years, of course, and with different clubs, but the shock of it and the sadness of it were not less because of that. One day in late August, Martin indulged himself in obscene telephone harangues directed at two officials of the club (he had asked to have his contract extended by five years, and the wish had not been granted), and then, in a rage, demolished the furniture and fixtures in his clubhouse office. He was released in October, after the end of the season, and since then, of course, he has resumed his post at the helm of the Yankees. For the A's,



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it turned out, almost the only resemblance to the 1981 campaign was the final home game, when the fans again stayed to the very end—it was a meaningless game against the Royals—and then once again summoned their players back to the field with their sustained and even more surprising cheers.

ANYONE who mourns the decline of baseball as a family game should try to arrange a visit to the owners' boxes in the first-base, upper-deck sector of the Oakland Coliseum, from which vantage point I took in a swatch of A's home games in late May this year. A stream of visitors—A's brass, A's scouts, an occasional reporter, friends and relations, friends of friends—kept changing the dimensions of the party, but the regulars there included Roy Eisenhardt and Wally Haas; Walter Haas and his wife, Evie; Roy's wife, Betsy, and their daughter, Sarah; and a large, cheerful retired San Francisco cop, Sarge Ivey, who directed traffic at the door, dispensed beer and soft drinks, and rooted louder than anyone else. Everyone was really in the games, except perhaps for Sarah, who was four months old; once or twice in the middle innings Betsy took Sarah over to the back of an adjoining box for a quiet meal. For the Saturday-afternoon tilt, we were joined by Sarah's brother, Jesse, who is four years old, and by Wally's daughters Simone, who is nine, and Charlotte, four and a half (Wally's wife, Julie, who is a textile designer, was away in New York on a business trip), and by three or four small cousins, whose names and ages and connections I didn't quite catch, and by a couple of babysitter fans as well. Jesse wore a full A's uniform (the all-white home-game getup), with "JESSE" across the back. Charlotte wore a pretty flowered Liberty-print dress and a player-size pair of official A's wristbands. Toys and clothes and sandwiches and modelling clay and raisins scattered themselves around the box carpets, and Jesse and Charlotte climbed back and forth over the knees and feet of their parents and grandparents and the other baseball people there, who absently caressed them or gave them a hand up while they stared past them and down at the riveting business on the field.

The A's were playing the Yankees, so the games had the sense of omen and anxiety that the famous Gothamites bring to every park they play in around the league, and there was a further edge of significance to it all this time, for this was Billy Martin's first trip back to Oakland, and hordes of fans had showed up to welcome him with loud and cheerfully mixed messages. They were good games, it turned out, and the special quirks and flavors of Oakland rooting added to our pleasures—a gap-toothed cheerleader known as Krazy George (he is a former schoolteacher who is paid by the A's for his appearances), who whanged on a tambourine and conducted the multitudes with Wagnerian passion, and the popular "A's Waves" way of cheering, during which the customers suddenly rise and yell, section by section, quickly and in unison, round and round the park, madly waving their arms and screeching together in a rolling, accelerating vortex of fervor and foolishness.

Eisenhardt watches games with an abstracted, almost silent intensity, sometimes chewing on his thumb. Wally is more vocal, and tends to groan when things are going poorly; occasionally he rises from his seat, groaning, and turns his back on the field. The senior Haases, who usually sat behind me, commented to each other on almost every pitch, and clapped for every particle of Oakland good fortune. The Friday-night opener, which pitted the Yankees' Bob Shirley against the A's veteran Tom Underwood, went the right way from the outset, when the Oaklands scored three runs in the first inning and added another on Rickey Henderson's homer in the second, to move off to a 4–1 lead. "Good!" said Evie Haas. "Wonderful! Now let's get more!"

"I know you," Walter said. "You always want the score nine to one."

"There's such a *logic* to nine to one," she said.

Earlier, I had stood with Eisenhardt down on the field in a little fenced runway that connects the A's' dugout to the clubhouse, where he remains during the first few pitches and outs of almost every game. Just before the game, he talked briefly with his chief groundskeeper and with one of his security people, and during the anthem (a cappella, by Mickey Thomas, of the Jefferson Starship band, to faint accompanying Eisenhardt winces) his gaze roamed around every corner and level of the field and park. He was housekeeping, but once the game began he gave it his absolute attention. He seemed even more preoccupied than usual, and for a moment I wondered if it wasn't because of the presence of Billy Martin over there in the wrong dugout. But then I put the thought away, because I knew better. Other owners might have dealt with the firing in some other fashion, but Eisenhardt, to the best of my knowledge, had not made any disparaging or slighting references to his former manager since the day of his departure—or prior to that day, either. Before this game, reporters had searched out Roy for his comments, and to one of them he said, "This weekend is nothing like the press has made out. It's nothing to be 'handled' by me. Billy came to find me when he got here, and I went to find him. We're friends. There's nothing to be 'patched up' or discussed. A decision was made last year. Neither one of us wanted it, but we both accepted it. No substantive issues were created. I don't want to quantify a friendship. O.K.?"

O.K. The reporters didn't exactly love this reply, needless to say, but its content was clear, all right. A day or two later, in a quieter moment, Eisenhardt said to me, "These games were a coda for Billy and me. It's like when you meet your ex-wife at a party somewhere for the first time after your divorce. It happens, and then it's over." And he went on to say something about how pleased Billy had seemed to meet the new baby, Sarah, for the first time, and how affectionate Billy had always been with Jesse and with Wally's daughters. "Billy is wonderful with kids," he said. "He has that touch. It's a great gift."

YARD SALE
Westman

Roy's preoccupation, I realized, was with his team. Uncertainty surrounds every ball club from April to October, but there were more than the usual number of doubts and hovering question marks about this particular club, starting with its new manager, Steve Boros—a scholarly, low-key, extremely intelligent baseball man in his mid-forties who had coached for the

Expos and the Royals and had managed for six years in the low minors, but who was taking the helm of a major-league team for the first time. Injuries and disappointments had brought down the 1982 A's, and this year the club was already in the same sort of trouble. Third baseman Carney Lansford, who had come over from the Red Sox in a trade for Tony Armas and was expected to solidify the left side of the infield, had missed a lot of early-season games because of the death of his infant son, and was now laid up with a sprained wrist. Catcher Mike Heath and pitchers Dave Beard and Rick Langford were also sidelined (Langford had just gone on the twenty-one-day disabled list), and another starter, Steve McCatty, was coming back from severe shoulder problems and so far had made only a few brief appearances in relief. Two other starting pitchers, Chris Codiroli and Bill Krueger, were rookies. Infielders Bill Almon and Tony Phillips had been fielding poorly, and star center fielder Dwayne Murphy was still in the grip of a mystifying two-year slump. Rookie right fielder Mike Davis, a great prospect, was having fits at the plate against left-handers, and Kelvin Moore, at first base, was batting .202. For all this, the club stood at nineteen and seventeen in the young season, only one game behind the division-leading Texas Rangers.

Many chief executives of big-league teams could match this list of apprehensions and misfortunes, for most of the twenty-six clubs stumble along in a condition of semi-shock and disrepair during the better part of each season, but the burdens of baseball reality are even heavier for an owner who has chosen a particular path out of conviction rather than economic necessity, and not only wants to win but wants to succeed. Eisenhardt, I knew, had strong feelings in this regard. "Anybody who just sets out to win, who promises his fans that their club will be a winner, is in trouble from the start," he once said, "because it's built in that even the best club will win six games and lose four, and this means that almost half the time your fans will be in a state of outrage. We want fans to come to the park for the baseball—for the pleasures of the game and of being at the game—and if we also happen to win, then fine. We want to be respectable and competitive, and we want to win our share of everything, including championships. But the way to do that is by being

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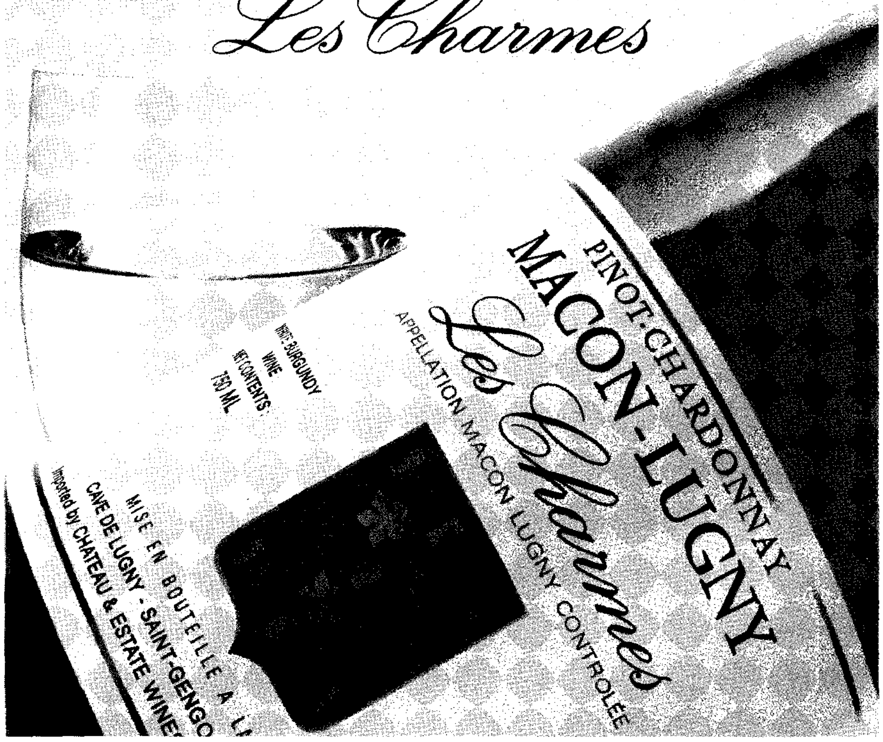

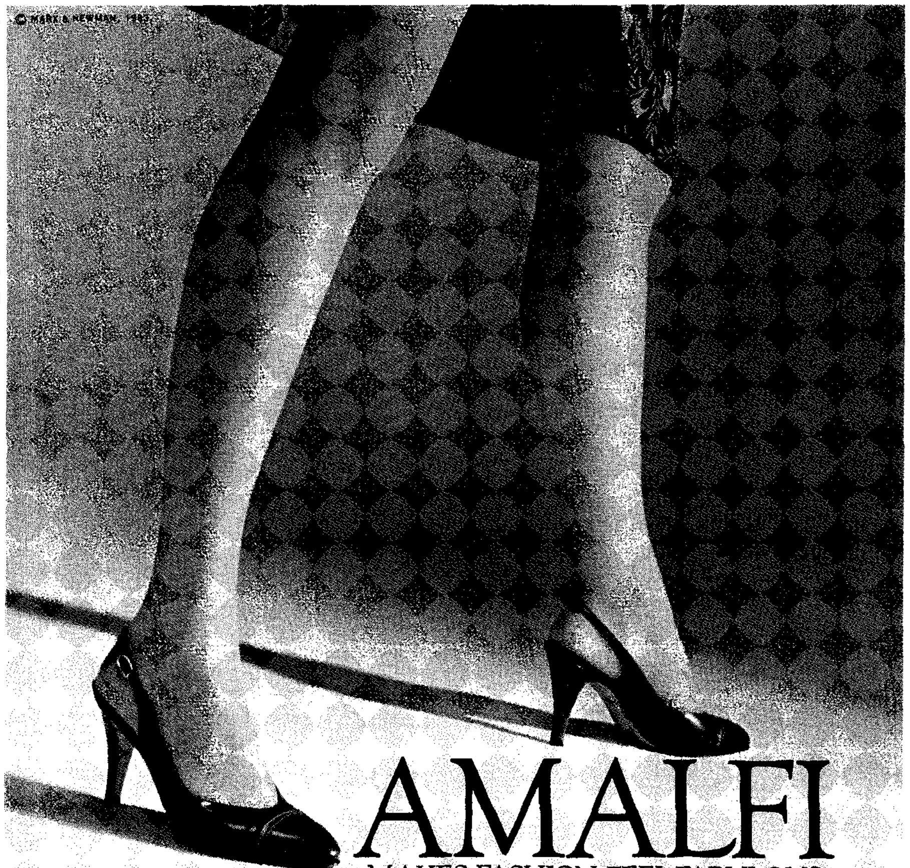

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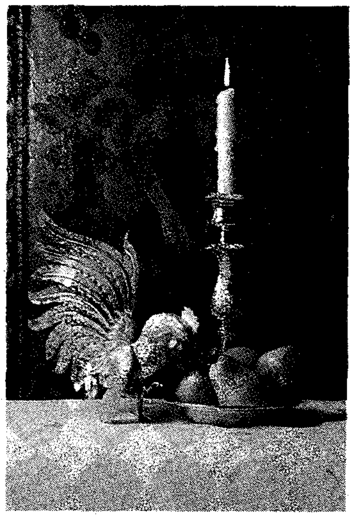

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Although the Oakland club is paying its players net salaries of more than eight million dollars in 1983, out of its major-league operating budget of twenty-two million dollars, I knew that the Haas fortune would certainly permit the club to bid in the blue-chip free-agent market for an occasional high-priced slugger or pitcher—a Dave Winfield, a Floyd Bannister, a Don Baylor—if Eisenhardt and the Haases so desired, but no moves have been made in that direction. Back in spring training this year, I had tried to probe Eisenhardt's resolution about such matters by asking him if he would ever consider making an expensive late-season trade for one star pitcher or hitter if he felt that such an acquisition would probably nail down a pennant. This stratagem has become a commonplace in the latter stages of every season; the Milwaukee Brewers did it in August last year, when they acquired Don Sutton from the Houston Astros, taking over his salary of three-quarters of a million dollars and dispatching three of their highly regarded minor-league prospects to the Houston club.

"I'd think a long time before I tried it," Eisenhardt said. "If the deal includes the transfer of good young players, it means you're just mortgaging your future for the present. Qualitatively, what's the worth of winning the whole thing versus the worth of being competitive each year? No one wants to accept second place, but unless you actually win the World Series you'll see yourself as having lost in the end. I enjoyed watching Bud Selig's team in the World Series last year"—the Brewers, that is, who lost to the Cardinals in seven games—"but I don't think Bud enjoyed it much. I hope I'd resist the Golden Apple. But then, of course, coming along year after year with a team that never has a chance of being there is much, much worse."

There seemed to be a continuation of this conversation a little earlier this evening in Oakland, before the first Yankee game, when Roy had talked a bit about the other way of building a competitive team. "Sometimes I've asked a friend from another organization to go over a list of our minor-league prospects and give me an evaluation, and luckily his evaluations have always been very close to our own," he said. "His names were on my list, too. But you never know how good a minor-league prospect is until he comes up to the major-league level. Will this guy make us solid at shortstop for ten years, the way we hope? Is that one going to be another Carlton Fisk? It's almost impossible to determine if your scouting is really first class. You can't find out for sure until nearly a decade has gone by and you see the results. Having good scouting is like getting to be forty-five and finding out that you have good arteries. You care how it comes out."

He mentioned the Dodger organization—as do most baseball people when the talk gets around to scouting—and brought up the still famous Dodger draft of 1968. Most major-league teams think that their scouts have done an excellent job if their selections in the spring draft of young high-school and college prospects yield one player who eventually rises to the major-league level. The Dodger draftees that June included Steve Garvey, Ron Cey, Bill Buckner, Bobby Valentine, Joe Ferguson, and Tom Paciorek—all of whom (except Valentine, who had his career cut short by several injuries) have been either stars or widely respected major-league regulars for well over a decade.

"I still can't *believe* that," Eisenhardt said. "Or look at that great Angels lineup that they've picked up from other clubs or as free agents down the years—Carew and Reggie and Grich and Lynn and Downing and Tommy John and the rest of them. I can't believe them, either. But they're still not thirty games ahead of the rest of us, and that's what's great about baseball. It seems to prove a negative and a positive. There's more to it all than just assembling stars. Building a team really means that you should have some rookies who are just blooming, some players at full flower, and some veterans who can make it all work as a team. That's the spread I'm looking for. My ultimate goal would be to introduce a Michael Davis every year."

He paused, as if running down rosters in his mind, and then he murmured, "But how do you get a Rickey Henderson to *flower*?"

THE Yankees never did quite catch up in that Friday-night game, although there were some troubling moments along the way: Tony Phillips made two frightful errors at short, and the visitors put the tying runs aboard in the eighth before Oakland reliever Steve McCatty got Ken Griffey to pop up for the third out, with the bases loaded. But the situation was never really critical, as it often seems to be when the A's are playing—the team has a chronic difficulty in scoring runs, especially in late innings—and there was time and ease enough in the game for me to enjoy the look and feel of Oakland baseball: the eight World Championship banners (five won in Philadelphia, three in Oakland) arrayed across the outfield perimeter; the new home-game uniforms that have replaced Charlie Finley's garish old tavern-league greens and yellows; and the youthful beat and bounce of the brilliant ballpark music. The A's' sound apparatus is a state-of-the-art system, and Roy and Wally have enjoyed themselves in the selection of its repertoire. When Steve Baker came in to relieve Tom Underwood during the Yankee seventh, we heard Carole King's "You've Got a Friend," and when Tom Burgmeier very soon arrived to relieve Baker, the Beatles' "Help!" piped him aboard. The Yankee relievers, of course, heard Johnny Paycheck's "Take This Job and Shove It." The Oakland victory song is "Celebration," by Kool and the Gang, and fans slouching out to the parking lots after a tough loss are sometimes reminded that "It's Not Easy Being Green." Ballpark organists also play mood music, of course, but for me the mighty Wurlitzer can suggest only hockey or prayer.

The A's won by 8–4, with the last two Oakland runs scoring in ravishing fashion in the bottom of the eighth, when Tony Phillips laid down a dandy suicide-squeeze bunt, to score Kelvin Moore from third—and Davey Lopes from second, too, when the flustered Yankee pitcher threw the ball away. Showing Billy Martin the squeeze play is like hawking lavalieres on the sidewalk in front of Tiffany's, and when it happened Roy said, "Getting the right count to set up the squeeze bunt is as good as the next-to-last move in Scrabble. Once it got to three and one, we had them."

He was smiling and youthful when the game ended and we all trooped out of the box, and I was happy, too. Last summer, I had visited the A's during a particularly dreary string of home-game losses to the White Sox and the Blue Jays. One of those beatings had come in a game in which the A's had led Chicago by 5–0 in the middle in-

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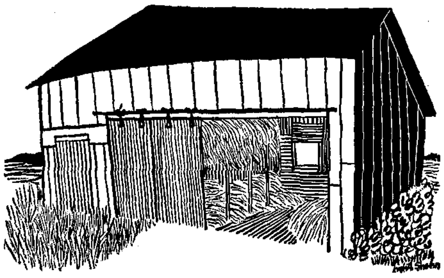
nings, but then the White Sox sluggers hit a couple of tremendous home runs, and the A's died at the plate once again—and on the base paths and the mound, too—and the visitors finally took it, 7–6, in the tenth. After that game, I got a lift into San Francisco with Roy and Wally—a trip of long silences and desultory broken-off sounds of mourning. "I wouldn't want to be in that clubhouse tonight," Wally murmured at one point, and Roy said, "That game is a perfect example of why you can't do anything about a season like this. There's just no place to *start.*" There was another longish stretch of uninterrupted highway hum, and then Roy, in a faraway, musing sort of voice, said, "You know, this sport might be a whole lot more interesting if there were no such thing as a home run. You could put up this enormous wall . . ."

EMIL ROY EISENHARDT (the first name is vestigial) grew up in South Orange, New Jersey—a suburb just west of Newark that is so self-consciously tidy and green that it looks like a World's Fair replica of a turn-of-the-century village—in what he describes as "the middle of the middle class." His father, who died in 1980, was the director of purchasing for New York University, and his mother, who is seventy-two, taught college English and then linguistics in the New Jersey state-university system. Each of his parents had been the first family member to attend college. Roy's paternal grandfather, an immigrant from Germany, was a baker. (The Eisenhardts are Catholic, but the combination of Roy's name and his marriage into the Haas family has caused many people to assume that he is Jewish.) Roy, who has a younger brother and sister, was a versatile, extremely energetic member of his class at Columbia High School, in nearby Maplewood, where he belonged to the dramatic club, played bass drum in the band, and held down right field on the baseball team, in spite of inordinate and incurable shortcomings at the plate. He was also a Boy Scout, a home carpenter, and a woodworker, and he took piano lessons—as he still does: he tries to play a half hour to an hour every day, partly because Chopin and Schubert allow him to put baseball entirely out of his mind for the moment. Roy was a year ahead of his age in school, and what he remembers most about himself then is his immaturity. "One of the important things back then was to have everybody like you," he once said to me. "When I went to Dartmouth"—he was in the class of 1960—"I fully expected to be elected president of my fraternity, but I wasn't—a wonderful thing, because the shock of it began to shift me away from that external system of validation. I began to care more about my own ideas and values, and a little less about what people thought of me." Another shift was away from baseball to rowing; he made the Dartmouth first boat, but thinks he wouldn't have at a larger university. He was a naval R.O.T.C. cadet at Dartmouth, but switched into the Marine Corps upon graduation, serving two years on active duty in Okinawa (this was just before the American involvement in Vietnam), and rising to the rank of captain in the reserves. Law school ensued. He graduated thirteenth in his class at Boalt Hall, in 1965, and spent a further year studying tax law in Germany. "I loved the law, it turned out," he says. "Not the practice of it so much as its ideas—the idea of our trying to define the rules we're going to live by—and its examination of the history of ideas."

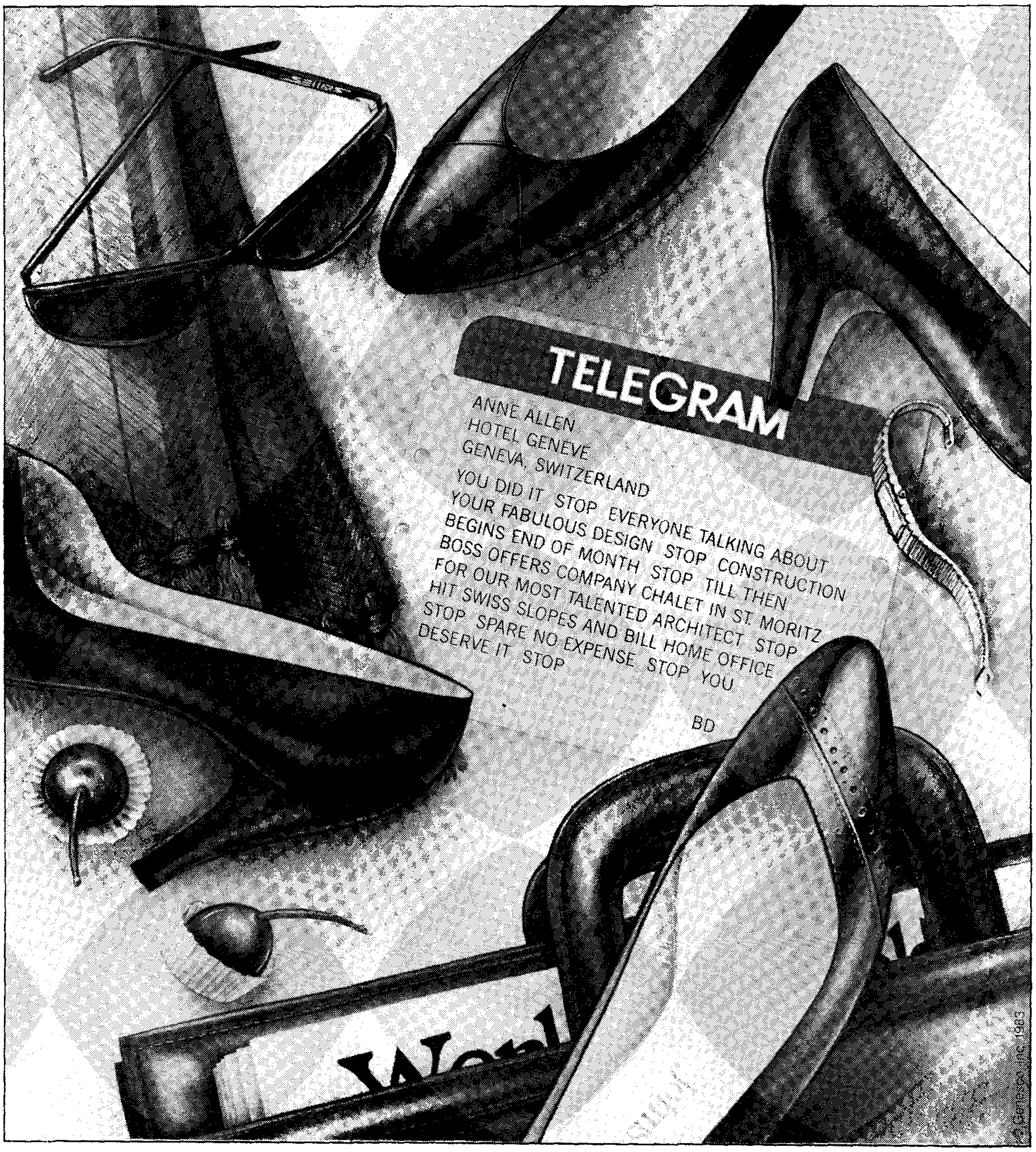
By the late sixties, Eisenhardt was a young married lawyer in San Francisco, with a passionate fan's interest in the San Francisco Giants. His first wife, Auban Slay, whom he married in 1965, told me that as she joined him at the altar during their wedding Roy whispered, "The Giants are leading, 3–1, in the fifth." (They were divorced in 1976, but remain on amicable terms; Auban Eisenhardt is also a lawyer in San Francisco.) Roy Eisenhardt's work at his firm, Farella, Braun & Martel, was mostly in business law—conglomerations, real-estate acquisition, and the like—and in 1974, when that palled, he began teaching law at Boalt Hall. A little later, he took over as coach of the U. Cal heavyweight freshman crew. "Maybe that's what I really am—a teacher," he once said. "I'd love to teach anything—how to grab an oar, how to paint a wall." By 1979, he was a full-time professor at Boalt Hall, teaching courses in commercial law, bankruptcy, and real property. He tried to continue there on a part-time basis after taking over the A's late in 1980, but the double load was too much. "I still miss it," he says. "Sometimes I feel like Kermit in 'The Muppet Movie,' when he says, 'Why did I ever leave the swamp?' " A close friend of Roy's, Dr. Hirsch Handmaker (he is a nuclear radiologist, and now has come aboard as director of medical services with the A's), does not quite agree. "The job with the A's was *exactly* the right chance for Roy at that moment in his life," he said to me. "The person and the place and the work came together in a miraculous sort of way. If you're a fan of destiny, you really appreciate it."



Destiny had also brought Roy and Betsy Haas together at a Chinese-cooking class. They were married in 1978. After I had come to be sufficiently at ease with Roy to raise the question, I asked him how he had felt about marrying into such a wealthy and distinguished family.

"It was the best thing that ever happened to me," he said. "There hasn't been a moment of discomfort about it, and that's because the Haases are all so unintimidating and open and modest. They all have a basic and proper sense of values, and a great sense of humor. Everything about Walter reflects his sensitivity and feeling of concern. We talk almost every day—not so much for business as for the fun of it. The whole family is the same. I am in awe of the subtlety and passion of Wally's involvement in our community efforts. He has a genius for sensing the proper areas and people for us to see, and for figuring out how we can be of use to them. The same sort of thing was true of Walter Haas, senior—Walter's father—who ran the company before Walter did. He was still going to work on the bus every day when he was ninety. I remember a conversation he had with Betsy and me a few weeks before he died. He asked us if we were concerned about the future—how things were going in the country. We both said yes, we were, and he said, 'So am I, so am I.' There he was, an old, old man, and he wasn't thinking back and being sore about the New Deal or anything like that. He was worrying about what our country would be like for young people in the next twenty or thirty years. You can't beat people like that."

Bill Rigney, the white-haired, angular savant who serves with the A's



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as Assistant to the President in Baseball Matters (he is a former manager of the Giants, the Twins, and the Angels, and he also does color commentary on the A's' telecasts), told me that Walter Haas had once asked him for whatever special advice he thought would be most useful to a newcomer to the game. "I told him, 'Don't fall in love with the players,' " Rig said. " 'They'll do beautiful things for you out there. They'll pitch a great game or drive in the winning run, but they're also young and they can't know and they don't care, and they'll break your heart, a lot of them, before you're through.' " I asked if he thought Roy needed the same warning, and Rig said, "No, I think he's got it figured out. But I hope he'll never lose the kind of concern he has for his players. I've never seen the like of it in baseball."

I had this conversation with Rig in the living room of the Eisenhardts' narrow, comfortable house in the Cow Hollow section of San Francisco (a pink palazzo at the end of the same block belongs to Bob Lurie, who owns the San Francisco Giants), where we were having cocktails with Roy and Betsy and Rig's wife, Paula, before going out to dinner together. Roy joined us, and we stood together at a big window looking out at the hillside, crowded with rooftops and tilted backyard gardens, which fell away steeply toward the bay, and, beyond that, at the sunlit banks of evening fog that were beginning to swirl in from the sea. Roy pointed down to his own garden and said, "I was doing a lot of digging up and replanting down there last summer, just when the team was beginning to go bad." He laughed and shook his head. "That's the best-dug dirt in northern California."

Baseball is never absent from Roy's mind for long. Betsy and the children were with us—she had put Sarah into a little spring-hung baby hammock on the floor—and we all sat around and watched Jesse play with his Big Loader toy on the coffee table: a convoluted span of track over which a miniature truck miraculously backed and filled, picking up and then dumping loads of pellets at various stations. "This thing works better than the whole business side of baseball," Roy said. "It's no contest."

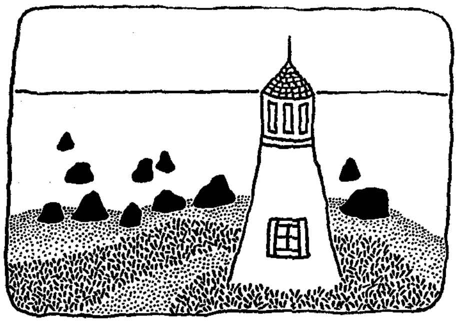
As we left, he pointed out (at my request) several large and elegantly finished pieces of furniture in the house that he had made in his basement workshop, including a new nine-foot white-pine toy cabinet for Jesse, with lathed split-turnings on the corners, four doors, and eight interior-latch drawers on oak runners. "It's an antidote," Roy said of his woodworking. "You can complicate an easy job and try to make things come out perfectly—and I can listen to our road games on the radio while I'm doing it."

We said goodbye to Betsy (the babysitter had crumped out, and Betsy was staying home with the kids), and she turned to Roy at the door and said, "Got your keys?" He shook his head and went off in search of them, and Betsy said, "He just can't pay attention to some things. Last year, our car broke down, and it sat out there in front of the house for days and days before they came to fix it, and when they opened the door there was Roy's wallet under the front seat."

Roy returned and happily jingled the keys for us to see.

"Good," said Betsy, kissing him. "No midnight pebbles against the windows tonight."

THE second game of the Yankee series, on Saturday afternoon, was almost better than the first. The sun shone, and the soft winds blew, and thirty-eight thousand baseball-entranced fans roared and cheered and made waves, while the pitchers—Mike Norris for the A's and Shane Rawley for the Yanks—and fielders on the greensward together wove a lengthening skein of brilliant, scoreless innings. Norris, in a lather of intensity and mannerism on the mound, fanned nine batters with his screwball and darting heater, and Tony Phillips turned Dave Winfield's rocketed grounder into a double play, and Dwayne Murphy cut down a Yankee base runner at third base with a mighty peg from center, and the A's truly seemed to be having all the best of it until, in the bottom of the eighth, Mike Davis made a trifling, young-ballplayer's sort of mistake on the base paths that amputated an Oakland rally, and the Yanks, suddenly reprieved, put Willie Randolph on second with a walk and a sac (Norris, kicking the dirt on the mound, was positive that the ball-four count had been strike three), and scored him when Winfield muscled a single into center against a tough, tough Norris pitch, up and in, and that was the ballgame, of course: 1–0 Yankees. Walter Haas, getting up from his seat in the box after the last out, said, "Boy, that was a game to remember. That's the way baseball should be played. Nuts."



The post-game gathering in Steve Boros's office was a reflective one, with Eisenhardt and Rigney and Sandy Alderson and Bill King—the A's' bearded, soft-spoken veteran radio-and-TV announcer—and Karl Kuehl, who is a "motivation coach" of the A's' minor-league players, filling up the circle of chairs, and the local writers and TV and radio people quietly coming to get Boros's comments and going out again. "We gave the fans their money's worth, I think," Boros said finally. "I'll sleep all right tonight, because those guys played an outstanding game. I could heat my house all winter with the energy Mike Norris had in the dugout between innings. He really wanted this one."

Roy was nursing a can of Tab, and he nodded to the writers who came and went. "It was an aesthetic game," he ventured at last.

"The worst thing about this kind of game is having to read about it again in the papers tomorrow," Sandy said.

"We've scored one run in the ninth all year, against seventeen for the other guys," Bill King said.

Roy made a down-curving gesture with one hand and said, "Our effort has been sort of Sisyphean—I have to admit it," and Boros nodded in agreement.

I wondered briefly about how many other manager's-office dialogues might have included the word "Sisyphean" in a post-game exchange, but the question didn't seem to matter, because I'd never attended post-game meetings elsewhere that regularly included the owner. But Roy was always there, listening. I had discussed this matter on several occasions with a friend of mine named Glenn Schwarz, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, who has been on the A's beat for many years.

"Right from the start, he's sat there and paid attention," Schwarz said. "He did it with Billy, and now he's doing it with Steve. He's ceaselessly

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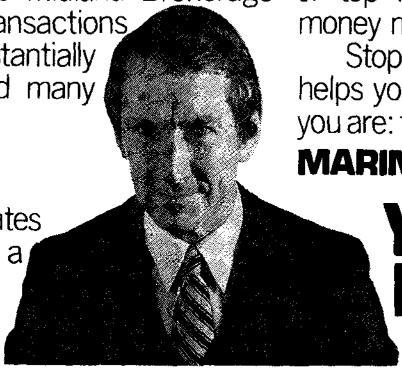

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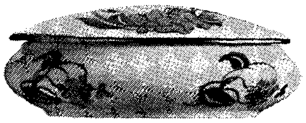
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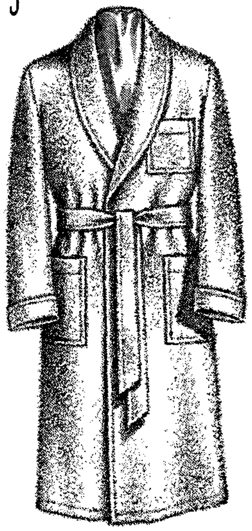
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curious. No other owner in baseball could get away with it without making the writers and the manager incredibly nervous, but Roy is so informal and so open that you really don't notice that he's there at all. He's the most surprising baseball executive I've ever had anything to do with."

Roy had already dropped in at the clubhouse to speak to a couple of the A's players after the game—most of all, I assumed, to comfort the badly disappointed Mike Norris. I didn't know exactly what he said to them, because he never seemed to talk to his players in the presence of a reporter—a subtlety that I noticed only after several visits to Oakland. For my part, I had hesitated to put any of the A's on the spot with questions about what they thought of their boss, but in time some opinions were volunteered. Matt Keough, the veteran right-handed pitcher who matriculated with the A's in 1977, in the Finley days (he was traded to the Yankees in June of this year), once told me that he had a special feeling about Eisenhardt because Roy is an athlete and because he is so informal by habit. "No one minds when he kids around in the clubhouse, because he enjoys it, but also because he pays attention. He knows how to be at home there. He knows all our quirks and qualms. When he sees something or when you ask him about something, he doesn't forget it. We're all on a first-name basis here. Contract negotiations are carried on without any bad-mouthing. He wants the fans to come to the ballpark and have fun, and that's what he does, too. I tease him about the clothes he wears and how he's putting us all in Dartmouth green now, and he can come back and needle me about my E.R.A. There have been some other owners like this in the game—my father had the good fortune to play for Mr. Yawkey, back on the Red Sox." Matt's father, Marty Keough, was a major-league outfielder for eleven years. "But they are the exception, believe me. You know, athletes have the most fragile egos in the world, and pitiful things can happen if you tear them down a little. This is the opposite. We're like the children of Oz here. We're on the Yellow Brick Road."

Clete Boyer, the shy, gentle third-base coach (he came to the A's in 1980 as part of Billy Martin's entourage but chose to stay on after Billy's release), said, "Roy makes you know that he cares about you, but he does it so easy that you know he's not working at it.

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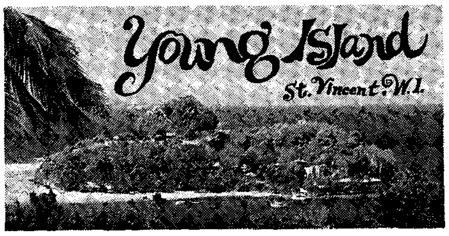

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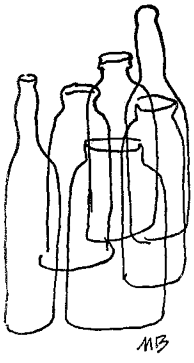
It comes naturally to him. Then you notice the little things, like the way he seems to look after the young players who didn't quite make it with the club. He spends a lot of time with them when the news for them is all bad, and that's just when most owners show that they don't give a damn. You notice that he knows all the rules of baseball and all the rules about contracts and player negotiations. That matters to a player, and you'd be amazed how rare it is. He's worked hard. I've been in baseball twenty-nine years, and I think he knows as much about the game as I do. He's going to be a great baseball man. You know, ballplayers around the league hear everything. They know what's going on on your team before you do. They've heard about this team and what a great place it is to play ball. Any player in the league will tell you it would be an honor to come and play for the A's."

One clear glimpse of Eisenhardt's relations with his players had been offered to me last year, when a little group of Bay-area baseball writers—the regular beat people, including Glenn Schwarz—came to call on Roy to ask him about one member of the club who was known to have, or was strongly suspected of having, major difficulties with cocaine.

"Well, it's a fair question," Eisenhardt said. "You guys will have to decide whether to write it or not. The whole question of drugs and athletes is extremely complicated. Players used to go out and get drunk, and everybody thought that was manly and funny. I think the great sums of money we throw at the young players probably have something to do with it. I understand how ballplayers are under a lot of pressure, and I don't want to toss any easy societal values around here as a solution. I don't know what the answer is. We're going to have to learn a lot about this in the next few years—and I don't mean just in sports."



One of the writers asked if the player knew that Roy knew he used cocaine.

"I really can't say for sure," Roy answered. "Maybe the best thing for him would be for him to know that we know but to notice we're not doing anything about it, because it's up to him to solve it. It's his choice in the end. I know I kept on taking piano lessons for so long when I was a kid because my parents told me I could quit anytime." He shrugged. "You'll have to decide what to do about this story," he went on. "What this means to the success of the team and what its value is as a news story seem worth about two cents compared with the damage the story might do to him as a man."

The writers did not write the story.

THE Sunday Yankee game was another pippin, matching up the Yanks' Ron Guidry against the slim Oakland rookie right-hander Chris Codiroli. The Yankees led by 1–0 in the early going, and then by 2–0 after six, but the quality of play was even better than what we had seen the day before, and the crowd was enthralled. In his box, Roy kept his eyes on the field but also sustained a running interrogation of his port-side seatmate, Fred Stanley, who had just returned from a ten-day scouting trip with the Tacoma Tigers, of the Class AAA Pacific Coast League, who are the top-level Oakland farm club. Stanley, a utility infielder who put in thirteen years with the Indians, the Padres, the Yankees, and the A's, was released this spring, but remained with the Oakland organization in a postgraduate role; he is thought to have managerial potential. Roy, who took no notes, asked Stanley brief, pointed questions about the Tacoma players Stanley had just watched. "How do you compare him"—a young, highly regarded infield prospect—"with our present shortstop? Would he do better at second base, because he'd have less pressure there? Does he carry his bat with him out on the field? . . . Could he"—he'd moved along to a catcher—"play first base for us?" Yes, if he can hit, Stanley said. "If he can't hit, he won't be a catcher either," Roy said bluntly. He went on to the pitchers, one by one—what they threw, how well each pitch worked, what they relied on when they were behind in the count. "Does he still have that pitch that tails off to right-handed hitters?" he asked about one relief specialist. "Yes, it's coming back," Stanley said. "Billy used to have him throwing that junk curve, and that takes away your velocity." "Can he play up here again?" Roy asked. "Is he anywhere near ready? How good were

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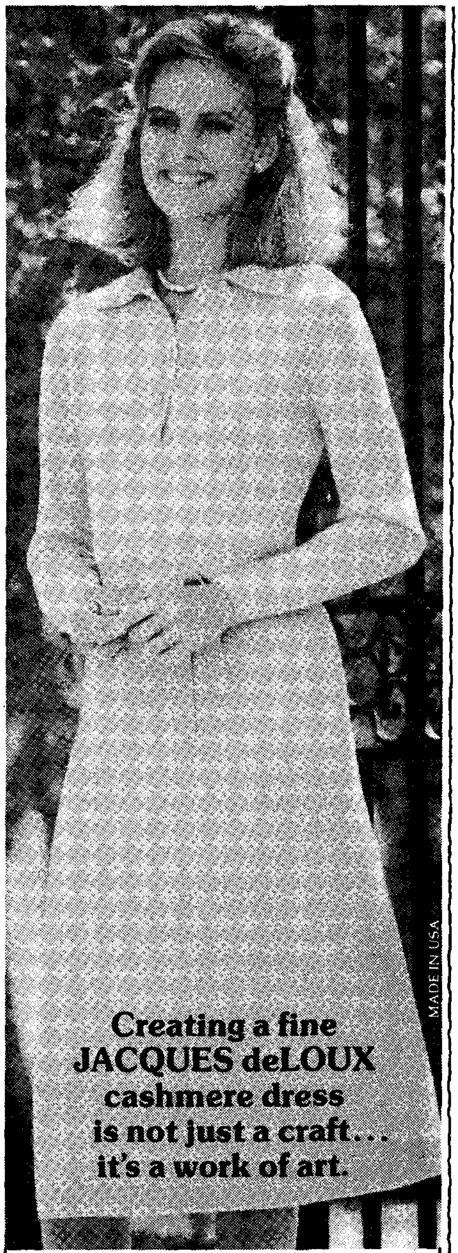

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the clubs you saw him pitch against?"

Down on the field, Ron Guidry had begun popping the ball—we were in the fourth inning—and Roy immediately sensed the little shift in the game. "Well, we're in trouble now," he murmured. "He's got his rhythm."

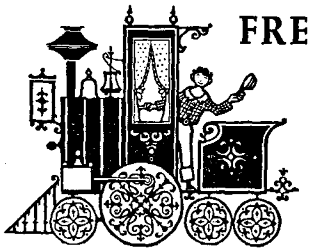
The game was a killer, it turned out—almost insupportable in its plot and its dénouement. Rickey Henderson tied things up with a sudden two-run homer in the bottom of the eighth, but the A's instantly gave back the runs in the ninth with mistakes from unexpected quarters—a bad throw to second by Burgmeier on a force play; a peg to the wrong base by Dwayne Murphy. Worse was to come. In their half, the A's put two men aboard against Goose Gossage, who, with two out, ran the count to three and two on Henderson, to the accompaniment of an imploring din from the Oakland masses, but it all ended right there, when base runner Wayne Gross inexplicably and inexcusably took off for third—"Oh, *no!*" I exclaimed—in a pointless, extempore attempt at a steal, and was thrown out by Rick Cerone. The anticlimax was deadening; it was like a door slamming shut. All the regular visitors at the post-game soirée in Boros's office had shocked, stricken faces. "Oh, what a way for a game to end!" Boros said. "It looks bad and it feels bad, but you have to live with it somehow." He dropped his head into his hands for an instant and shook it slowly.

"It's a seventh chord," Roy said. "It still feels unresolved. It's like the end of 'A Day in the Life.' " He did not smile.

The talk eddied and died in desultory gloom, as we all took turns trying to put a good face on it. Nothing worked.

"It was just another baseball mistake," Boros said at last, "but it's the kind that sticks in your craw." He stood up slowly. "Now I've got to take a shower and get dressed and go up and try to explain it all to my wife, out in the parking lot. If she's the exemplary woman I think she is, she won't say a word."

MY visits with Eisenhardt over the past three seasons have made plain to me the intensity of effort and concern and the amount of time required of anyone who is involved in the day-to-day operations of a major-league ball club, but what most surprised me and impressed me about Roy as I came to know him better was the



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evidence that somehow he has also left himself free to devote his attention and resourcefulness to so many other levels of the sport and business of baseball. In the upper councils of the game, he has served for the past two years as co-chairman (with Peter O'Malley, of the Dodgers) of baseball's restructuring committee, whose proposals, if accepted by the larger body of owners, may begin a sorely needed overhauling of the administrative framework of the sport. This may involve a new definition of the duties of the commissioner, and perhaps the invention of a chief executive officer, with powers to bypass the ornate and barnacled old processes that have held the commissioner permanently in fief to the owners; it may also bring about the merger of the Player Relations Committee—which is the Pentagon from which the owners have waged their misbegotten labor wars against the players' union—into the commissioner's office. Consideration of these and other steps has been postponed until the selection of a new commissioner (or a reconsideration of the dismissal of Bowie Kuhn, who has been a lame-duck commish ever since he failed to be reëlected to a new seven-year term last November), which is due to be made very soon at the baseball owners' summer meeting. But the restructuring committee has already brought about a radical alteration of the old bicameral, league-by-league system under which the owners voted on many significant issues—a process that sometimes permitted a minority bloc of as few as four National League owners to defeat resolutions or decisions (about national television contracts, for instance) that were of concern to all the clubs. The real wonder of the new twenty-six-club, majority-rule system is that it passed muster at all, given the intransigence and suspicion and My League jingoism of the game's brass hats. It should be added that there appears to be a slightly larger number of limber-minded, forward-looking executives in the higher echelons of the sport than one once could find there. They include (in addition to Eisenhardt) Edward Bennett Williams, of the Orioles; Jerry Reinsdorf, of the White Sox; the aforementioned Bud Selig, of the Brewers; Bill Giles, of the Phillies; and Charles Bronfman, of the Expos. But some part of the reasonableness is attributable to Eisenhardt's low-key leadership and persuasive intelligence. He has been noticed, in short. Over the past few months, Eisen-

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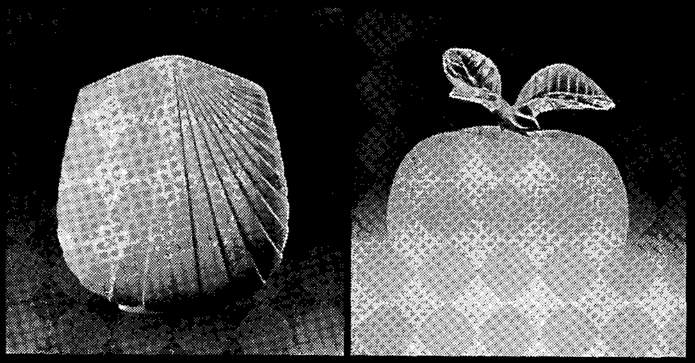

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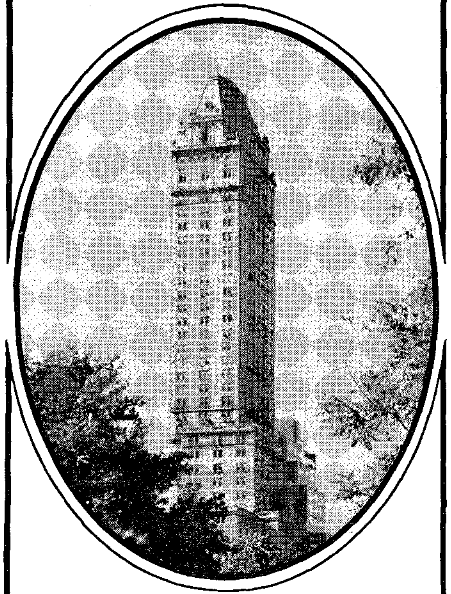

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hardt himself has sometimes been put forward and seriously discussed as a potentially unifying dark-horse candidate for the commissionership, but he has made it clear that he has no interest in the post. Whatever moral or actual power he may eventually hold over his fellow-owners, as a leader or an exemplar, or perhaps as a philosopher of the game, will probably come from their almost inevitable perception that his own deepest concerns about struggles about baseball are shared, or should be shared, by all clubs and club executives, and that his unique gift is his ability to articulate them with such clarity and imagination.

I heard some of these longer views on the final day of my Oakland sojourn, when I called on Roy at lunchtime in his small, windowless office in the Coliseum. This was a bare eighteen hours after that sudden, odious end to the Yankee series, but I found that Eisenhardt could smile about it by now, albeit a bit stiffly. "One of the reasons I hate that kind of loss—that particular turn of events—is that I'm the kind of person who likes to do things myself," he said. "When I first went into law practice, I insisted on typing all my own letters, to make sure they were done right, but then one of the partners pointed out that I really wasn't entitled to that sort of luxury anymore. And you certainly can't do that in baseball. You have to turn things over to the players in the end. That's the way the game *is*. It's really much harder on the manager, who gets the blame when something goes wrong out there. I can always hide, or point out that I have no discrete function around here. But I'm connected, all right. I know I've never had so many people working for me—I never dreamed of such a thing—and I can't conceive of another job, unless it's in high elective office, where you have the chance to affect the way so many thousands of people feel at the end of the day. The fans, I mean. Sometimes I wish I could control that, but I don't really want the power to go down and place the ball on the field so that the game always comes out the way I want it to. Well, maybe I'd enjoy that once—for one game—but after that it would be boring, and it would mean the end of it all, of course. I think we all know how much George Steinbrenner wants that. Sometimes I see George as Lennie in 'Of Mice and Men,' when they gave him that puppy. You squeeze so hard that you stifle the thing you love."

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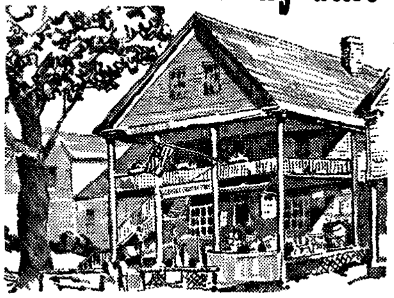

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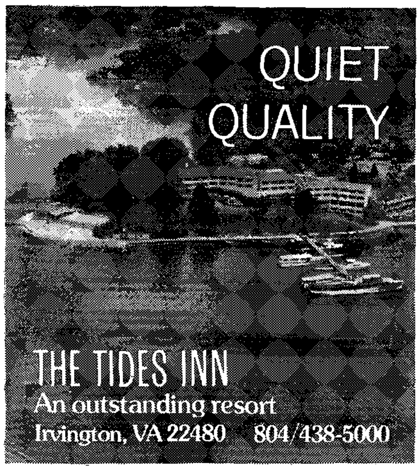

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Roy ordinarily lunches at his desk, but at his suggestion we took our sandwiches (turkey on whole wheat, the invariable Eisenhardt plat du jour) and drinks (a Tab for him, a beer for me) and went down a flight of stairs, through a small door, and out into the vast, sunstruck picnic ground of the Coliseum. We had our choice of fifty thousand two hundred and nineteen available seats, and settled on a nice pair down in the Section 123 boxes, just to the left of the home dugout, where we put our feet up on the seats in front of us (Roy was wearing a pair of distressed wingtips that looked like survivors of his days as a downtown lawyer) and gazed out at the unpeopled greensward and ballroom-smooth base paths, and let the baseball talk flow.

BASEBALL talk at the executive level often becomes money talk, and for a while Roy addressed himself to the chronic fiscal anxieties of his trade. He said that the A's expected to lose from five to six million dollars in 1983, in a budget of twenty-two million dollars, and that a major decline in attendance could make for further inroads. He said he wasn't certain exactly which of the other clubs posted deficits in 1982 but thought it was as many as eighteen or twenty of them. (At the All-Star Game lunch in Chicago last month, the president of the Chicago White Sox stated that the major-league teams had lost a hundred million dollars in the past year.) Help is on the way, however, in the form of a new six-year, one-billion-two-hundred-million-dollar network-television contract, which, starting next year, is expected to produce about six million dollars per year for each major-league club—more than three times the current fixed network revenue. Most clubs, including the A's, have also negotiated, or are negotiating, lucrative new local or regional cable-television contracts, with a wide range of returns, depending on the size of the area market; the Yankees' current fifteen-year contract with the SportsChannel network is believed to be in the neighborhood of a hundred million dollars, while similar cable rights in Oakland produce less than twenty per cent of that for the A's. Not surprisingly, Eisenhardt doubts that the television bonanza will do away with the game's inherent fiscal imbalance, which is perhaps the most implacable of the sport's continuing difficulties, because clubs with limited regional markets (the Mariners, the Twins, the Royals, the A's, to name a few) must somehow compete, on the field and also in player salaries and free-agent bidding, with teams like the Yankees, the Dodgers, the Expos, the Phillies, and the Angels, whose markets are enormously more lucrative. (The A's, of course, must vie with the San Francisco Giants for their audience—the region is counted as encompassing five million people—and all sports franchises in the Bay area are perennially handicapped by the popularity of active outdoor sports and recreation among the indigenes.)

Eisenhardt said that he is also wary of the long-range effect of baseball's reliance on television as its prime source of revenue and its prime delivery system. A sizable number of clubs—the Braves, the Cubs, the Phillies, the Pirates, the White Sox—are owned by organizations with major television interests, and the game, he believes, will inexorably be twisted in order to serve those interests. The Braves, for instance, are owned by Ted Turner, the proprietor of the independent cable-TV network WTBS, who has dubbed them "America's Team" and often schedules the Braves' home games to start at 5:35 P.M., so that they may be safely concluded by eight-thirty-five, when the WTBS evening movie begins.

"Under the new national TV contract, we are obliged to play 'Monday Night Baseball' games here when our turn comes along," Eisenhardt said to me. "That means starting play at five-thirty—and anyone who's driven on Route 17 out here to the park knows what *that* means. Moreover, none of the batters can see what the pitchers are throwing in that late-afternoon light. We've altered the game on the field to pay back our debt to the networks and suit the convenience of TV consumers on the East Coast, and the long-range damage may be deeper than we can imagine."

As often happens when Eisenhardt talks, I heard an echo here, for we had circled back to those basic apprehensions about television that he had mentioned to me on our BART ride almost a year earlier. His ideas are consistent and extensively worked, so that they often find their terminus or connection at some other level or corridor of the great multicolumned temple of the game. He appears to see baseball as a whole, in short, instead of in flinders or as mounded rubble, which is the way it often looks to me.

I changed the subject and asked him

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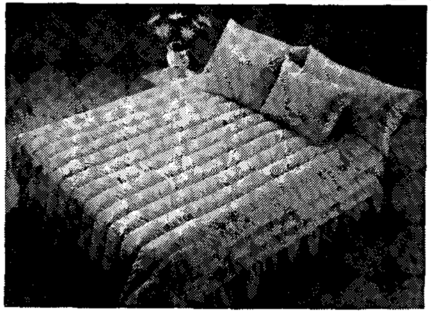

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if he expected further head-to-head labor conflicts when baseball's basic agreement comes up for renewal again, at the end of 1984.

"I've got my fingers crossed," he said. "We've got some major issues on the board, including the determination of the players' share of the new television contract, but I like to think we learned our lesson from the strike. If we haven't—if we just go at it in the old inflammatory, warlike way—it will be like arguing over the deck chairs on the Titanic."

I asked how important it was to him to have the A's in the black within the next few years.

"Internally, it's very difficult to run an organization that isn't approaching the break-even point," he said. "That's ingrained in me and in most people, I think. But in one way this is a matter of psychological accounting. An executive or a millionaire can give *x* hundred thousand dollars a year to a charity, and nobody questions it or says, 'That's losing money.' But if you put it into an organization that's proprietary and capitalist in form but has as its main goal a charitable purpose, which is to provide the game of baseball to as many people as possible, in as many forms as possible, then you have to put an intangible down in your income statement, which is the psychological value of baseball to the community. That doesn't appear as cash flow, and the bank won't lend you money on it, but it's a very important and positive element in what we're trying to do. Actually, I have some basic doubts whether baseball as a self-contained economic unit *can* operate in the black. One thing I know is that the last thing we'd ever do here would be to cut back on our community projects. The only place I might want to cut down would be on player salaries, but that isn't entirely in my control. Still, it raises the question for us of the ultimate value of a million-dollar-a-year player. What is our return on that? But to go back to your question about how long one would be willing to take a loss, the answer is: I don't know."

He paused, thinking about it. "Of course, revenues can vary appreciably, depending on how well your team is doing," he went on. "Each year's attendance is hostage to your previous year's record. We played very poorly last year, and we're already off by thirty per cent at the gate this year. I've begun to see this problem almost as a capitalist-socialist argument: no-

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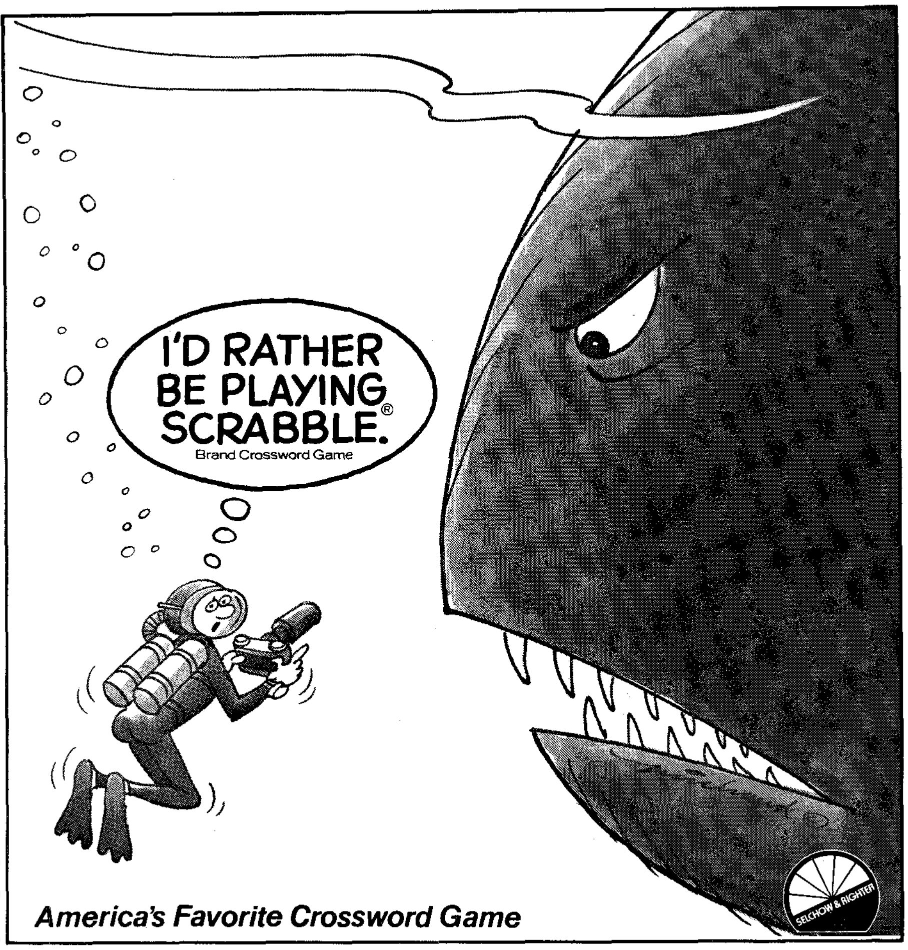
body should be *wholly* captive to success or failure, and so forth. It's not exactly a new idea. But it's not the consequence of losing that hurts baseball nearly so much as it is the reactive behavior that tries to insure against loss—the sudden hiring of that additional expensive star player who might mean a pennant, or the signing of a free agent at whatever cost for fear that if you don't get him some rival team will and the odds between you will have shifted. We all have such a fear of losing that we do things that actually increase the chances of our losing. It's almost certain that your team will lose in the end, because only one team is the World Champion at the close of the season, and you've exacerbated the consequences. To some degree or other, all twenty-six clubs operate this way now, and the truth is that player costs are astronomically high not because we want the gratification and profit of winning but because we have such a fear of losing. We all work under that spectre."

We sat in silence for a while, watching a lone groundskeeper who was silently moving back and forth on a power roller on the dirt warning track at the foot of the distant outfield fences. Roy tipped back his drink and then put the empty can down between his feet.

"If you asked most owners," he said, "they would say, without giving it a thought, 'Yes, I want my revenues to meet my expenses.' But I don't think that's really the expectation of the public. The fans don't articulate it, yet I don't believe they expect the owner to make a profit from their baseball team. I don't think the players feel that the owners should, or the writers, either, although a lot of journalists seem to validate a team on the basis of how much money you spend. Baseball is perceived almost as a public utility that has been granted a monopoly and is obligated to deliver quality services, so a team isn't looked on with favor when it makes a lot of money. I don't see anything wrong with that notion. We *have* been given a monopoly—that's what each franchise is—and with monopoly comes responsibility. We really are the curators of this game. It's a public asset, and we are the guardians of that asset.

"As I was saying, I don't know that it isn't an anachronism to try to keep baseball going as a form of fee-simple private ownership. If we assume that it has to be affordable and available to all, and if we're not wholly determined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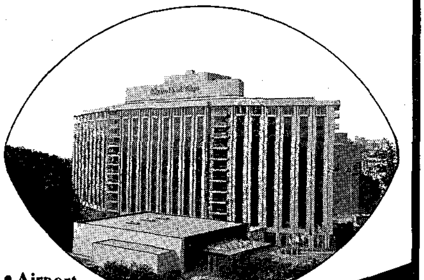

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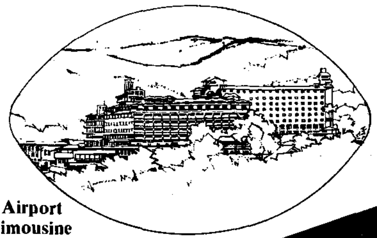

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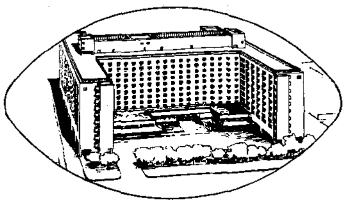

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to destroy it with television, and if we want every geographical area to have access to it, then I question whether private ownership or major corporate ownership can make it work. That brings us around to the quality of ownership. Can we find people who will care for the game if we tell them that they have to lose money in the process? I'm afraid of the answer to that one. So the only long-range solution I can see is some form of redistribution of profits that will reduce the risks of losing. We have to begin to ask ourselves if we really want baseball in Seattle and Oakland and Dallas–Fort Worth, or if it should be played only in surefire major market centers like New York and Chicago and Philadelphia and Los Angeles. Under the present system, some markets are inherently less valuable simply because of where they are, and not because the local owners are doing a bad job, and we don't really know if the clubs there can survive. It seems to me that the next question we have to ask ourselves is whether the value of each franchise—the value of being permitted to play ball in Chicago or St. Louis or Oakland—belongs to those clubs, or whether it belongs to *baseball*. Is the great tradition and history of the Boston Red Sox owned by that club, or is it owned by the people of Boston or the people of New England or by you and me—by anyone who cares about the game of baseball?"

He laughed suddenly, and said, "I can say the Red Sox, because I know that Sully"—Haywood Sullivan, the chief executive eminence of the Bosox—"won't get mad at me, the way some of the other owners do when I begin to run on this way."

He looked as cheerful and buoyant as ever, and I had difficulty in reconciling such good spirits with the endless and perhaps insoluble difficulties of the problems he had been exploring. "How come you don't get upset about all this?" I asked.

"You're just making Thomas Hobbes's old assumption that the natural state of man is to be bad-tempered," he replied. "But getting mean or low-down really serves no purpose at all. Sure, I get frustrated sometimes, but I try not to show it. The games—the different contests and their outcome—don't really bother me, even when they end the way that one did yesterday. I hope I can be like Betsy that way, who is more and more a real fan. She enjoys the baseball process—the day-to-day, the ongoing soap opera—and she

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doesn't get too far down about losses or slumps. If you can't do that, baseball will drive you crazy, because of its very high percentage of defeat. Robin Yount succeeds at the plate only one-third of the time. Just think what it would have been like if Beethoven had had to write symphonies that way! But there are a lot of things about baseball that can be depressing, all right, if you care about the sport—really care about its underlying assets and meaning. Things like television and regional economics and labor relations and fan violence can get you down, and most of the time there *isn't* any clear solution. A lot of people who are involved in the game keep coming up with answers that are a hundred and eighty degrees apart, so it's hard to know what to do next. When I try to think of what to do, I sometimes come back to the problems that Camus deals with in 'The Stranger,' when his hero is on his way to his mother's funeral. It's the existential dilemma in its purest form—the notion that it doesn't matter what you do, because whatever choice you make is going to come out wrong. As you recall, the man is walking to his mother's funeral, and it's such a hot day that he knows that if he goes slowly he may be afflicted with sunstroke. But if he hurries, in order to get out of the sun, he'll get overheated and then catch pneumonia from the chill in the church and eventually expire from *that*. He doesn't know which to do, and he realizes that it doesn't matter, since he's going to lose in the end either way, so why dwell on it? It's awfully easy to fall into that kind of despair in baseball, because so often when you try to do things the right way it doesn't work, but if you then try it the easy way, the wrong way, that doesn't work, either. Well, if I were Camus's hero I think I'd have walked fast, because that way you don't absolutely *know* what will happen. At least you've taken the initiative, tried to take things in control. You don't lie back and die of sunstroke. I'd walk fast."

NOT much good news or good luck has befallen the A's in the weeks since my visit to Oakland. The team bumped along just above or just below the .500 level until the end of June, when it began to fade. Injuries again played a part. Most club rosters carry one or two players on the fifteen-day or twenty-one-day disabled list at any one time, but the Oaklands put five players on the D.L. in the month of June alone—twelve by the first of August—and Eisenhardt said to a reporter that the team might be the first in history to have all twenty-five members on the disabled list at the same time. The sidelined players included Dwayne Murphy, Mike Davis, Carney Lansford, Rick Langford, and Mike Norris, and each day's lineup presented new and unfamiliar names, as more and more young strangers were summoned up from the minors to lend a hand. The starting pitchers took some fearful batterings—and so did the relievers, for that matter. Beaten 13–3 in one home game against the Texas Rangers, the club battled the same team even-up through fourteen innings on the next day, and then succumbed when the visitors ran up twelve runs in the top of the fifteenth, the loudest late explosion in the annals of the game. Just after the All-Star Game break, the A's lost a game to the Tigers on a three-run homer in the bottom of the eighth inning, and two days later the Tigers did it again, this time with a grand slam (by Lance Parrish) in the bottom of the ninth. The A's did not appear to be able to coördinate the efforts of their pitchers and batters, which is a classic failing of young ball teams; a good outing for a starting pitcher would be ruined by a hitting drought, while the batters often seemed to get their best rips on days when the pitchers could get nobody out. There were a few bright spots, to be sure—Rickey Henderson's sudden batting and base-stealing splurge in the middle of July, when he went fifteen for thirty at the plate and stole six bases in the space of a week, and a pair of games against the Red Sox when the A's ran up a total of twenty-five runs—but they were not much help. The team lost seven out of ten games on a depressing road trip, and came home with a firm hold on fifth place in the A.L. West, ten games below the .500 mark. I watched this news, day by day, from New York, with sadness but perhaps not dismay, for I sensed that Roy Eisenhardt was taking these hard knocks with better heart than I was. Baseball, I was learning once again, is endlessly difficult.

I keep thinking back to the last A's game I attended with him on my trip—a night encounter against the Milwaukee Brewers that Monday evening, which the A's won by 5–4, after a few adventures and surprises along the way. Bill Krueger, the A's' tall rookie left-hander, had matters safely in hand in the ninth, it seemed, with

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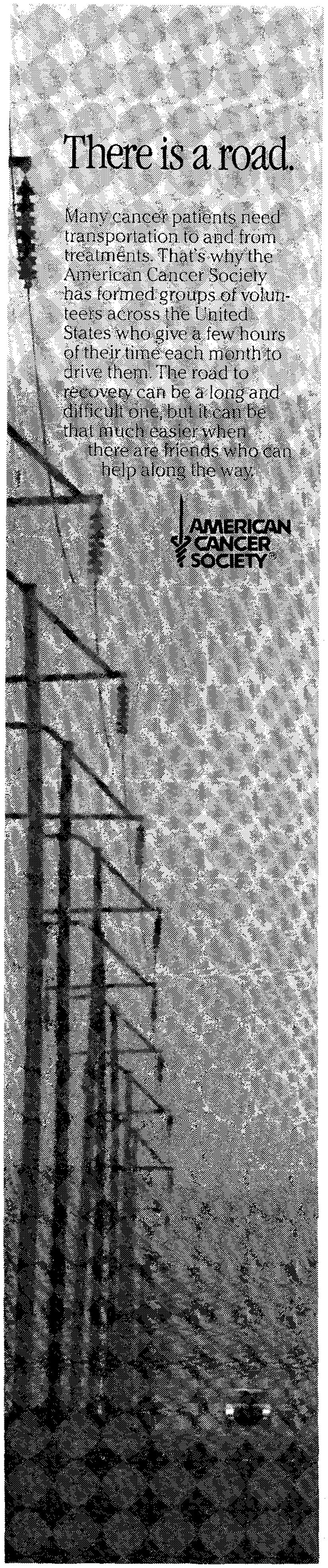

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the A's ahead by 3–1, and no one on base. With two outs, he walked two batters in succession, and Steve McCatty, summoned in to shut the door, instantly surrendered a three-run homer to pinch-hitter Roy Howell. Davey Lopes then tied up the game at 4–4, with a homer on the first pitch of the bottom half of the ninth, and we went into extra innings.

Roy, beside me in the box, had not made the smallest sound or gesture in response to the Howell stunner, but he whacked me on the shoulder as we watched Lopes's blow sail over the left-field palings. Then he resumed his silent, thumb-biting vigil over the events—or non-events, more correctly—below. The game, it turned out, had a few more moments to go. The Brewers and then the A's each moved runners into scoring position in the tenth, to no avail. The A's got a base runner to third base in the eleventh—and stranded him there. They loaded the bases in the thirteenth, and did not score. The stream of the game became a brook, then a trickle. Pitchers and pinch-hitters came and went; fans promised themselves one more inning and then *one* more, and then gave up, a lot of them, and went home. Manager Harvey Kuenn, running out of substitutes, inserted a pitcher named Jamie Easterly to pinch-hit for his designated hitter, who had been lifted in an earlier inning for a pinch-runner, and then batted him again three innings later. Up in my seat, I drew in fresh columns and boxes on the right-hand side of my box score, writing over the totals columns there and then extending my chart on top of the printed team rosters on the outer margin of the page. The squidgy, messed-up scorecard looked like a child's work of art (a valentine, a birthday card), and then I began to notice that all of us there in the owner's box—Roy, Bill Rigney, Wally, Sandy Alderson, Sarge Ivey, two or three other front-office A's people, and myself (the senior Haases had not come to the game)—were responding peculiarly to this slow and ceaseless crawl of hours and innings. "Come *up!*" Rig yelled whenever a Brewer grounder was rapped in the direction of an Oakland infielder. "Go *through!*" he ordered when the teams had changed places and the hopper had come off Oakland wood. "We have to win, because we're the only ones still watching," Wally pronounced. "Everyone in Milwaukee is home in bed and asleep." Sandy Alderson, observing two lesser A's on

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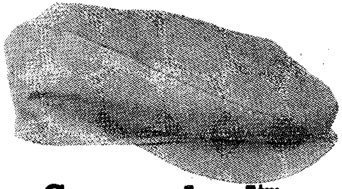

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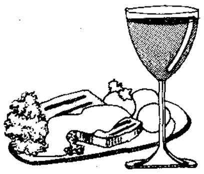

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the bases and Rickey Henderson coming up to bat, said, "*Now* we've got them. We've got seventy thousand dollars on the bases and eight hundred thousand dollars up at bat. This is it!" But the eight hundred thousand dollars grounded into a force. "Now!" cried Sarge again and again. "Now! You *got* to!" But no one heard or heeded the command. "It's going to be Tony Phillips who drives in the winning run," I announced. "You'll see—it's *always* that kind of player who wins this kind of game. Unless it's . . . uh, Dan Meyer." We sounded like children, boys in a tree house. At last, we fell into silence—a prolonged daze of sleepiness and exhausted speculation—and into a sense of wonder, too, I think, at the endless variety and stubbornness and perfect unpredictability of this sport. The A's won the game in the bottom of the seventeenth, when Henderson scored Meyer from second on a line single to left center and sent us home at last, five hours and seventeen minutes after the first pitch. All of us there in the park—the sixty-odd players and coaches on the field; the weary grounds crew and security people and ushers and venders; the burned-out, crazily remaining handful of fans and their sleepy-eyed children; the writers, whose unfinished stories had been rewarmed for several successive deadlines; and the waiting owner and attendant executives and strategists of the A's—all of us had wanted the ridiculous party over and done with long before then, but our skills and wishes and plans and hopes meant nothing, of course. The difficulty of baseball is imperious, and prevails ever.

—ROGER ANGELL

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TO: Amherst-Pelham Regional, Amherst Public & Pelham Public School Employees
FROM: School Business Office
RE: WITHHOLDINGS AND NEW COMPUTER SYSTEM

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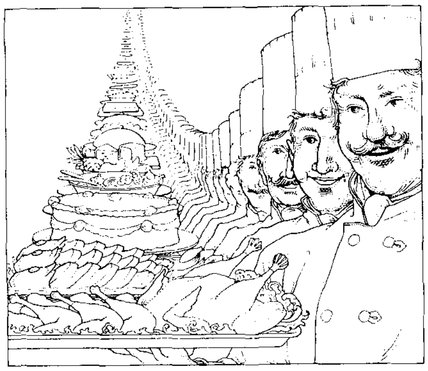

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JAZZ

Fauntleroy and the Brute

THE wonders of Ben Webster are before us again. Circle Records has brought out as “Ben Webster” the complete session Webster did on February 8, 1944, for World Transcriptions (transcriptions were sixteen-inch long-playing records made solely for radio broadcast), and Verve has reissued “Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster,” made in 1959. The Circle date includes Hot Lips Page, Clyde Hart on piano, Charlie Drayton on bass, and Denzil Best on drums. It was supervised by Milt Gabler, who recorded Webster six weeks later for his own Commodore label in a classic session involving Sidney Catlett, Marlowe Morris on piano, and John Simmons on bass. The Mulligan-Webster, organized by Norman Granz, has Jimmy Rowles, Leroy Vinnegar on bass, and Mel Lewis. The Circle reveals Webster at the great peak he reached with Duke Ellington (he had just left the band), and the Verve offers an older, autocratic Webster, who, dismayed by a lack of jobs and recognition, was soon to move permanently to Europe.

Webster, an only child, was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on March 27, 1909. Like many black musicians of his time, he was raised by women—his mother, whom he called Mame, and a grandmother or great-aunt, whom he called Mom. Both were schoolteachers, and they created a genteel home, in which Webster, according to the bassist Milt Hinton, invariably “behaved like a Little Lord Fauntleroy.” That was the angelic Webster. The other Webster, called the Brute by musicians in later years, hung out on the streets of Kansas City and became a womanizer, an expert pool player, and a horrendous, combative drinker. His old friend Jimmy Rowles said of Webster recently, “When Ben was sober, he was the sweetest, gentlest, nicest man in the world. When he was juiced, he was out of his head. Very few people could handle him. He was about four feet across in the shoulders, and he’d start throwing that left hand and he’d break things. I think he was eighty-sixed in every bar in Los Angeles. And he would not allow anyone to take the Lord’s name in vain. He once threw Don Byas the length of a White Rose bar in New York because Byas was at a table saying Lord this and God that. Ben lived with his mother and grandmother in Los Angeles in the fifties, and when I’d pick him up for some golf or a record date his grandmother would say, ‘Now, Benjamin, you fix up that back yard before you go, please, and, Jimmy, you sit down on that davenport and wait until he’s finished.’ Ben became a revered figure in Europe, but he was always lonesome there. He’d call on the phone from Copenhagen, where he lived, and play stride piano and talk, and he’d stay on for a couple of hours.”

WAR
PEACE
Ross

Webster played piano and violin before the tenor saxophone, and the piano was the unrequited love of his life. His mother encouraged him, and he learned from the blues pianist Pete Johnson, who lived across the street. In the late twenties, Webster worked as a pianist in small territory bands; then Budd Johnson persuaded him to take up the saxophone, and gave him his first lessons. He spent three months in the Young family band, and had more lessons from Lester Young’s father. (He also helped pull Lester out of the Rio Grande, and many years later he pulled someone out of the Hudson.) He joined Eugene Coy’s Black Aces as a saxophonist, and during the thirties he passed through the big bands of Blanche Calloway, Bennie Moten, Andy Kirk, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, Willie Bryant, Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, and Teddy Wilson. Early in 1940, he rejoined Ellington, and he stayed three triumphant years. (He married in 1942, but it didn’t stick.) Except for a brief return visit with Ellington in 1948, Webster scuffled the rest of his life. He played with countless pickup groups. (He turned up at the Metropole in 1964 with Buck Clayton, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, J. C. Higginbotham, and Bud Freeman.) He made occasional records with Jimmy Rowles and Harry Edison. He appeared with Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young on the CBS “Sound of Jazz” television show, in 1957, and was the strongest of the three. He drank more and more, and grew to titanic proportions. He settled in Europe in 1964, and he died there in 1973.

Two of his friends from the Cab Calloway band talked about Webster’s last years the other day. The first is Milt Hinton: “By the early sixties, Ben’s mother and grandmother were dead, and he had moved back East and was just floating around hotels in New York, so I had him come out and stay at my house in Queens. I’d buy a case of beer, and we’d go down in my basement and play, just the two of us. Or else, if I was at work, he’d just sit and drink beer and listen to tapes. At the time, Barry Galbraith, Hank Jones, and Osie Johnson and I were known as ‘the New York rhythm section,’ and we’d make as many as three recording sessions a day, at forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents per—which wasn't bad, because a hundred dollars went a long way then. Ben would get calls to make some of these sessions, but he'd ask for triple scale, and the producers always turned him down. But he had been with Duke Ellington, you see—he was a star, and that was it. Finally, my wife, Mona, told Ben that he had a God-given talent and it was a shame he wasn't using it. That surprised him, I think, and when he got an offer to go and play in Europe he took it, and, of course, he never came back. I saw him a few times over there, but his behavior had deteriorated, and after a while I avoided him."

The other friend is the trumpeter Doc Cheatham: "There was something Ben always wanted, but I never figured out what it was. It kept him unhappy all the time. He could be so nice on some people and so rough on others. I don't think any of that affected his playing, except I used to hear a sense of worry in his ballads. The last time I saw him was in England in 1967. He came to see me, and he had these great big bottles of stout, one in each pocket. All that drinking and something always on his mind. I don't think Ben wanted to live. He wanted to destroy himself, and he did."

Webster had two different styles. The first—a thin, angry-sounding extension of Coleman Hawkins—lasted from the early thirties until he joined Duke Ellington. His second style began to emerge during his first year with the band, and had become fully grown by the time he left. It grew in Johnny Hodges' sumptuous hothouse—an influence that Webster was quick to acknowledge. (He once told a Danish radio interviewer, "That's what I tried to do—play Johnny on tenor.") And it must also have been shaped by Harry Carney's godly sound. Webster's tone grew bigger and bigger, he became a master of dynamics, and he developed a unique lyricism, which took something both from the heavily ornamented melodic attack of Coleman Hawkins and from Hodges' monosyllabic blues preaching. He became a supreme blues player and a supreme ballad player. He would start a medium-slow blues solo very softly with a dodging, weaving five-note phrase, pause, play a high, barely audible blue note, and duck back to his opening phrase, still as soft as first sunlight. He would harden his tone slightly at the start of his next chorus, issue an annunciatory phrase, repeat it,

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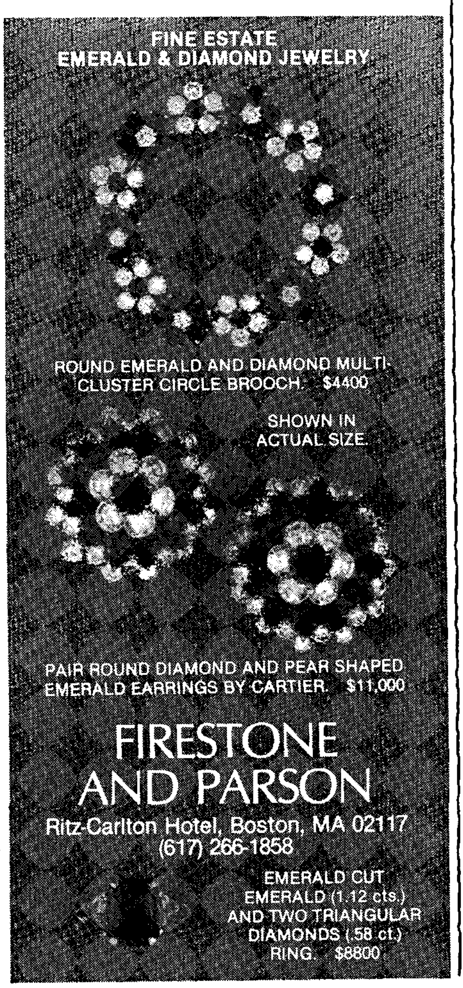
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insert a defiant tremolo, and end the chorus with a dizzying, three-steps-at-a-time descending figure. He would increase his volume even more in his final chorus, and sometimes he would revert to his old style. His tone would grow hard, he would growl and crowd his notes, he would shake his phrases as if he had them clamped in his teeth. These blues solos were jazz improvisation as autobiography. Webster's ballads were very different. They were romantic and gentle and yearning. They were majestic but never pompous, passionate but never sentimental. A Webster ballad came in three parts. First, a heavy, robed statement of the melody, in which he moved along behind the beat, shifting a note here, adding a note there, fashioning a graceful, courteous embellishment—a kind of combing and patting into place of the composer's song. Then an intense one-chorus improvisation, which converted the melody into a grand new Webster song. And then a half-chorus restatement of the original. As the years went by, Webster's ballads became more and more fervent, and in the late fifties and early sixties he would close certain phrase endings by allowing his vibrato to melt into pure undulating breath—dramatically offering, before the breath expired, the ghost of his sound. Webster's appearance matched his playing. He was of medium height, and had wide wooden-soldier shoulders and a barrel chest. He had an eagle nose and prominent eyes and a strong chin, which he raised slightly when he played. His saxophone was kept shield-like in front of him, and he rarely moved. His badge was a small fedora, worn on the back of his head, its brim up. Seen in silhouette, it looked like a halo.

The first half of 1944 was a busy time for Webster. The recording ban, which the musicians' union imposed in 1942, had ended, and so had his stay with Ellington. Everybody wanted him in the recording studios. On March 4th, almost a month after the World Transcription session, he made four twelve-inch 78-r.p.m. sides for Blue Note with James P. Johnson, Sidney De Paris, Vic Dickenson, and Sidney Catlett. They did a swift, floating "After You've Gone" that is among the greatest of all jazz records. They also did two slow blues, "Joy-Mentin' " and "Blue Mizz," each with a heartbreaking one-chorus Webster solo. Nine days later, Webster recorded for Savoy with Johnny Guarnieri, Cozy Cole, and Lamar Wright, an old Cab Calloway friend. On March 18th, he made the celebrated Commodore date with Catlett, and on April 1st he made four sides for the Joe Davis label with Emmett Berry, Walter Foots Thomas, and Clyde Hart. He recorded for Savoy again on April 17th, this time with Guarnieri and Oscar Pettiford, and he finished April with two more superb dates with Catlett. One was done in Chicago on the Session label with the Commodore quartet, a working group that appeared on Fifty-second Street and in Chicago, and one was done in New York for Haven with Al Haig and Billy De Arango, who probably also worked with Catlett on Fifty-second Street. This golden spate of recording activity ended on May 19th, when Webster made four numbers for Apollo with Charlie Shavers, Georgie Auld, Coleman Hawkins, and Specs Powell.

The Circle "Ben Webster" consists of two L.P.s. The first has what were considered the best takes of the eight numbers done, and the second contains nine alternate takes, some just as good as the released ones. There are fine moments everywhere: in particular, Webster's slow "I Surrender, Dear" and "Don't Blame Me" and the sinuous way he starts "Tea for Two;" Hart's loose, bopping solos on "Tea for Two," "Teezol," and "Dirty Deal;" and, on "I Surrender, Dear," the surprisingly gentle and lyrical open-horn work of Hot Lips Page, a trumpeter known primarily for his rough, heavy blues playing. Webster is again flawless in the six long numbers on "Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster." And so is Rowles. Hear them on "Go Home," "The Cat Walk," and "Sunday." And hear Webster's two royal, ghost-filled choruses on "Chelsea Bridge." Mulligan is a better arranger and leader than soloist. His name, though, is twice as large on the album cover as Webster's. Such miniature insults, accumulated over a lifetime, may explain some of Webster's hurt. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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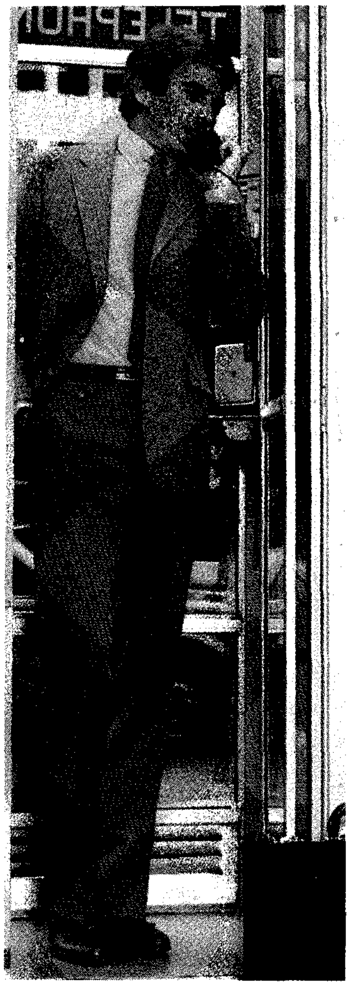
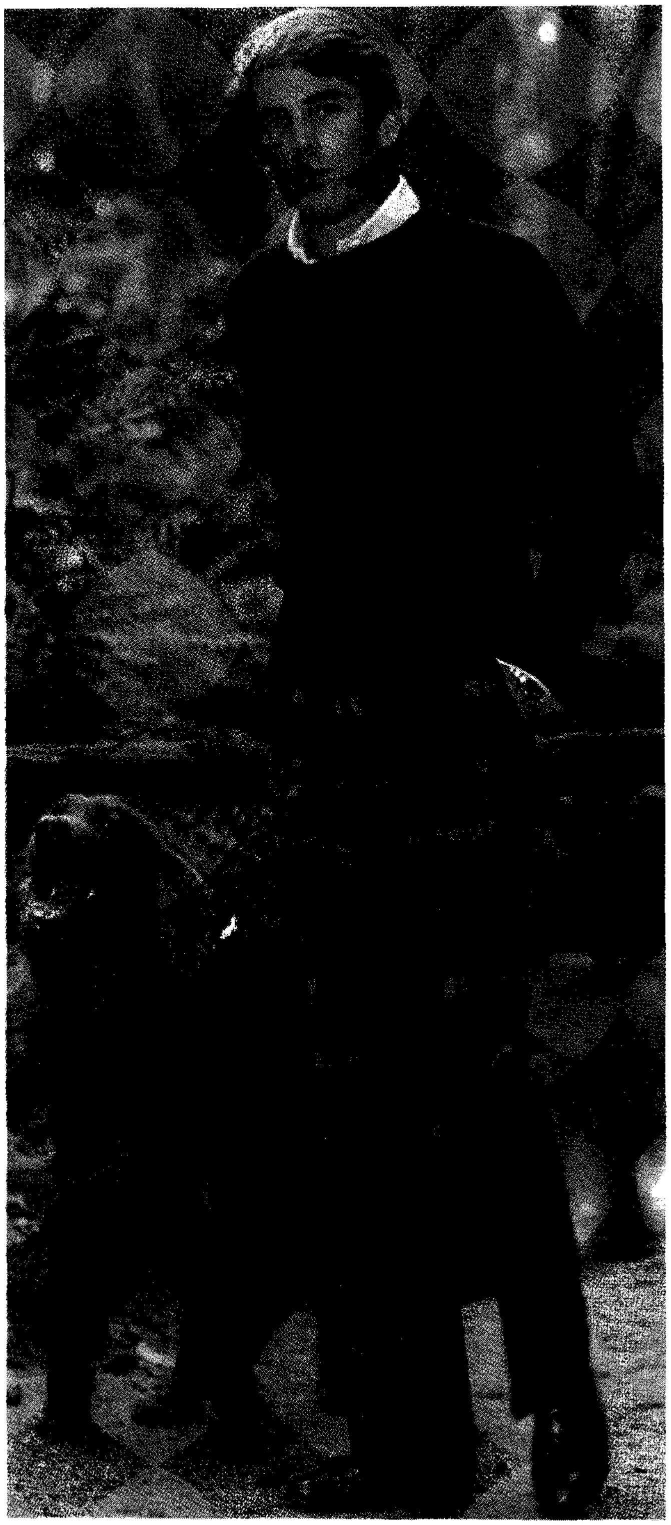
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Hagerstown* (*Md.*) *Morning Herald*]

SANTA ANA, Calif. (AP)—Twenty-five leather-jacketed bikers led by "Rat" were out for blood—literally—as they roared down a street, pulled their motorcycles to the curb and slowly dismounted.





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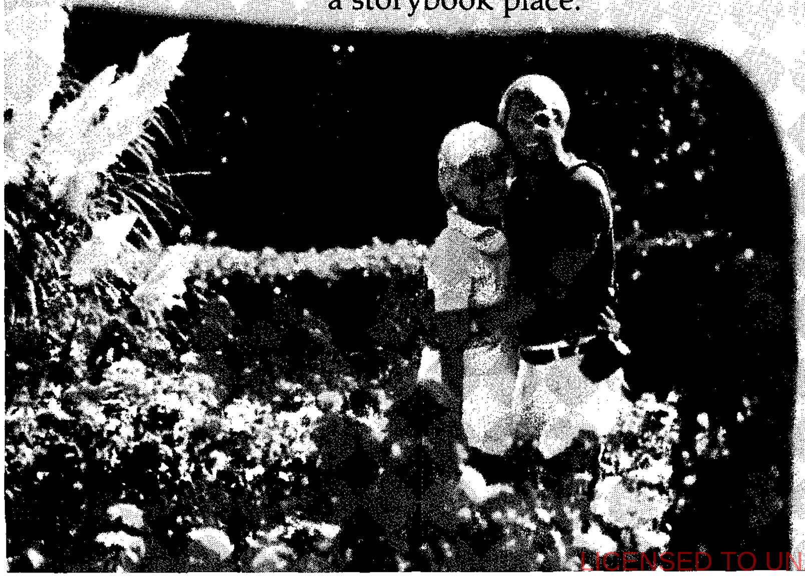

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REFLECTIONS

THE AUTONOMY OF THE PRESENT

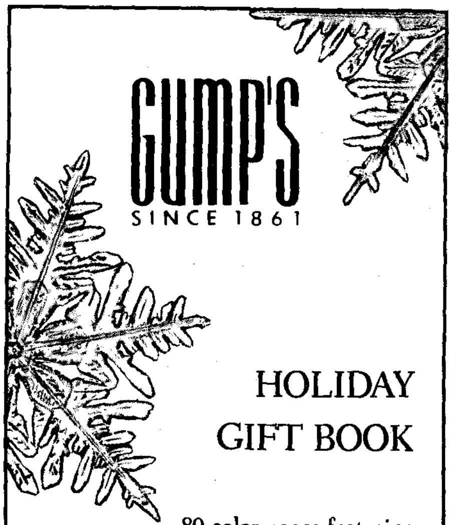
TO believe that foreign interventions make or unmake revolutions is to deny the responsibility of states and peoples for themselves. The government of El Salvador, for instance, is held not to be responsible for its situation, since foreigners support an insurrection against it. The rebels themselves are not fully responsible, since they are held to act under the inspiration of Nicaragua, Cuba, and the Soviet Union. The only truly responsible agent on that side thus becomes the Soviet Union, and the only recourse, the finally responsible agent to counter the challenge, the United States.

One might think that for a government to lose control of a part of its territory to an uprising by a portion of its own population large enough to jeopardize that government's survival would represent something authentic in the experience of that country—something that is not satisfactorily explicable in terms of the actions of outsiders, or, on the other hand, readily soluble by any outside agency. Clearly, the foreign sponsors of dissidence and subversion, suppliers of arms and equipment to a rebellion, can have an important effect upon the success of a movement like that of the Salvadoran rebels (or of the Nicaraguan counter-revolutionaries), but it is not apparent, or even reasonable, that the effect will be decisive. It is always easier to create disorder than order; simply by its assault upon the structures of authority and its disruption of ordinary life and the economy, a rebellion accomplishes its initial purpose, which is to make a show of power and to expose governmental vulnerability. But governments also have an advantage. They are there, and have to be displaced. Even unloved governments provide a measure of order and continuity, the context for everyday life. People do not readily abandon a stable order for the unknown. It is unreasonable for them to transfer their allegiance to an insurrection, or even to acquiesce in one, unless their government has itself become a source of disorder and insecurity in their lives, or of an arbitrary violence. The neglected reality is that it is not in the least easy to mount and sustain a revolutionary uprising. Most fail, including most of those with which the Cubans and the Soviet intelligence services have associated themselves. (Ask poor Che Guevara.) The neglected principle is that governments, like those individuals who undertake an insurrection, are themselves answerable for what happens to them, and there is a fatal penalty for failure.

There is a second common analytical mistake. That is to invoke history not in order to illuminate the present but in order to deny its autonomy. Present events undoubtedly resemble things that have happened before (everything has happened before), but nonetheless they are also self-sufficient realities. It is difficult not to think that the issue of El Salvador serves for many in the Reagan Administration, and among its supporters in the intellectual community, as a means by which to refight and win the Vietnam War. They intend to demonstrate once and for all how those who opposed the war in Vietnam, and argued that it could not, or would not, be won at a proportionate moral and political cost, or said that it should not be fought at all, were wrong. This time, in Central America, a new United States Administration will apply measures that were never effectively used in Vietnam—they maintain—and will demonstrate the will to win, that "resolve" which was lacking of Vietnam. Those who obstruct them will be held responsible if Central America should then be "lost."

At the time of Vietnam, of course, many of those responsible for that war's planning and conduct were themselves carrying out another retrospective rectification of history: correcting the errors of Munich. They argued that the revolutionary Communist movement in Indo-China and its sponsors in China represented a threat to democracy equivalent to Hitler's a quarter century earlier. The reference to Munich and to appeasement was made repeatedly in the Washington of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. The United States "stood up" to this threat in Vietnam—a decision conceived of as having universal rather than local significance—but it failed; the result was that all of Indo-China fell to its native

Wally Prestwicke, Self-Employed, Holds His Annual Picnic



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Communism (a divided Communism, since the Cambodian Khmer Rouge and the Vietnamese Communists were soon at war with one another). That was that. The United States had meanwhile established informal relations with China, seeking a joint alignment against the Soviet Union.

Policy that is made in terms of a model drawn from history tends to deny the objectivity of the present, which is to say, in this instance, that it ignores the capacity of those actually engaged in the present struggles in El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Guatemala for acting in an original, effective, and autonomous manner, succeeding or failing in ways that are not those of the presumed historical precedent. Central America has the political tradition, taken from Spain, of the *pronunciamiento*—the military coup ordinarily carried out in the name of reform—and of officers' juntas (committees) and rule by *caudillo*. It is exactly this tradition that the United States wants repudiated as it presses El Salvador toward direct presidential elections. The insistence on elections has little upon which to build. El Salvador's is not a society accustomed to governing itself through elections. Moreover, the usefulness of elections in resolving civil struggles depends not only upon a government's willingness to hold them and accept their result but equally upon the losers' willingness to abide by the voters' decision. There is little reason to think that this exists in El Salvador—or, for that matter, in Nicaragua. There would otherwise be no problem. For Washington, the principal significance of an election in Central America is to legitimize in the eyes of the North American voter the policy of the United States government in supporting the government that has held that election. The election is expected to solve the political problem not there but here. Elections are unacceptable to a revolutionary movement, other than as a tactical measure, because its leaders understand that it is the nature of a rebellion to be a mobilized minority—a vanguard—acting upon a politically passive or supposedly retrograde majority. This minority necessarily sees itself as potentially the new majority, evoking a destiny that the existing majority cannot yet acknowledge or that, ignorant or class-bound, it resists.

The conceptual model derived from Asian or European revolutions is relevant to the Central American policy problem but is insufficient to describe

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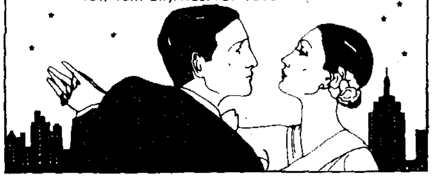

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the full American reality, the American particularity. The romantic Sandinista movement in Nicaragua, with its evocation (in its very name) of earlier Nicaraguan resistance to United States domination of the region, and its addition of Roman Catholic "Liberation theology" to Marxism, does not seriously resemble the orthodox Communist movement of Vietnam, which had spent a quarter of a century in underground action before it took power in Hanoi in 1954, and possessed links to early Bolshevism and to the post-revolutionary Comintern. Ho Chi Minh was a founder of the French Communist Party in 1920, and thereafter was a professional agent of the Communist International. Vietnam's was a highly politicized society by the nineteen-fifties and sixties, historically divided (Annam, Tonkin, and Cochin China were historically distinct), and it had experienced a severe cultural upheaval as a consequence of a century of French colonial occupation (evidenced not only by a large conversion to Western religions, mainly to Catholicism, but by the presence of several modern, popular syncretic sects that uneasily combined Western and native elements). The Central American countries have experienced foreign invasion and control but nothing approaching what happened in this respect to Indo-China.

On the larger Latin-American scene, the "Shining Path" guerrillas, who are a serious disruptive force in Peru, and the Tupamaros, the urban guerrillas of Uruguay, are original phenomena. The ideology of the former derives from the ideas of a visionary university professor at Ayacucho who believed himself to be creating a Latin-American version of Maoism. It resembles rather more what the British historian Norman Cohn calls "revolutionary eschatology"—a myth of violent social transformation and redemption such as arose in the past "when population was increasing, industrialization was getting under way, traditional social bonds were being weakened or shattered and the gap between rich and poor was becoming a chasm." Here, as with the Tupamaros, a quality of cult is apparent, of quasi-religious commitment and righteousness. (The Shining Path considers the leaders of post-Maoist China "dogs," and those of the Soviet Union "socio-imperialists.") There is a resemblance as well to the urban terrorism of West Germany and Italy in the nineteen-seventies, which were also movements drawn from the intelligentsia, from university and secondary-school teachers, and (disproportionately) from the religious-minded—revolutionary clerics disappointed because divine justice had proved insufficiently swift. But neither of them is rationalist, "scientific," antiromantic, disciplined—qualities characterizing the traditional Marxist-Leninist party.

The truth is that history constantly presents new problems in the guise of old, and the Central American crisis is, for those countries, the product of an imperfectly achieved Spanish inheritance, the experience of North American and British exploitation, and a feeble but outraged nationalism. Mexico is the principal regional nation that can be said to have truly found itself—after a heavy cost in European domination, declared and undeclared wars with the United States and the loss of major territories, and then a bitter civil struggle and peon uprisings that culminated in the institutions (nominally revolutionary, actually conservative) that have governed it ever since. Nothing remotely like this has happened in the smaller countries to its south—at least, until now. Until now, each has remained more victim than agent of its own fate, except for sterile quarrels with one another. Today, under United States and Cuban sponsorship, these quarrels are being given an ideological gloss that makes them seem part of the movement of the vast forces of global geopolitics.

The will to see in Central America a bigger game than is really there is a comprehensible reaction by officials in Washington to the Soviet investment in Cuba and the Cuban in Nicaragua. It reflects an assumption that insurrection serves as the prolongation in another form of an essentially military campaign whose ultimate objective is the capture of the United States. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick has described the issue as that of control over Caribbean sea-lanes and the Panama Canal, vital to the Western alliance in case of war, and says that Central America constitutes "the fourth border of the United States . . . a potential vulnerability of the classic sort that, say, France's border with Germany has constituted."

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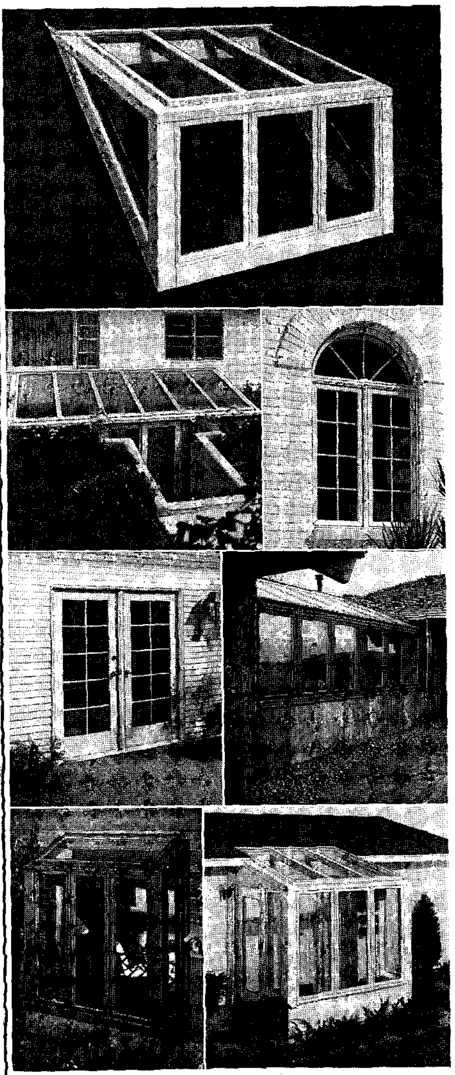

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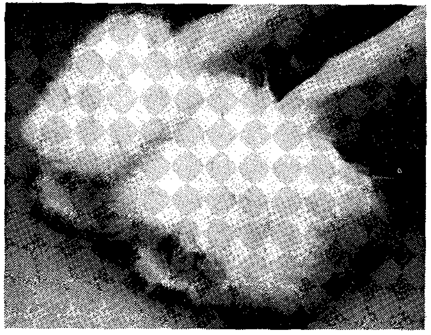

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vantage of simplicity, and are depictable with arrows drawn on maps. But when military and political threats are confounded, and a response to what is conceived as a military threat is sought in political action of large and problematical quality, such as the political reconstruction, or construction, of El Salvador, or the sponsorship of counter-revolution in Nicaragua, the result is confusion and the risk of failure. This is by no means the error of a single Administration, or of conservative Americans only. The case has equally often been put from the liberal side, as it was, for example, by Charles Maechling, Jr., a former official of Democratic Administrations who is now a senior associate of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Maechling has described the Reagan Administration as seeming "terrified of interfering with [the Central American countries'] internal structures, naïvely believing that these societies will eventually reform themselves." One solution, he says, might be "to intervene with an effective counter-insurgency program aimed at expropriating the revolution from the Marxists." That is familiar doctrine to anyone who has lived through the last twenty years of American foreign policy.

Nations, Bismarck once said, with melodrama, are made in blood and iron. One must add that the blood and the iron have to be native to the nation for the mixture to work. It seems a truism that if a government is incapable of governing—of controlling its own territory and imposing order among its population—when it has been given reasonable assistance, sufficient to compensate for assistance given to its internal enemies, it then becomes necessary to question not only whether that government will survive but whether it deserves to survive. There must be a will to survive and to prevail, and this is not available in aid packages from abroad, nor can it be supplied by foreign military and political counsellors.

It is a rule that applies impartially, as one may see in the case of Afghanistan, where the government put in place by the Soviet Union lacks authenticity and the capacity for imposing itself, and the Soviet authorities have been forced into a campaign of military intervention whose ultimate success is gravely in doubt. It may also be seen in Poland, where the government's authority, its legitimacy, is popularly rejected, and it remains in

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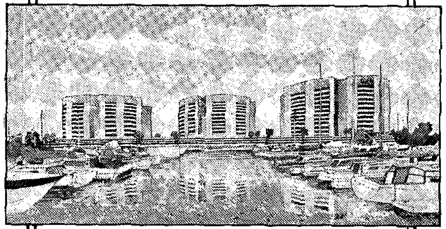

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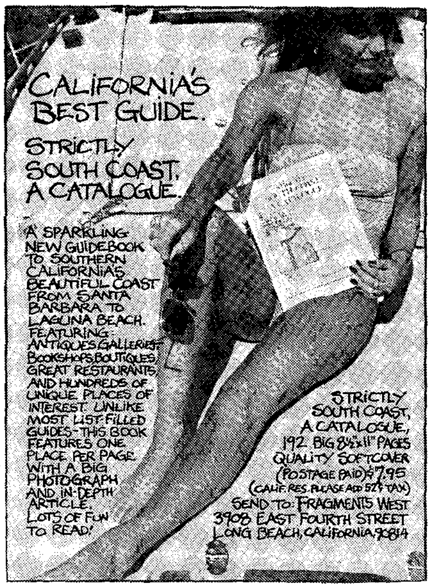

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place only by reason of a common understanding, among the Poles and in the Western countries, that violent change could bring about a general war.

In Central Asia, Eastern Europe, and Central America, the same practical problem is posed: that of reconciling the security interests of a major power with the effects of internal conflict in a nearby state—conflict open to external exploitation but possessing sources and a dynamism that the major power cannot dominate other than by direct intervention on a large scale, which is dangerous in itself and is without guarantee of success. The evident practical solution is a political settlement, which would isolate the particular conflict; and in the Central American case regional and related powers—Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, and Spain—are eager to undertake this. The Soviet Union is less fortunate. It is already directly committed, and faces active popular hostility in major, authentic nations on its actual (not fancied) frontiers. Its measures to deal with this are evidence of intellectual and political sterility in Moscow but not of a false appraisal of what is at stake. The Central American problem, in contrast, is a luxury for the United States, an affectation: indulgence of an old bad habit of interference in Central America which has lasted more than a century—from before the time of the American filibusterer William Walker's military dictatorship of Nicaragua and march against Honduras into the modern period of North American-exploited monocultures and United States interventions meant "to teach the South American republics to elect good men," as Woodrow Wilson superbly put it. It is a dangerous luxury, because it can lead to war on a much larger scale than Central Americans want or the North American public is prepared to tolerate. Even then, there will be more victims there than here, and it will be forgotten here when there it will nurse new hatred for another time.

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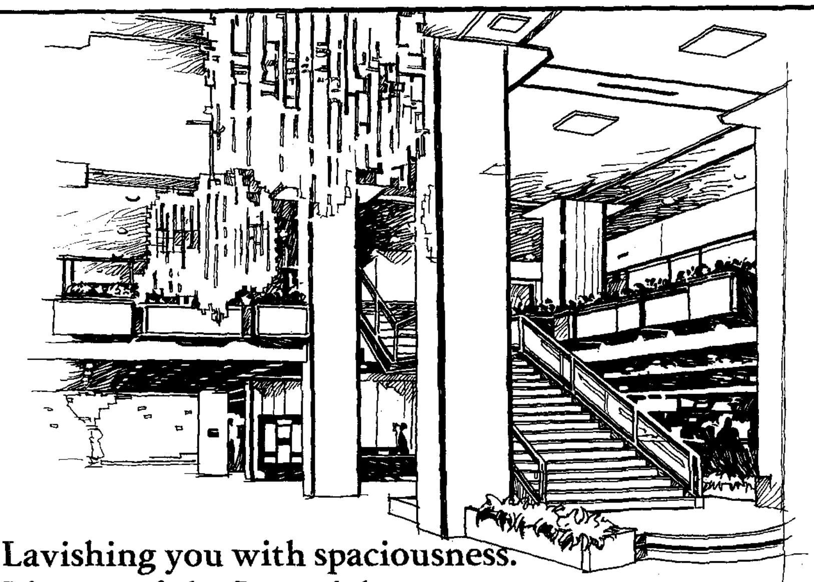

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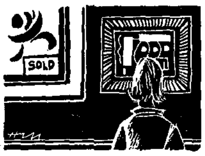
THE ART WORLD

The Rookie

ONE of the many deceptive things about John F. Peto's trompe-l'oeil paintings is that, at first sight, they look as if the artist weren't exactly sure how to make a trompe-l'oeil painting. Peto's images are practically the same as those of the numerous other American fool-the-eye painters of his time—the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. He gives us primarily head-on views of envelopes, tickets, snapshots, clippings from newspapers, and other generally flat things (and sometimes sculpturally rounded objects, such as musical instruments) that are seemingly pasted, tacked, nailed to, or hanging from a wood wall or a door. At his recent retrospective at the National Gallery, though—it closed there in June and is now in its second and final stop, at the Amon Carter Museum, in Fort Worth—a viewer could initially feel that Peto was, at heart, a lyric poet who wandered into the tricky trompe-l'oeil world by mistake, and obediently stayed. Unlike William Michael Harnett, his contemporary and America's best-known trompe-l'oeil painter, he isn't a maker of brilliantly executed and gleaming, expensive-looking objects. Peto's surfaces are among the most delicate in American art; without being dry or pasty, they look as if they had yet to develop a protective outer shell. And he isn't, in temperament, a practical joker—or a raconteur or an inventor—as many of Harnett's followers were. Yet Peto takes us in, visually and emotionally, as much as any trompe-l'oeil painter ever did. He makes us get very close to his pictures, because we want to see if, inches away, his beautifully fuzzy images will either become more sharply focussed or turn into total blurs. Examining, say, his weathered wood boards, which often have initials and dates carved into them, you find yourself mentally running your hand over the surfaces. Re-creating what it would be like to actually touch that wood—answering Peto's call, as it were, to help him make his images crisper—you feel that you have been in a kind of limbo, because, for a moment, you have forgotten that you have been looking at a painting. And he leaves us feeling tripped up this way—as if somehow we'd seen a ghost—in picture after picture.



Except for a portrait, a landscape, a coastal scene, and an unfinished self-portrait, every painting in the National Gallery's handsomely installed show, whose curator was John Wilmerding—he also wrote its accompanying book, "Important Information Inside: The Art of John F. Peto and the Idea of Still-Life Painting in Nineteenth-Century America"—was a trompe-l'oeil image or a still-life. Peto worked in a narrow range of subject matter. He even had a single color that he used repeatedly for his backgrounds—a dark pine green. Yet the exhibition, which included over sixty pictures, was unusually absorbing; more than most retrospectives, it had the effect of a tour of a man's mind, where all his disparate thoughts were laid out, waiting to be sorted. Part of the show's freshness, of course, came from the fact that the painter is so little known. Peto—his family was of English descent—was essentially discovered by the art critic Alfred Frankenstein in the late forties, when Frankenstein was researching Harnett's career and the flowering of trompe-l'oeil painting that lasted from the Gilded Age through the turn of the century (or what he called "the saloon era in American painting"). Frankenstein found that the paintings that had been thought to be by Harnett working in a painterly, brushier style—even paintings that had Harnett's monogram on the front—were actually by Peto. Thirty-five years ago, Peto was virtually unknown. Records showed that he sent a few pictures to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts when his work was getting under way, and that when he was in his mid-thirties he moved from Philadelphia to Island Heights, New Jersey, a small riverfront town. He married, and lived there with his wife and daughter in almost complete obscurity for the next two decades, dying in 1907, at the age of fifty-three. He never had a formal exhibition, he seems to have kept no records and made no statements about his pictures, and there were only a handful of accounts of him or of his work in newspapers of the time. Since Frankenstein unveiled him, a small number of Peto's paintings have turned up in museums and at auctions, and he has become something of a name. But very few of his pictures have been reproduced in color, and the National Gallery's show was only the second he has had. (The first was at the Brooklyn Museum in 1950.)

Even if Peto were better known, though, he would still be one of the more fascinating American painters—and not only of his period. His pictures have the quality of entries, in a coded language, in a lifelong journal; taken together, they form a puzzle that asks to be solved. Peto's work has been called melancholy, even tragic, and Wilmerding's disclosure that the painter suffered from Bright's disease in his last years may help explain why. "The kidney stones which gave him constant pain," Wilmerding writes, "were presumed in his day to be fatal, and he lived with forebodings of premature death." But Peto's pictures had a commemorative note from the beginning, and he was always drawn to the frayed, the worn-down, and the erased. The corners of his pamphlets and sheets of music are chewed and crunched, the spines of his leather-bound books are on the verge of becoming powdery, the surfaces of his tin lanterns, copper pots, and candlesticks are rusty and tarnished, and the paint on his wood beams has faded, leaving exposed—and softened, caressable—edges. Paintings from any period of his life would look brotherly hanging next to works by later American appreciators of cloaked and discarded things: Robert Rauschenberg and Walker Evans, Joseph Cornell, Jasper Johns, and Elie Nadelman.

But if Peto's paintings produce in the viewer more of a trapped—and less of a released or a revelatory (or even a resigned)—feeling than tragic art generally does, it may be because the dispirited mood of his work doesn't seem to go deep. You believe that if these paintings could be shaken and juggled a little their muffled surfaces might fall away, revealing underneath something cheerful and untouched and ready to go. Peto's cautiously made yet sensuous pictures, and the facts of his isolated yet industrious life presented in Wilmerding's book, leave the impression that the painter was a peppery and cocky—and also a dignified—man who stopped short of expressing the forceful side of himself in his work, or expressed it indirectly. It's even possible to sense that the melancholy spirit of his art was a badge to him—a way he wanted to be seen.

Among the show's surprises was the formal strength and assurance of Peto's still-lifes. He may be the only American still-life painter whose touch and feeling for light are comparable to the European masters'. Especially in his small pictures—some are less than ten inches high—of food or utensils, which are usually seen close up, at the edge of a table, his powdery yet dense and slightly viscous surfaces recall Chardin's. And his light, which falls on the tips of objects and makes them glow softly but seems to come from a blindingly powerful source, recalls Vermeer's. In his often very dark backgrounds and in the way he simply lines up his objects in a row, many of Peto's pictures are as eerie and solemn—and have the same surprising glamorousness—as classic Spanish still-lifes. In "Market Basket, Hat and Umbrella," he takes objects that we associate with a rural summer's-afternoon moment in American life—the moment of Mark Twain's and Winslow Homer's boys and girls—and, placing them on a plain wood tabletop, with a glistening black background, gives them an almost embarrassing elegance. It's like the first time you saw your mother and father in evening clothes, coming to say good night before going out. In "Banana and Orange," the banana lies on its side like a lover turned in on himself in bed, while the half-peeled orange seems to push up from its rind like a hot morning sun rising out of bright yellow clouds.

Peto's still-lifes make us feel so protective of the painter himself, though, that it is hard to think of them only as refined works of art. Not that he's sentimental. Even in "Help Yourself," which ought to be sentimental—it shows candy canes and pieces of nougat and caramel spilling out of a paper bag, and transports the viewer to a turn-of-the-century American Christmas—he straightforwardly paints only what is before him. It's that, more than most still-life painters, he gives his subjects the quality of being substitutes for people or things no longer there. His small still-lifes are like objects in the attic you didn't know you had lost or were looking for until you unexpectedly come upon them. They have the same pacifying power that the glass ball with the snowstorm in it had in "Citizen Kane." Kane wasn't looking for the ball (he was tearing apart his wife's bedroom after she left him); but when he found it he was relieved, and didn't want to let it go. He made it seem as if finding the object from childhood wiped out in a flash all the messy mistakes and complications of his adult life.

Going back and forth from Peto's still-lifes to his trompe-l'oeil paintings, you understand how he needed both approaches, and how each fed the other. It is as though he always wanted to produce a sense of unattainability, and kept changing his mind about how to do it. He went from showing lovely things in a glowing light, seemingly there for the grasping, to showing in his trompe-l'oeil paintings a kind of dead-letter realm that has very little light and where our belief that we can lift out something from it is made into an ironic—but never quite sour—joke.

He brings these approaches together in "The Poor Man's Store," a view through an open window to shelves laid out with fruit, a gingerbread animal, a plate of doughnuts, a box of peanuts, and peppermint sticks and other candies in glass jars. The morning sun seems to be shining on these ordinary but wonderful things, and we want to linger with them and with the dark room behind them; yet the painting has the effect of many Surrealist pictures, where we're often unsettled or rebuffed by what we're drawn to. One of the peaks of his career, "The Poor Man's Store" is subtler and richer than most Surrealist images, because Peto isn't overtly psychological and he isn't trying to bait us. He invites us to drift back into a time when we were small and would have craved these plain and simple things, and leaves it up to the viewer to come to his own conclusions about the experience. What makes the picture itself seem almost like a toy is that it doesn't have a proper frame; its frame, which is made of wood, is a witty and seamless continuation of the canvas, and shows the window's open shutter, a ledge, and a bit of the wall surrounding the window. Peto wasn't the only trompe-l'oeil artist to blend a painting with its frame; it was done because almost any kind of frame looks too dressy on—and cuts against the intended flatness of—a trompe-l'oeil image. But probably no trompe-l'oeil master made his built-on frames so crucial an aspect of his pictures as Peto did in "The Poor Man's Store" and in "Toms River," "The Cup We All Race 4," and "Portrait of the Artist's Daughter." These pictures all appear to float on the wall; they're as prepossessing as altarpieces, and Peto's colors stand out more sharply and seem brighter in them than anywhere else. It's logical that he went to the limit in them: he was turning the painting into a leftover in itself.

IF Peto's best trompe-l'oeil and still-life paintings have a shifting, miragelike beauty and tension, it might be because he led a kind of trompe-l'oeil life. His art was as much an attempt to redo Harnett's as his painted nails and wood boards are like the real things. Peto's relationship to Harnett (who worked in Philadelphia around the same time Peto did) is only a shade better known than his relationship to other painters of his time and to earlier painters. What is known is that Peto, who was six years younger, took many of his still-life and trompe-l'oeil arrangements—of inkwells, musical instruments, mugs, pipes, horseshoes, heaps of books—from paintings that Harnett had already

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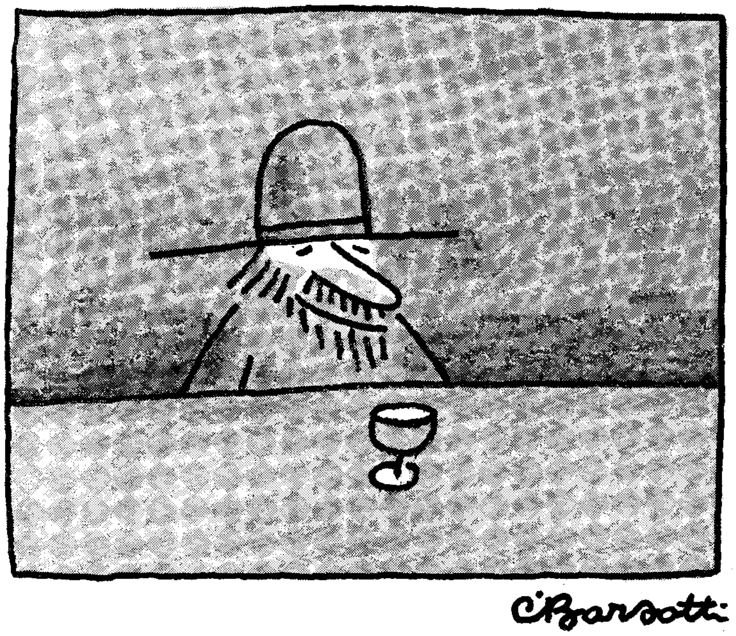

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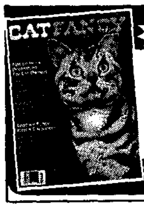

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done. Peto made those compositions his own; and he probably created the "letter rack" picture, which is a type of trompe-l'oeil image—Peto finished his first letter-rack painting a few months before Harnett finished his first. But Peto never deviated from the enterprise that Harnett began: that of shifting back and forth from tabletop still-lifes to trompe-l'oeil images of objects on a wall. In some cases, he was reworking pictures Harnett had made ten years before. That Peto's images seem to be continually solidifying and decomposing as we look at them may come in part from the fact that he was often channelling his feelings through another man's forms.

Peto was possibly drawn to Harnett, and Harnett was possibly encouraged by the younger man's attentiveness, because they were both no-nonsense professionals. Most of the other trompe-l'oeil artists made their pictures for a while, then switched to completely different kinds of painting, or were methodical eccentrics who could put away their brushes for twenty years if they didn't have a particular visual joke they wanted to paint. Peto and Harnett, though, wanted to make a splash both at Academy exhibitions and with people and businesses that had little interest in art. Peto was probably even more of a go-getter. In his late twenties, when he was first hitting his stride, he seems to have thought of himself as a smart businessman-artist. The earliest examples of his letter-rack pictures are charming glorifications of the idea of men working among other men. Commissioned by professional men Peto knew in Philadelphia, the paintings are veiled portraits of individuals and their occupations, made up of calling cards, advertisements, and mementos stuck in and out of crossed tapes tacked to a wall.

Peto's eagerness shows in the photographs of him in the book, too. They are almost as mesmerizing as his paintings. He has the look in many of them of a man whose belief in himself as a success or a failure changes daily. One of the best is of Peto and Harnett in Peto's studio in Philadelphia. The time is the eighteen-seventies, when they must have been keeping tabs on each other's development. Handsome, dark-haired, and conservatively dressed, a faint smile visible beneath his bushy mustache, Harnett looks bemusedly off to one side of the photographer. Nattier and more bohemian in appearance, Peto holds his violin

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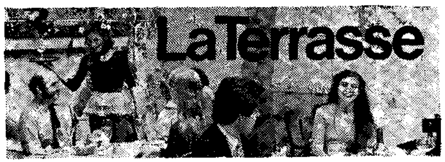

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under his chin and lurches forward, his bow thrust out before him on the floor. He's smiling, too, and he is clearly excited about being photographed with the older man. Peto appears to have been of a little less than medium height, and he, too, wore a mustache. He kept his hair close-cropped, and that is partly why he seems our contemporary in the photos (a number of which he probably took himself). He also looks quite modern because, whether he's happy or displeased, he almost always seems to be giving everything in him to the camera, the way an actor does. Even in a picture where we see him from some distance and can barely make out his features—he's alone, sitting by the side of a country road, wearing a derby—the tenseness in his body makes it seem as if he were playing a part.

Peto and Harnett apparently saw no more of each other after 1880. It has been said that they feuded; certainly they went very different ways. After spending many years in Europe, Harnett settled permanently in New York. By the time he died, in 1892, at the age of forty-four, his work had become increasingly polished and grand in scope. By that time, Peto had been living for three years in Island Heights. Tucked in between the fairly populous community of Toms River and the busier oceanfront places a few miles away, Island Heights is a dry town, as it was in Peto's day, and, with many of its modestly ornate Victorian two- and three-story houses still standing, it has something of the same pretty and sleepy air it had ninety years ago. It was a resort for families, usually from Philadelphia, and for yachtsmen; it had been developed, though, as a Methodist camp-meeting site, and that seems to be the reason Peto went there initially. He was a sometime professional cornet player; he played to supplement the income he had from his parents, and the revivalist meetings gave him regular work.

On a little hill overlooking the Toms River, he built a house with a porch and with a turret rising up in the center. In its lack of frills and its blunt, almost squat proportions, the house—there are photographs of it in Wilmerding's book—is like Peto's work. It's a secretive structure that makes a passerby stop and want to know what it might be like inside. Peto called it The Studio, and made his actual studio in its central and largest room. He seems to have been

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especially close to his daughter, Helen. He photographed her often and included her image (in the form of carte-de-visite photos) in a few of his paintings. He stuck rings in the overhead beams in his studio–living room and made a swing there for her so she could play while he worked. After he moved to Island Heights, he seems to have gone back to Philadelphia only for art supplies, and he rarely went anywhere else. He apparently gave away or sold many of his paintings to neighbors or to the summer boarders he and his wife took in, and he occasionally exhibited a picture at a druggist's in the town.

Peto's life story isn't crammed with incidents, but, like some folktales, it is simultaneously sad and odd and comic, and it teases us into finding an underlying thread. Thinking about his work and trying to relate it to his self-created isolation, I kept coming back to the theme of competition. I don't think he was ever free from the thought of competition. It is as though he had a sense of who he was only when he was measuring himself against Harnett (or *against* men in general)—and yet he thought he was a nobody, and would automatically lose, whenever he was in competition. Maybe it was this feisty but no-win attitude that kept him in the position of forever developing but never breaking loose from Harnett's ideas. Like a rookie, Peto seems to have believed that he had to prove himself each time he took up a canvas. And his work never lost a rookie's special kind of grace, either. There were very few routine pictures in the show. To the end of his life, he kept his surfaces raw and vibrant. He didn't need gallery exhibitions and reviews for his art to stay limber—his judging audience was in his head.

He may have believed that Island Heights was a prison he created for himself, and he also may have wanted to dethrone the absent Mr. Harnett. Even if a viewer knows nothing about Peto's life, he can sense the artist, in effect, hitting his head against the wall in some pictures. Peto often shows carte-de-visite photos of Abraham Lincoln tacked to wood walls or stuck in letter racks, and frequently flanks Lincoln's image with the dates of his birth and death, torn notices, and ripped and empty envelopes. These images ought to be moving; they ought to cap the show, to be Peto's grandest expression of the elegiac mood he wanted to convey. The

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paintings with Lincoln's image in them are oddly unemotional, though—they were among the few pictures that I didn't want to linger with. Possibly, it's that in the format of a trompe-l'oeil painting he couldn't convey everything he felt about the slain President, the Civil War, and its aftermath, which was the era of his youth. Then, too, he worked from an engraving of Lincoln—Wilmerding reproduces it in his book—that is distant to begin with. (It is very similar to the one used for the five-dollar bill.) Lincoln's image has an obligatory presence and puts a deadening lid on every picture it is in except "Old Time Letter Rack," where the photo has been turned upside down and Lincoln's head has been cut off by an envelope. If there are other paintings nearby with that photo of Lincoln right side up in them, a viewer can tell, from the clothing, that the flipped and headless image is Lincoln's. If there is no way for the viewer to know, Peto has his little joke to himself. You feel, though, that Peto wanted us to know. "Old Time Letter Rack" is like an expertly handled murder that the murderer is quietly proud of and half hopes we will find out about. Peto is even icier in "For a Sunday Dinner," a picture of a plucked chicken hanging head down on a door, which was taken, with very few changes in its outward appearance, from a painting Harnett had made some ten years before. Harnett's "Plucked Clean" (which Wilmerding reproduces) is primarily a study of form in which the chicken happens to be a pathetic creature. (The painting reworks a motif that had been in European art for two centuries.) Peto's bird, though, is an individual animal whose neck has just been wrung—the blood dripping down the wall is dark red and looks fresh, and parts of the body are still clenched. And Peto appears to have painted it with an unseemly ease and enjoyment. There's a satiny lustre to the picture's surface which he rarely gets elsewhere, and the bird's few remaining feathers have been flicked on with a devilish hand.

And yet Island Heights must have been a haven for him. Possibly, he felt he was making the right business move in going there—he had a steady market all to himself in the town. A specialist in fakery, though, did he ever suspect (as we do) that his life there was a bit of a charade? His existence as a husband, father, and

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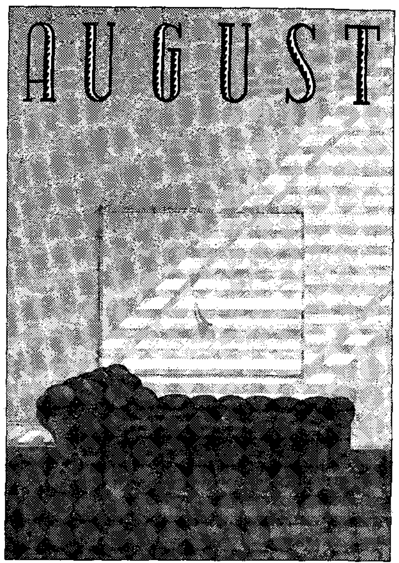
householder—and as a proper neighbor of the vacationing families, the yachtsmen, and the Methodists he performed for—is imaginable as a piece of fool-the-eye theatre, in which he was the leading character. Might he also have realized that, because he handled his art as if it were a cottage industry, his productions would eventually come to light in the same dawning, spooky, and unpredictable way that a viewer perceives what is happening in one of his trompe-l'oeil paintings? You believe that there was a sardonic puppetmaster in him who would have savored the joke of so many of his pictures winding up in the hands of forgers and then, bearing false monograms, being passed off to dealers as "Harnett"s for years. This Machiavellian part of him might have been amused, too, by the fact that since so many of his paintings went to people who happened to be passing through Island Heights—people who presumably had no special interest in art and thought of their Petos as souvenirs (and whose descendants no doubt thought of the pictures as souvenirs)—it is still impossible to say what proportion of his work is known. One of the finest pictures in the show, "Toms River," was discovered only recently. (It is now in the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, of Lugano.) It's possible that other Petos, even works as good as "Toms River," may still turn up.

His carefully lidded anger, his frustration, and his ambition are all packed into "The Cup We All Race 4," which was made a few years before his death. The painting shows a little tin cup hanging on a hook on a cracked old green wood wall. Gouged in the wood, in capital letters that slant this way and that and are themselves a feat of realist painting, are the words and the numeral that give the picture its title. Along with "The Poor Man's Store," which was made about twenty years earlier, before he moved to Island Heights, "The Cup We All Race 4" presided over the exhibition. The two pictures may be the most original and resonant images of, respectively, the desires of childhood and the realizations of adulthood in American art. It is as if Peto had reached into the inviting window of his store and pulled out one of the rigid and bright and new things in it—and then, years later, made a portrait of the now much-handled thing. From one painting to the other, he seems to be getting older right before



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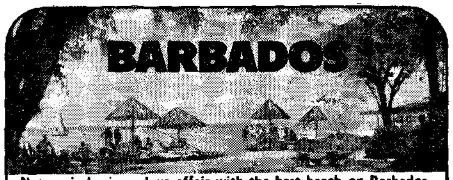

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our eyes. And yet, though the cup is a humble and dented object, and he may be saying, "We knock ourselves out—for this trinket," the later painting hardly seems a confession of failure. It's another case of Peto fooling us—and possibly himself—with surface despair. "The Cup We All Race 4," which must be one of the earliest paintings, American or European, to make use of a graffito, has the presence, and something of the funny belligerence, of a heraldic shield.

Wilmerding says the picture's title "evokes nostalgia for a lost frontier past," and that makes sense, since Peto, and not only in his ambivalent Lincoln pictures, was very much a member of a generation that nervously watched as America, in the Civil War and the subsequent boom period, suddenly lost its youth. Wilmerding adds that the cup "may also represent the drink Peto's neighbors sought despite local Methodist prohibitions," and that seems right, too—the painter had to be the sliest citizen of Island Heights. The phrase and the cup also might be an ironic reference to the sailing meets along the Toms River, which Peto could see from his house, and in nearby Barnegat Bay. In the face of a great number of his pictures, though, these aren't the first interpretations that come to mind. At the exhibition, which was an echo chamber of the history of art, and showed one man's single-minded pursuit of the laurels of his profession, there was little doubt about who was racing and what he was racing for.

—SANFORD SCHWARTZ

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A TWO-PART essay on Lebanon by Jacobo Timerman appeared in the October 18 and October 25, 1982, issues of *The New Yorker*. Mr. Timerman wrote, "This is what I try to do in Tyre and Sidon as I gaze on these ancient cities, reduced to ruins in a couple of weeks," and "Is this enough to enable me to converse with the ruins of Tyre and Sidon . . . ?" Some of our readers took these and other such statements to mean that the Israelis had totally destroyed the cities of Tyre and Sidon. Neither Mr. Timerman nor *The New Yorker* intended to give this impression. Tyre and Sidon were damaged, but they were not totally destroyed.

—THE EDITORS

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BOOKS

An Old Man's Love

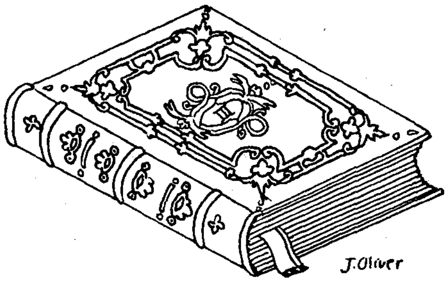
H. H. Asquith's "Letters to Venetia Stanley," selected and edited by Michael and Eleanor Brock (Oxford; $35), is the Prime Minister's day-by-day account of the government of Great Britain during a crisis-ridden period, 1912-15. It is also the self-portrait of a man obsessionally in love. The editors tell us that Asquith's letters, uncut, amount to some three hundred thousand words, and that about half are printed here. One typical letter opens with a paragraph of adoration and then goes on to record how at one-thirty on the morning of August 1, 1914, Asquith took a taxi to Buckingham Palace and woke up the King to show him a telegram from Berlin and a draft of a telegram for him to sign and send to St. Petersburg. In these last hours of peace, the rulers of Russia, Germany, and Great Britain, who were cousins, continued to address each other familiarly (the Czar was Nicky), and that fact—along with Georgie's somnolence and the brown dressing gown thrown over his nightshirt—imbues this prologue to world tragedy with a quality of foolish or pathetic domesticity. Asquith, who wanted to share all his experiences and thoughts with Venetia, did not limit his references to the powerful: for example, he mentions a useful wartime recruit to the Treasury—"a clever young Cambridge don called Keynes." He also sought Venetia's advice. Her letters have disappeared, but we can often grasp their substance. She thought that the First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill (she was related to his wife), would make a good Viceroy of India, and Asquith's political practicality appears in his response, in February, 1915:

> It would, of course, for the time close down his political chances here, and no one ever comes back from India into English politics without a considerable handicap. On the other hand, it is not easy to see what W's career is going to be here: he is to some extent blanketed by E. Grey and Ll. George, & has no personal following: he is always hankering after coalitions and odd re-groupings, mainly designed (as one thinks) to bring in F. E. Smith & perhaps the Duke of Marlborough. I think his future one of the most puzzling personal enigmas in politics—don't you?

This amazing correspondence began after a long acquaintance. Asquith, who was thirty-five years older than Venetia, knew her as a childhood friend of his daughter Violet. Violet's mother had died in 1891, when Violet was four. Asquith's second wife, Margot Tennant, whom he married in 1894, tramps through countless English memoirs dropping bricks. She was nervous, tactless, invariably wounding, expecting admiration, and unable to give sympathy. By 1907, the editors tell us, she had accepted her husband's need for a bit of sweetening, and considered Venetia a member of the "little harem" of young women with whom he flirted at country-house parties and town-house gatherings. Venetia first strongly impressed the Asquith family in 1909, when she gave Violet emotional support after the death of a young suitor. Venetia was the daughter of a double baron: her father was at once the fourth Baron Stanley of Alderley and the fourth Baron Sheffield. Her family belonged to the ever-diminishing number of upper-crust Liberals—an attraction during a period of savage party wars. Asquith had served as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Campbell-Bannerman's Liberal Government of 1906, and, in 1908, when Campbell-Bannerman retired, became Prime Minister. The Prime Minister's vision of Venetia was suddenly transmuted on a Sunday morning in 1912, when they were sitting in the dining room of a country house "talking and laughing just on our old accustomed terms":

> Suddenly, in a single instant, without premonition on my part or any challenge on hers, the scales dropped from my eyes; the familiar features & smile & gestures & words assumed an absolutely new perspective; what had been completely hidden from me was in a flash half-revealed, and I dimly felt, hardly knowing, not at all understanding it, that I had come to a turning point in my life.

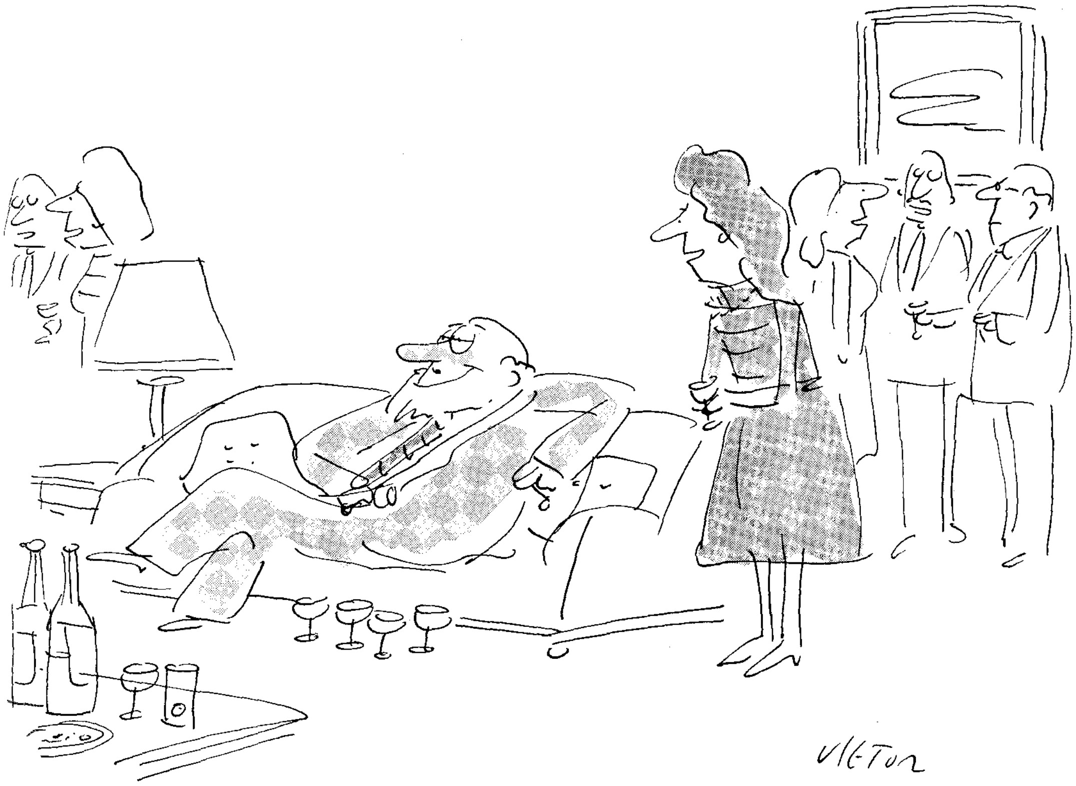
This illumination demonstrates Stendhal's famous "crystallization;" thereafter, in Asquith's eyes Venetia glittered with perfections essential to his existence. The editors do not believe that he followed the examples of his former sovereign Edward VII and his Cabinet colleague and successor Lloyd George; his love for Venetia was chaste. His dependence, however, was entire. By the start of 1914, Asquith was writing daily (even on days when they had met or were about to meet), sometimes from Cabinet meetings or the Front Bench of Parliament. He told her of his love; assessed his colleagues and recorded their doings; confided military secrets, such as the battle plans of the British Expeditionary Force, and political ones, such as the territorial deals that brought Italy into the war. He divulged paternal fantasies ("I think it would not be a bad thing if Violet & Rupert Brooke came together") and small vexations (telling her how his secretary, Maurice Bonham Carter—the man who did marry Violet—annoyed him).



Asquith, of course, was ousted from office in December, 1916, by a combination of Conservatives and his then Secretary of State for War, Lloyd George. The editors' notes frequently call attention to deficiencies that made Asquith vulnerable to such a coup, though the editors also remind us of his enormous prewar contributions; the common historical assessment ranks Asquith as—thus far, anyhow—the greatest peacetime Prime Minister of the twentieth century. We may, I suppose, consider the Liberals of his era to be analogous to their American contemporaries who followed Theodore Roosevelt. Asquith was a very different kind of leader from T.R. His strengths, in his own opinion, were "a rather specialized faculty of insight and manipulation in dealing with diversities of character and temperament" and a gift for language. He reported after one of many Cabinet kerfuffles, "Happily, not for the first (or perhaps the last) time I was able to devise a form of face-saving words which pleased everybody."

Asquith was not a commander but a conciliator. He presided over a collection of quarrelsome, opinionated, ambitious men, who vied with each other and with him. The editors point out that he was widely admired for his political adroitness in uniting the bitterly divided country behind Britain's entry into the First World War, once he was convinced of its necessity, and we observe this process of resolution letter by letter. But patriotism did not cure pettiness; mutual distrust pervaded both parties, and squabbles roiled the Cabinet. Asquith continued to negotiate and pacify; he settled a spat between Lloyd George and the Home Secretary, Reginald McKenna, not by proposing to fire them but by hinting at his own resignation. It is my impression that British Cabinet government—collective decision-making—encouraged competitiveness among Cabinet members. A Prime Minister was part shepherd, part nursemaid, and part summer-camp counsellor to his Cabinet. These demands on his time may be a reason for the decline of Cabinet government and the evolution of what R. H. S. Crossman has called Prime Ministerial government. I myself doubt whether the process has been complete, as Crossman thought, for personalities affect all kinds of institutional arrangements. Indeed, the interaction between individuals and institutions is as various in possibilities, as refined and complex, as that between individuals and languages: as no two people speak or write exactly alike, so no two leaders lead in the same way. Asquith's self-portrait exemplifies a kind of collegial leadership which has become rare in government. Yet it retains its attraction—certainly in the business world, whether we hear about Japanese consensus, German co-determination, or the new type of Silicon Valley and Route 128 managements.

A passion such as Asquith's is an alarming example of subjection, of loss of control, and conveys the threat that the reader, too, may be enslaved at any moment, at any age. (It is possible that nowadays we write more about sex than about love because love is so much more frightening—"terrible as an army with banners.") We do not know if Asquith's lovesick judgments were correct. He was a determined opponent of woman suffrage, but he believed that Venetia could have been a Prime Minister if "fate & nature" had not ordained otherwise. Fate and nature had dealt her another job—finding a husband. By the summer of 1914, her mother was sufficiently worried by her intimacy with Asquith to plan to separate them by taking her on a long journey to India and Australia, but the outbreak of war kept them in England. Margot Asquith was jealous. We can only guess how Venetia felt. She had had a suitor, who proposed to her in 1912 and was rejected. He was Edwin Montagu, eight years older than she, a political protégé of Asquith, and, like Venetia, a close friend of the Asquith family. During these years, Edwin entered the Cabinet. He was a son of the first Baron Swaythling, a Jewish investment banker who died in 1911 and left his sizable fortune in trusts tied up by a will that cut off any child who married a non-Jew or was converted to any other religion. Venetia was wholly lacking in religious belief, but in 1912 she felt that being converted to Judaism for money was dishonorable, while the alternative—impoverishing Montagu—was unthinkable. When war broke out, she was still unmarried, and in January, 1915, she entered a nurses' training course at London Hospital. Her decision appalled Asquith. He thought the hardships too great, the tasks humiliating and disgusting, and he resented the discipline—she lived in, and was kept to hours of duty and hours of study—that made it difficult for them to meet and for her to answer his letters as often and as lengthily as she had done. Asquith's letters lamenting her comparative unavailability in early 1915 begin to discuss the prospect of her marriage—a distant, as he hoped, evil—which would, as far as he was concerned, end their intimacy. Though he knew rationally that she ought to marry, he could not imagine sharing her confidence—or, rather, her giving any part of her confidence to anyone else. The evil was closer than he knew, for Montagu renewed his suit and was accepted. Venetia was ready to be converted in 1915—partly to make Edwin's mother happy, and partly because Edwin had assured her that she need not take Judaism any more seriously than she had taken Christianity. The editors include some of Venetia's and Edwin's correspondence in which they debate ways of telling Asquith—for whom they both cared, and whom



"My goodness, Professor Sydney, isn't anyone talking to you?"

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they were reluctant to pain—about their engagement. Venetia's difficulty in bringing herself to break the news made Edwin impatient. The counterpoint of his and his chief's demanding letters begins to seem less entreating than assailing; their ardor seems aggressive and somehow devaluing, in that Venetia becomes less than a person—a prize, perhaps, or a possession. In May, 1915, Venetia, having completed her course, went as a nurse to a war hospital in France, and pleaded with Edwin, "It isn't that I want to postpone things but I do want to have a slight first-hand experience of what the conditions are like not 60 miles away from a vast war." She turned out to be an excellent nurse, and a month later wrote, "I just can't come home, my desire for a new sensation is too strong."

Edwin prevailed, however. They married. The sole Asquith to attend the wedding was a daughter-in-law. At the time, only those most closely involved realized the intensity of Asquith's feeling for Venetia. This archive of letters was not available to scholars until the nineteen-sixties, when Roy Jenkins was able to use it for his biography of Asquith. In terms of historical writing and historical reconsideration, the debate has scarcely begun on the questions of if or how loving and losing affected Asquith's political abilities and his political fortunes. The letters do, in any case, demonstrate a public man's desperate yearning for something valuable of his own—a private life. As for Venetia, who was widowed in 1924, she retained the gift that Asquith and Montagu prized: in a world of interrupters, she was a listener. In later years, she brought comfort to another Prime Minister; the editors tell us that she was one of very few people capable of bringing her friend and kinsman Winston Churchill out of a depression.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CHEKHOV: THE EARLY STORIES, 1883-1888, selected, and translated from the Russian, by Patrick Miles and Harvey Pitcher (Macmillan; $14.95). Chekhov published a total of five hundred and eighty-eight short stories—all but sixty of them dating from the eight-year period between 1880, when he began to write, and 1888, when he reached the maturity of "The Steppe." Mr. Miles and Mr. Pitcher, both leading English Chekhov scholars, have chosen thirty-five of these "early" stories, most of them known only to specialists. They have helpfully arranged the stories by year of publication: five each from 1883, 1884, and 1885; twelve (including "Vanka" and "Dreams") from 1886; six from 1887; and two from 1888. It is good to have these unfamiliar stories, and although there are one or two rather slight pieces, there are none that are not well worth the reading. The translation is fresh and lively and agreeably plain, but it does suffer from a disconcertingly parochial Englishing of peasant dialogue which gives us "kip" for "sleep," "scoff" for "eat," and "pub" for a drinking place—a practice deeply rooted, of course, in the pioneering work of Constance Garnett.

A DIME TO DANCE BY, by Walter Walker (Harper & Row; $14.95). Mr. Walker grew up in a Boston suburb and is a lawyer, and Chuck Bishop, the hero of his first novel, is a young lawyer, once a high-school football star in a Boston suburb that is here called Portshead. Like George V. Higgins, Mr. Walker gives us a Boston that would leave George Santayana and William Dean Howells and John P. Marquand goggling. Not a glimpse of the Ritz or the Public Garden or Beacon Hill—it is all Italian and Irish and blue-collar, and beer guzzling and political intrigue. Mr. Walker is a writer of considerable talent, and the case in which he involves Chuck Bishop—the defense of a sleazy rookie policeman who shot and killed an apparent burglar—makes a first-rate and highly instructive story in which every character, every scene, every word of near-illiterate dialogue is perfectly in place.

GENERAL

MARCEL PROUST: SELECTED LETTERS, 1880-1903, edited by Philip Kolb, translated from the French by Ralph Manheim, and with an introduction by J. M. Cocking (Doubleday; $19.95). The letters in this first volume of selections from Proust's complete correspondence were written between the ages of nine and thirty-two. They do not show him at his best. In spite of flashes of brilliance and analytic passages that rival in truthfulness and insight pages of "Remembrance of Things Past" (some of them actually made their way into the novel), the tone is generally a combination of the adolescent hypochondriac and the oversensitive young man on the make. The popular-caricature view of Proust—as a snob, flatterer, and social climber—and an unctuousness that he finally stripped away are much in evidence. Metaphors are wildly overextended, polite notes of gratitude become flowery non-stop études. The most natural and delightful of these letters are to his mother; several of her replies are included, and her intelligence and warmth make her son's close relationship with her more understandable. When Proust is himself, his charm is unmistakable, so the volume's over-all archness of manner and artificiality of style are the more regrettable. Homosexuality, the Dreyfus case, musings on art, poetry, and Ruskin (whom Proust was translating into French) take up many pages. It becomes clear that Proust, a natural writer, was not a natural letter writer, and the reader begins to suspect that these early exercises are conscious forerunners of a great, ultimate letter, which was to be the novel itself. There are wonderful remarks in passing on Mallarmé, Baudelaire, Hugo, Anatole France, summer resorts, friendship, cathedrals, and society. The thoroughgoing footnotes are often helpful and sometimes intrusive. Photographs.

NOTE: "Along the Edge of the Forest: An Iron Curtain Journey," by Anthony Bailey, has been published by Random House ($15.95). Much of the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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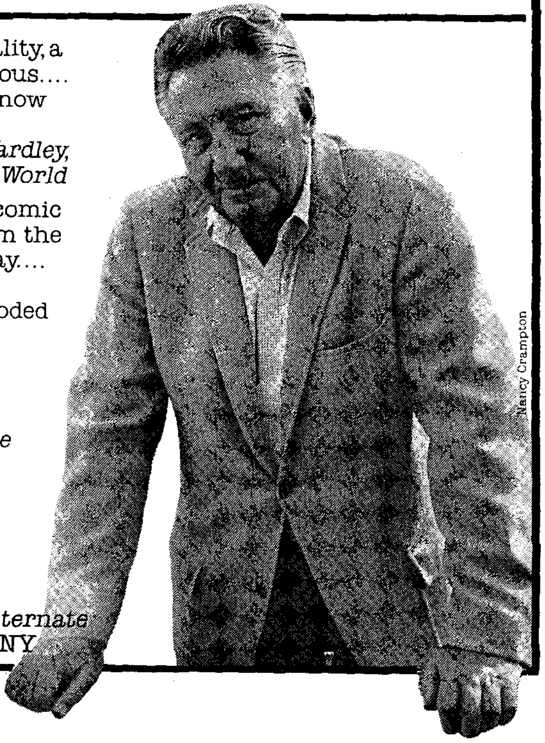

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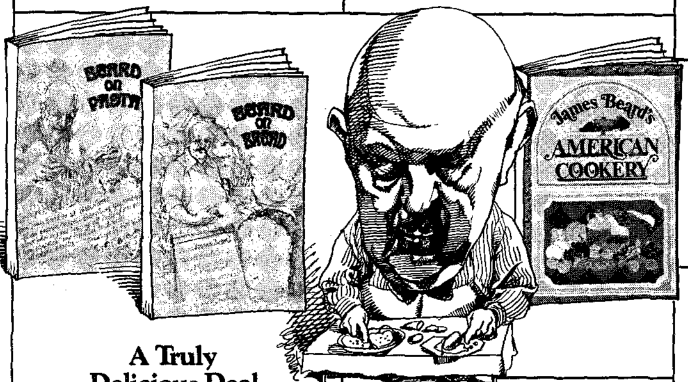

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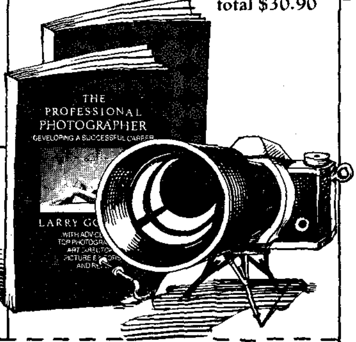

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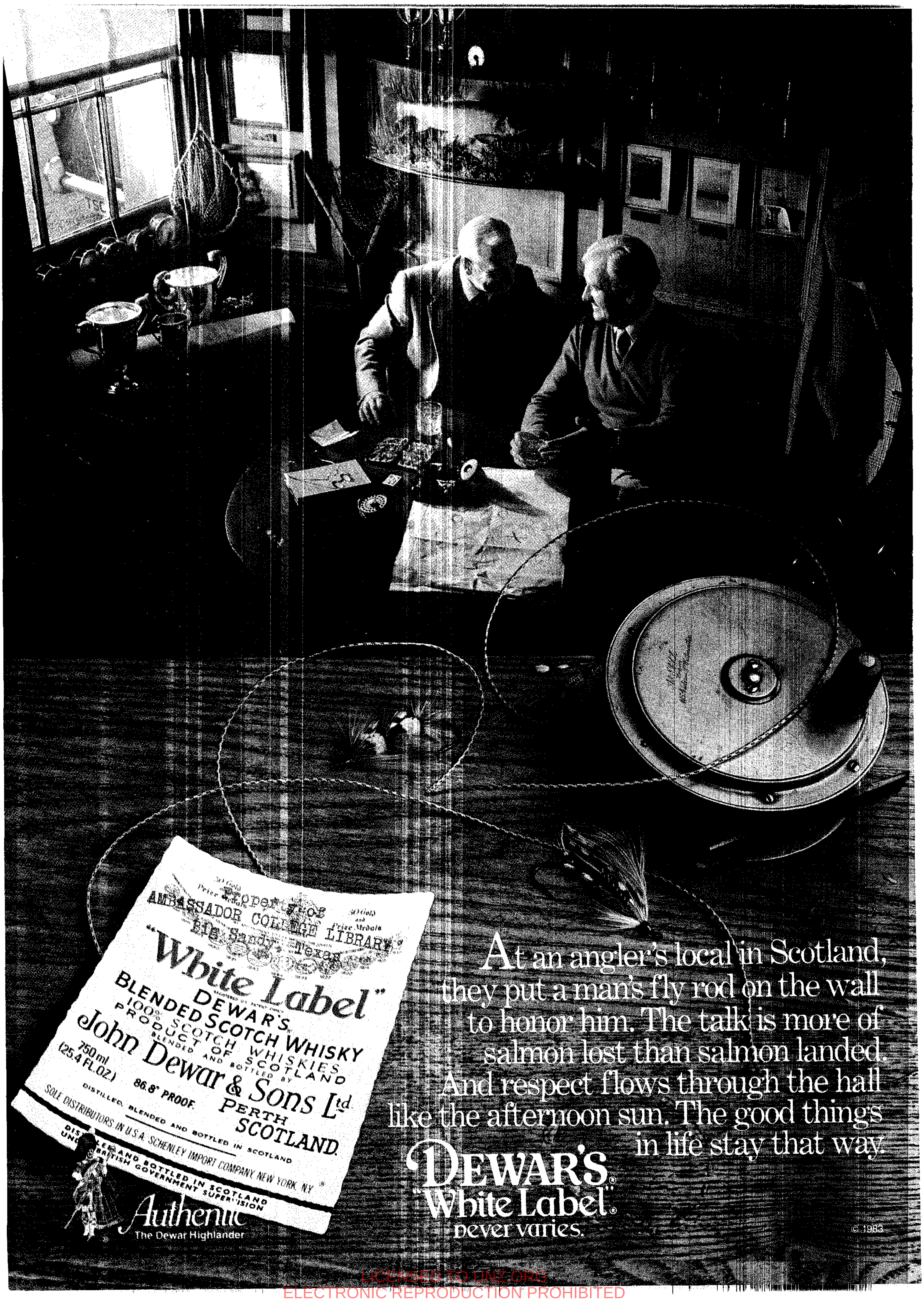
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John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
SCOTLAND.
750 ml
(25.4 FL.OZ.)
86.8° PROOF.
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At an angler's local in Scotland, they put a man's fly rod on the wall to honor him. The talk is more of salmon lost than salmon landed. And respect flows through the hall like the afternoon sun. The good things in life stay that way.

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"White Label"®
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